

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

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### SOME REMARKS ON GUYING.



AMONG the well-remembered characters of my dramatic life was an actor named Salisbury. The only influence that he exerted upon the stage during his career was, I regret to say, anything but a good one. "Guying" was formerly a slang term, but it has of late years become a technical one for trifling with a part upon the stage. The art of guying was Mr. Salisbury's forte, and it was the only thing that he did well. Life was one huge joke to him: he treated nothing seriously. He was the delight of actors and the bane of managers. It is related of him that he once sent a telegram to Mr. Rice of the Chicago Theater applying for an engagement. The manager sent back this answer: "I would not engage you if you would come for nothing"; to which Salisbury replied: "Terms accepted. Will be with you to-morrow."

This man's memory was so wonderful that it was almost impossible to ask him a question without getting a Shakspearean quotation in reply. If he was imperfect in his part, which was generally the case with him, he would interpolate speeches from other characters, talking the most absurd nonsense, and turning a serious scene into ridicule. Sometimes the audience, detecting this impertinence, would hiss. This rebuke was the only thing that would check him, for any slight put upon himself was keenly felt; but the next night the chastisement would be forgotten, and he would repeat his indiscretion. It was said of him that he was generous to a fault; and I think he must have been, for he never paid his washerwoman. One morning the poor old laundress was dunning him for her hard earnings. He was standing at the stage door, sur-

rounded by a circle of admirers, and turning furiously upon the old woman, he paraphrased *Macbeth's* speech to the ghost of *Banquo* in the following words: "Avaunt, and quit my sight! Thy tubs are marrowless; there is no starch in my fine shirts that thou didst glare withal! Approach thou like the Russian manager, the Hyrcan critic, or the 'Old Rye whisky-us'; or, be alive again, and make it salary day. If, trembling then, I do inhibit thee, confess me but a babe of a Salisbury." The laundress fled in despair, only too glad to escape unpaid from the supposed lunatic.

Innocent mirth is most desirable, but not mirth expended at the cost of another's feelings; and Salisbury's unfortunate career, terminating as it did in sickness and poverty, is an example of a handsome man, possessed of fair ability, who, by utter disregard of loyalty to his manager and of respect for the public, gradually lost the confidence of all who knew him, and became a neglected wreck. The practice of guying is unpardonable, and the indulgence in it unworthy of an artist or a gentleman. The leisure hours passed in the dressing-room or the greenroom afford ample time for an actor's amusement without inflicting the exuberance of his personal humor upon the audience. The rehearsals and subsequent performances of a play are not his property, and he has no right to mutilate them. Managers and leading actors are altogether too lax in their rebuke of this senseless and ruinous practice. They should neither commit the outrage themselves nor permit it in others. "Where example leads the way" the multitude will follow, and no leader can rightly claim the respect of his company unless he shows it to them and the public. I have a suspicion that guying begins where ability leaves off, and that many actors exhibit this trifling to conceal their own shortcomings.

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ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

"VERE IS DAT VAT YOU READ?"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

I believe it is the ostrich that runs his head in the sand, thinking that if he does n't see his pursuer his pursuer can't see him: I wish, for the sake of simile, that it were the goose. Actors are often under the erroneous impression that their auditors do not observe these little bits of trifling. They not only observe them, but they resent them in a quiet and dangerous way—they do not come again. Having paid their money, and perhaps foregone the pleasure they could have enjoyed somewhere else, it suddenly comes upon them that they have been taken in, and are sitting in front of the theater only to witness the enjoyment of the actors, who are reveling in some private joke and refuse to let them into the secret; and as they walk home, pondering on their experience, they determine within themselves never to risk a repetition of the occurrence.

An actor, perhaps a good one, too, comes gaily on the stage. The audience like him and give him a hearty welcome; an evening's enjoyment has been promised, and they are in high expectation of the compact being fulfilled. Ah! who are those young fellows in the private box? Quite a jolly party, I declare. They know the comedian, too; see, he recognizes them. Now the comedian—just for fun, you know; he does n't mean any harm by it—introduces some joke: foreign to the play, to be sure; but then the private box recognize it at once as some allusion to their last merry-making. How they do enjoy it! Now a friendly wink, they laugh again; it's delightful. But how about the audience all this time? What are they doing while all this sport is going on? I will tell you. They are not hissing, to be sure,—well-bred American audiences





ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"I BELIEVE I VAS!"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SANDRY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

seldom forget themselves so far, for they feel this breach of decorum would interfere with the enjoyment of others,—but they are determining within their minds that they are insulted, and that they will never come again to see that actor. He has taken a liberty with them that they will neither forget nor forgive.

I will not say that in my youth I never indulged in what I am now condemning. I did so, but I never obtained the position I coveted until I abandoned the pernicious habit. There is no other profession in which honest

and serious attention to the matter in hand is so promptly rewarded as ours.

Suppose, for an example of the harm that might be done, we take a case like this: An actor has worked for weeks patiently to study or perhaps create a character, and his success in it may prove the turning-point of his life. He is poor, and has a large family to support. If he but hit the part, his fortune is made, and he will not only serve the manager, the author, and the public, but be enabled to provide comforts for his home and an education for his children. Now, with all this at stake, some

wanton actor deliberately "guys" his part and overturns the patient care of his comrade, undermining the foundation and causing the whole structure to fall to the ground. See what a wreck we have here! Think of a poor artist before a picture upon which he has spent days of toil and nights of thought. It is just ready for the Academy, and now some comrade steals up behind the easel and pours a pot of paint over the canvas, ruining the work. What shall be said of him? And yet he may have done no more harm than the actor who has ruined the bright prospects of his brother actor.

I do not say that guying is always the result of cruel mischief. A man may be really good-hearted and yet do all this damage; but whether it be from design or thoughtlessness, the result is the same, and the habit should be frowned down and checked by every honest actor. In making these assertions I do not put them forth as an argument. This subject does not admit of argument, for nothing can be said in defense. There is no other side to the question. But the actor who guys is as much to be pitied as condemned, for the crime carries the punishment along with it.

#### THE COMEDIAN'S DISADVANTAGE.

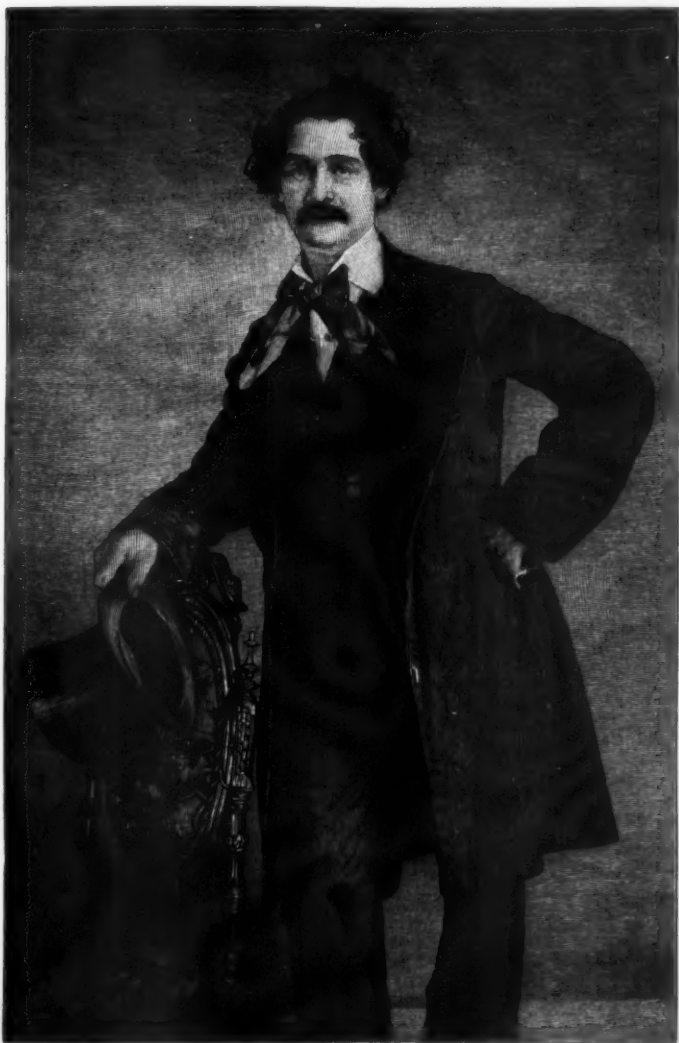
THE repertory that naturally falls to a tragic actor gives him an immeasurable advantage over a comedian. Nearly all of the tragedies or serious plays, both of ancient and modern structure, have for their heroes one conspicuous and central figure, who is in a marked degree superior to the surrounding characters that support him, whereas the comedies, with but few exceptions, have been constructed with the view of displaying a group of actors.

If the starring system, as it is called, be an evil, then Shakspeare is undoubtedly responsible for its existence, as his tragedies almost without exception contain one great character on whom the interest of the play turns, and upon whom the attention of the audience is centered. When he introduces two figures for this purpose, as shown in the attitudes of *Othello* and *Iago*, and *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, they are so closely knit together that the double light shines only with a single ray. In the play of "*Romeo and Juliet*" it is supposed that *Mercutio* was killed early in the drama lest his brilliancy should dim the luster of the lovers. There are undoubtedly other splendid characters in the tragedies of Shakspeare, but when brought in contrast with the magnitude of his heroes they are comparatively subordinate. In his comedies the characters are formed in groups, and are generally so arranged that

they may be in some measure of equal value. *Falstaff* would seem to be an exception, yet even here the historical drama of "*Henry IV.*," in which the fat knight figures so conspicuously, is a play, not a comedy. Under these conditions the comedians of the olden time, though great favorites with the public, and in many instances superb actors, as individual attractions never drew large audiences. Possibly Sam Foote, who acted during Garrick's time, and later the elder Mathews, were notable exceptions; but even these actors, the legitimate comedians, were forced to abandon the old comedies and arrange special entertainments of their own in which they gave imitations of popular and easily recognized public characters.

#### THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL STAR COMEDIAN.

THE first to command universal attention as a single magnet was Tyrone Power. Possibly he was no greater than the comedians that preceded him, but Irish comedy up to the time of his advent had been confined to characters that were less important. Fortunately for Power, a number of rollicking and effective plays were written for him, through which his own unique character shone with special brilliancy. Besides this, he was not a mushroom. His professional growth had been gradual and healthy. As the leading juvenile actor and light comedian of the Theater Royal, Dublin, he had been for four years the prime favorite of the city, and afterwards, as a leader in legitimate plays at the Haymarket Theater, in London, he held a no less important position. This career was a firm foundation upon which to build his lighter, but to the public more valued, work; so that his long theatrical experience, added to his new and effective repertory, ranked him as the greatest and most successful Irish comedian of his time. I am not aware what effect Power's success as a star had upon the English stage,—it is more conservative than our own,—but his achievements here stirred up a new ambition among the comedians of America, and with national energy they immediately set to work developing their especial gifts; and these in many instances qualified them for becoming distinct features. Casting aside the old comedies, they came forward with novel and effective, if not legitimate, plays. Dramatic portraits of Dutchmen, Yankees, Frenchmen, together with the Western and local characters of our own country, were speedily and vigorously exhibited, many of them commanding immediate attention. Among the most successful comedians may be mentioned Hackett, Hill, Marble, Burke, Chanfrau, Williams, and, later on,



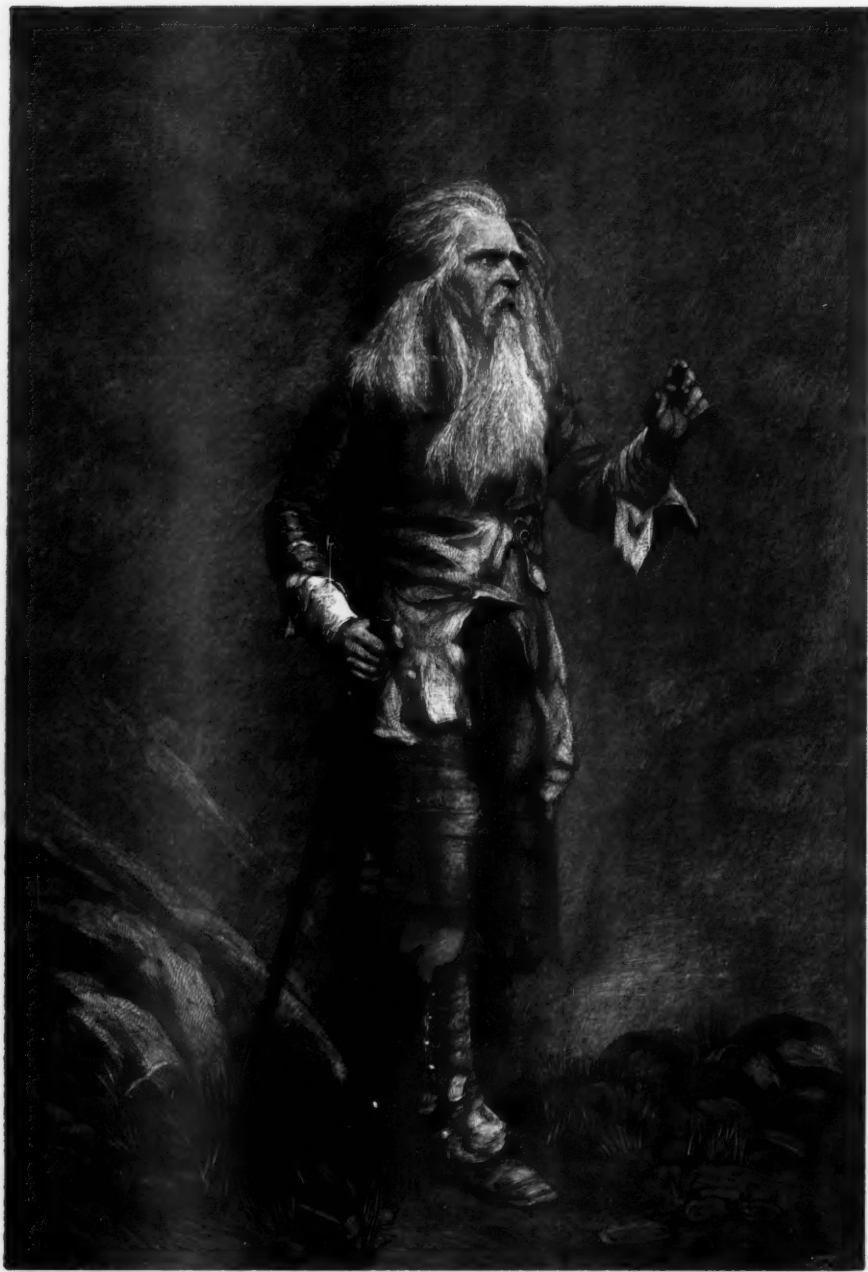
HARRY A. TERRY. (SEE PAGE 811.) (FROM A PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKER.)

Owens, Sothorn, Florence, Raymond, and a host of others.

For myself, like some of those already mentioned, I had always been, more or less, a legitimate actor, and the hope of entering the race for dramatic fame as an individual and single attraction never came into my head until, in 1858, I acted *Asa Trenchard* in "Our American Cousin"; but as the curtain descended the first night on that remarkably successful play, visions of large type, foreign countries, and increased remuneration floated before me, and I resolved to be a star if I could. A

resolution to this effect is easily made; its accomplishment is quite another matter.

Art has always been my sweetheart, and I have loved her for herself alone. I had fancied that our affection was mutual, so that when I failed as a star, which I certainly did, I thought she had jilted me. Not so. I wronged her. She only reminded me that I had taken too great a liberty, and that if I expected to win her I must press my suit with more patience. Checked, but undaunted in the resolve, my mind dwelt upon my vision, and I still indulged in day-dreams of the future.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

"IS DAT THE VILLAGE OF FALLING VATER?"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALKER & SONS.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "RIP VAN WINKLE."

## HOW I CAME TO PLAY "RIP VAN WINKLE."

DURING these delightful reveries it came up before me that in acting *Asa Trenchard* I had, for the first time in my life on the stage, spoken a pathetic speech; and though I did not look at the audience during the time I was acting,—for that is dreadful,—I felt that they both laughed and cried. I had before this often made my audience smile, but never until now had I moved them to tears. This to me novel accomplishment was delightful, and in casting about for a new character my mind was ever dwelling on reproducing an effect where humor would be so closely allied to pathos that smiles and tears should mingle with each other. Where could I get one? There had been many written, and as I looked back into the dramatic history of the past a long line of lovely ghosts loomed up before me, passing as in a procession: *Job Thornberry*, *Bob Tyke*, *Frank Oatland*, *Zekiel Homespun*, and a host of departed heroes "with martial stalk went by my watch." Charming fellows all, but not for me. I felt I could not do them justice. Besides, they were too human. I was looking for a myth—something intangible and impossible. But he would not come. Time went on, and still with no result.

During the summer of 1859 I arranged to board with my family at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. A ridge of hills covered with tall hemlocks surrounds the vale, and numerous trout-streams wind through the meadows and tumble over the rocks. Stray farms are scattered through the valley, and the few old Dutchmen and their families who till the soil were born upon it; there and only there they have ever lived. The valley harmonized with me and our resources. The scene was wild, the air was fresh, and the board was cheap. What could the light heart and purse of a poor actor ask for more than this?

On one of those long rainy days that always render the country so dull I had climbed to the loft of the barn, and lying upon the hay was reading that delightful book "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." I had gotten well into the volume, and was much interested in it, when to my surprise I came upon a passage which said that he had seen me at Laura Keane's theater as *Goldfinch* in Holcroft's comedy of "The Road to Ruin," and that I reminded him of my father "in look, gesture, size, and make." Till then I was not aware that he had ever seen me. I was comparatively obscure, and to find myself remembered and written of by such a man gave me a thrill of pleasure I can never forget. I put down the book, and lay there thinking how proud I was, and ought to be, at the revelation

of this compliment. What an incentive to a youngster like me to go on.

And so I thought to myself, "Washington Irving, the author of 'The Sketch-Book,' in which is the quaint story of Rip Van Winkle." Rip Van Winkle! There was to me magic in the sound of the name as I repeated it. Why, was not this the very character I wanted? An American story by an American author was surely just the theme suited to an American actor.

In ten minutes I had gone to the house and returned to the barn with "The Sketch-Book." I had not read the story since I was a boy. I was disappointed with it; not as a story, of course, but the tale was purely a narrative. The theme was interesting, but not dramatic. The silver Hudson stretches out before you as you read, the quaint red roofs and queer gables of the old Dutch cottages stand out against the mist upon the mountains; but all this is descriptive. The character of *Rip* does not speak ten lines. What could be done dramatically with so simple a sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play?

Three or four bad dramatizations of the story had already been acted, but without marked success. Yates of London had given one in which the hero dies, one had been acted by my father, one by Hackett, and another by Burke. Some of these versions I had remembered when I was a boy, and I should say that Burke's play and performance were the best, but nothing that I remembered gave me the slightest encouragement that I could get a good play out of any of the existing materials. Still I was so bent upon acting the part that I started for the city, and in less than a week, by industriously ransacking the theatrical wardrobe establishments for old leather and mildewed cloth, and by personally superintending the making of the wigs, each article of my costume was completed; and all this too before I had written a line of the play or studied a word of the part.

This is working in an opposite direction from all the conventional methods in the study and elaboration of a dramatic character, and certainly not following the course I would advise any one to pursue. I merely mention the out-of-the-way, upside-down manner of going to work as an illustration of the impatience and enthusiasm with which I entered upon the task. I can only account for my getting the dress ready before I studied the part to the vain desire I had of witnessing myself in the glass, decked out and equipped as the hero of the Catskills.

I got together the three old printed versions of the drama and the story itself. The plays were all in two acts. I thought it would be an improvement in the drama to arrange it in three, making the scene with the specter crew an act by itself. This would separate the poet-



ical from the domestic side of the story. But by far the most important alteration was in the interview with the spirits. In the old versions they spoke and sang. I remembered that the effect of this ghostly dialogue was dreadfully human, so I arranged that no voice but *Rip's* should be heard. This is the only act on the stage in which but one person speaks while all the others merely gesticulate, and I was quite sure that the silence of the crew would give a lonely and desolate character to the scene and add to its supernatural weirdness. By this means, too, a strong contrast with the single voice of *Rip* was obtained by the deathlike stillness of the "demons" as they glided about the stage in solemn silence. It required some thought to hit upon just the best questions that could be answered by a nod and shake of the head, and to arrange that at times even *Rip* should propound a query to himself and answer it; but I had availed myself of so much of the old material that in a few days after I had begun my work it was finished.

In the seclusion of the barn I studied and rehearsed the part, and by the end of summer I was prepared to transplant it from the rustic realms of an old farmhouse to a cosmopolitan audience in the city of Washington, where I opened at Carusi's Hall under the management of John T. Raymond. I had gone over the play so thoroughly that each situation was fairly engraved on my mind. The rehearsals were therefore not tedious to the actors; no one was delayed that I might consider how he or she should be disposed in the scene. I had by repeated experiments so saturated myself with the action of the play that a few days seemed to perfect the rehearsals. I acted on these occasions with all the point and feeling that I could muster. This answered the double purpose of giving me freedom and of observing the effect of what I was doing on the actors. They seemed to be watching me closely, and I could tell by little nods of approval where and when the points hit.

I became each day more and more interested in the work; there was in the subject and the part much scope for novel and fanciful treatment. If the sleep of twenty years was merely incongruous, there would be room for argument pro and con; but as it is an impossibility, I felt that the audience would accept it at once, not because it was an impossibility, but from a desire to know in what condition a man's mind would be if such an event could happen. Would he be thus changed? His identity being denied both by strangers, friends, and family, would he at last almost accept the verdict and exclaim, "Then I am dead, and that is a fact"? This was the strange and original attitude of the character that attracted me.

In acting such a part what to do was simple enough, but what not to do was the important and difficult point to determine. As the earlier scenes of the play were of a natural and domestic character, I had only to draw upon my experience for their effect, or employ such conventional methods as myself and others had used before in characters of that ilk. But from the moment *Rip* meets the spirits of Hendrik Hudson and his crew I felt that all colloquial dialogue and commonplace pantomime should cease. It is at this point in the story that the supernatural element begins, and henceforth the character must be raised from the domestic plane and lifted into the realms of the ideal.

To be brief, the play was acted with a result that was to me both satisfactory and disappointing. I was quite sure that the character was what I had been seeking, and I was equally satisfied that the play was not. The action had neither the body nor the strength to carry the hero; the spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting. The final alterations and additions were made five years later by Dion Boucicault, and will be referred to in their place.

#### FAILURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

At the death of my wife, which occurred in March, 1861, I broke up my household in New York, and, leaving three of my children at school, left home with my eldest son for California.

Through the act of an overzealous agent, my engagement in San Francisco was an unmistakable failure. Before my arrival I had been "overbilled," as it is technically termed. If a circus had been coming the placards could hardly have been more numerous. Those fatal documents known as the "opinions of the press" had been so freely circulated that every one was aware not only of what I could do but what I had done, and must therefore take for granted what I was going to do. All power of judging for themselves had been denied both to the public and the local press. I felt that I should fail, and I did fail.

One of the first actors I met on my arrival was Harry Perry. I had known him years before, and we had acted together in our youth. He was standing in front of the theater reading, rather quizzically I fancy, one of the many cards on which were printed the previously mentioned, and, I think, always to be avoided, "opinions of the press." After we had shaken hands, he looked at me with the same old twinkle of mischief in his eye that I had remembered years ago, and said, pointing to the "opinions," "You must have improved greatly since we last met."

HARRY PERRY.

HARRY PERRY was one of the handsomest men on the stage, and a capital actor too. His animal spirits and personal magnetism, however, were the raw materials out of which his popularity was manufactured. In those parts that belonged to a farce light comedian he was quite unequalled. Youth, vivacity, and a ringing laugh made him altogether one of the most captivating fellows in his line. His

(To be continued.)

figure was lithe and graceful, and, as was said of one of the old light comedians years ago, he had a five-act comedy in each eye. On the occasion I speak of he was quite intoxicated with happiness, being in the height of a honeymoon. His bride was Miss Agnes Land,—now Mrs. Agnes Booth,—a young lady who had lately arrived from Australia, and whose talent and beauty combined with his own made them valuable members of the theatrical profession.

Joseph Jefferson.

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

## FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife,"  
"The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

X.

A MEETING. (Continued.)



O Nathaniel and Olivia it was a charmed journey. The slow rumbling of the wheels in the wagon ruts, the ring of the whetstone sharpening the hay-makers' scythes, the call of the crake in the meadows, the never-ceasing murmur of running water—all these simple sounds made distinct impressions, and yet blended with their own whispered speech as perfectly as if Nature was composing a piece for six voices, and doing it with that delightful perfection of imperfection which charms all discords into sweetest harmony.

Who can blame them if they lingered on their way—if they did not reach Sandys until the sun was westering low on the horizon? Never could hours with just the same bliss come back to them. For love must have the flavor of its circumstances, and these continually change. This afternoon there was the parting with Jenifer Waring, and the expected meeting with Hannah Mettelane, and the long unbroken companionship of their happy journey; and, not without its influence, though unspoken of, the meeting with Anastasia de Burg. Unconsciously, even this had drawn them closer together. Anastasia was a bitter element in herself, but the very act of eluding her special notice turned the bitterness into that sense of elation which is the result of escape from anything evil. Perhaps, indeed, when the light of heaven shows us clearly the pitfalls and dangers of the earth road which led us to the Holy City our sweetest songs of gratitude will be not for the troubles we have conquered, but for those which we have escaped.

When they reached Sandys Olivia was pleasantly surprised. She had expected the house to express by many outward tokens of

neglect the anxiety and loss which was in its owner's heart. But Hannah Mettelane was not a woman who delighted in ceremonious and mournful symbols of sorrow. Joy in the Lord, and doing her duty in it, was the cheerful law of her life. In all troublous events she could find some comfort, though it was only the negative admission that things might have been worse. She had no children, and Olivia was dear to her. Indeed, the girl had spent much of her life in the low, wide-spreading Mettelane farmhouse under the almost motherly care of Hannah Mettelane.

She was at the open door of Sandys to meet them, her broad beaming face one general smile of welcome; and it fully included Nathaniel, although she had never seen him before. But her woman's heart told her that he was Olivia's lover, and a true love affair was to Hannah Mettelane a true delight.

The house had its usual atmosphere of peace and content and spotless cleanliness. They went into the parlor. The basil pot in the window diffused its restorative aroma, and great nosegays of roses gave a delightful freshness and fragrance to the handsome old room. A cold capon, a dish of curds and cream, some delicate Christ Church tarts, and a bowl of ripe cherries were spread upon the whitest of linen. Red Rhine wine stood by Nathaniel's side, and Aunt Hannah brought with her own hands a foaming pitcher of delicious new milk. She understood also their desire to be everything to each other, and she invented a number of house duties in order to leave Olivia the pleasant task of entertaining her lover.

Nathaniel had told himself that he would not remain many minutes, but he could not resist the enchantment of the hour and the love which glorified it. He remembered his lonely mother affectionately, but yet he lingered until the twilight lost every tinge of color and

lay like a gray veil over the face of sleeping nature. Then he rose to say good-by, and at the same moment Hannah Mettelane entered the room with a letter in her hand. It was from her brother Roger, and the bearer of it was waiting to carry back the answer.

"You see, both of you," she said, "that things are a long way better than we thought for. Roger says he has got a little room, out of the main room, for himself and Asa, and maybe they are n't so bad off after all. Prisons can't be homes, and we must n't expect it of them. Roger is well and having a good conscience, and what is there better than that? There is only one bit of strange news that I can see, and perhaps now it is the best news of all: it's about a young man called John Whitehead; he is got out of prison and bonds of all kinds."

"Free?"

"Ay, my dear lad, free! Set free by God Almighty's own hand."

"Dead?"

"Nay, then, we had better say 'living forever.'"

"Poor John!"

"Not 'poor,' Olivia. No, indeed! Your father writes that the young man was happy to enter death land, and went away in a great state of love and rapture."

"Of what did he die?"

"Of jail fever, and want of all earthly comforts. Roger says his body was worn to ruin and ready to let drop the soul when they reached Appleby."

"He was Mary Whitehead's last son. Her eldest perished in Colchester jail, her second on Bristol common. How I wish I could comfort her! Poor, poor mother!"

"Rich is the mother of holy martyrs, Olivia! It is a great thing to have had three sons with such white consciences. I think she got a better portion for them than the mother of Zebedee's children asked for her sons. And Roger says John Whitehead preached 'the truth' to his fellow-prisoners until his voice failed him, and he could only whisper, softer and softer, 'Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!'"

"He has found the way to rest, to rest forever," said Nathaniel; "and, oh, how glad he must have been when to him the weary controversies of earth suddenly became silent!"

Then Hannah Mettelane, softly weeping, went out of the room, and Olivia lifted her star-like eyes to Nathaniel. Never had the sympathy between them been so sweet and strong. Speechless with emotion, he led her to the open casement. The night incense of the rose beds was wafted across her flower-like face; the ineffable joy of a pure and perfect love made her tremble beneath his light touch. He whispered her name and drew her close to his heart.

Still softer was her answer, "My soul! My soul! I will love thee forever!"

This confession, spontaneous as the perfume of the roses or the song of the nightingale singing by his nest in the sycamore tree, filled Nathaniel with a rapture beyond words. He stood silently gazing into Olivia's eyes, seeing in the duskish gloom her face, white as a lily, shining with the love behind it. Their souls had met before; now they spoke to each other; were as truly one as "the sound in the echo or the thought in the word."

What did they say in that wondrous interval which was but moments yet seemed to stretch infinitely backward and forward? They said everything! though the only audible expression was the long sigh with which the mysterious communing ended.

It blended with the stir of the rising wind in the tree tops and the twittering of some birds in the ivy above the window. Then they were aware of quick footsteps, of voices faintly familiar, of the near and actual invasion of earth into their transient heaven. They looked towards the door and saw Hannah Mettelane enter. She had a lighted candle in her hand, and she was speaking with some one who was close behind her. It was George Fox.

He came forward and took the hands of Nathaniel and Olivia and clasped them together in his own hands. "I am come to put you asunder, children," he said; "but only for a little while. Olivia, thou must go to London and plead with Cromwell himself for thy father's life. There is no lawyer for him but thee. Judge and jury are bought and sold. In this corner of Westmoreland De Burg is stronger than justice; yea, even than thy father's gold."

"George Fox—"

"Nay, Nathaniel, in this matter I will hear no dissent from thee. Verily, I have considered all, and I see that there is no other way."

"At thy word I will go to London, friend George."

"And I will go with thee, friend Olivia. On the third day, early in the morning, be ready." Then, turning to Hannah Mettelane: "I can neither eat nor drink, dear neighbor. I must cross the sands to Ulverstone to-night, and thou knowest the tide will flow at its own time."

"How shall we go, George?"

"Thou must take thy own coach, Olivia. Horses can be changed at all the post-houses, and the hurry is not so great as to cause thee weariness."

"Thou wilt surely go with me, George?"

"Yea; and also friend Jacob Willis and his wife, who are under a constraint of the Spirit to visit the persecuted Friends in the Plymouth colony. Their ship sails from London in two

weeks; so then thou canst help them so far on their journey, and have the while the comfort of their presence."

Then, being pressed by the rising tide, he hurried away, and Nathaniel and Olivia watched him fade into the gray distance. His coming had been like the call of a bugle or the clash of a bell. The fighting, wrestling world was again pressing them hard, and Nathaniel felt it with a special resentment.

"Though the good man rides hard," said Hannah Mettelane, going to the window, "'t will be hurry all if he get across the sands ere the tide catch him."

"George Fox knows the way that he takes. Here is matter of more importance, Mistress Mettelane. It is not fit that Olivia should go to London without me, and in that case it is most fit she goes as my wife."

"I am of your mind, Captain Kelder; and why not?"

"There are two sufficient reasons 'why not,' Aunt Hannah. How can I marry while my father is in prison? 'T would indeed be a great occasion for people to speak ill of me. And, also, I know not if I should be welcome to Nathaniel's people. Indeed, I fear I should bring contention among them."

"You are to marry me, and not my people, Olivia."

"Nay, but I will not marry thee without the good-will of thy people. I will neither go to thy home, nor take thee into my home, without their liking."

From this opinion Olivia could not be persuaded. Although she made no complaint of Lady Kelder's neglect, she was keenly sensitive to it. She was aware that Nathaniel had informed his parents of their intention to marry, and she looked at least for some courteous social recognition of the intention. At this hour Nathaniel also felt it. He found it impossible to make excuses for his mother; and when he arrived at home he had thought over his supposed wrong until his heart was hot within him, and it gave him a certain satisfaction to say bluntly:

"I asked Olivia Prideaux to marry me to-morrow, and she refused. That is because you have not given her the welcome due to my intended wife."

"You must be moon-struck! Or love-struck! Midsummer madness! Marry to-morrow! What are you dreaming about?"

"She goes to London on her father's business, and I wish to go with her."

"I dare be bound you do. Well?"

"Mother, you are cruel. I never knew you so before. If you love me, go and see Olivia to-morrow and tell her she is welcome in Kelderby."

"Shall I tell a lie to pleasure Mistress Prideaux? As to Kelderby, how do you know

that it is mine, or yours, to offer? The selfishness of youth passes my patience! While all Kelderby — house and lands — hangs in the balance; while your father is fighting for his and your rights in a world now strange and hard to him; while I watch and pray, neither sleeping nor eating, weary to fainting with the restless walk that alone relieves my anxious heart, you are dawdling after that Quakeress, who has made us all this sorrow. And then, to crown your injustice, I am cruel because I humble not myself to her. Nathaniel, you are cruel! And I never knew you so before."

She began to weep bitterly, and Nathaniel was not able to endure that spectacle. He soothed her as best he could; he mingled his tears with hers; he found that his brave intention to insist upon Olivia's rights had ended in a reconciliation which left his mother decidedly the gainer. But who can blame him? Brutal is the son who is not vanquished by his mother's tears!

He went to his room utterly worn out with feeling. And yet he could not sleep. The face, the voice, the touch, the influence of Olivia, dominated him. He whispered her name continually. He felt all the bitterness and the sweetness of a love debarred and crossed, and yet potential above and beyond all reasonings. It was unfortunate that he had spoken to his mother at that time. She was miserable in the absence of the baron and in the danger of Kelderby. Indeed, suspense fretted every one; for no word had yet come back from Baron Kelder, nor was any just yet to be expected.

Meanwhile the baron was nearing the end of his journey. He had changed his horse frequently, but never his steady gallop, until he came to the long brick streets of London. For as soon as Odinel Kelder accepted the duty of rescuing his inheritance he forgot his years, and felt not the infirmities belonging to them. In the calm regularity of his late life he had accumulated a reserve of strength which now answered all his demands upon it, and he arrived at his journey's end not more weary than a man in the prime of life might have been. The sun was setting, and he went to an inn at Charing Cross and rested there all night.

Oliver Cromwell was still at Hampton Court, and Kelder's intention was to rise early and try to obtain an audience before the business of the day began. But he fell into a sleep so profound that nothing awakened him until the morning was far advanced. Indeed the business of the day was over when his name was given to the Protector. So little ceremony was then in vogue that the officer in waiting left the door open between the rooms, and Kelder could see his old general walking with a weary, sorrow-laden face in the long gallery.

His name broke Oliver's reverie in two. He



stood still and let it call back to his memory the man who bore it. The recognition came with a smile, and he walked towards the entrance and said: "Is it thou indeed? Come in then, for thou art right welcome." Kelder loved the man, and these friendly, honest words made his heart burn. And as they walked up and down the long gallery, hung with pictures representing the triumphs of Cæsar, they began to talk of the triumphs of the Puritan host, and of the days when they had fought side by side.

"Thy heart was then plain to me, Kelder; but now there are such jealousies and such a spirit of calumny among us, that my condition as to flesh and blood is very hard. Oh, I say so, I do truly."

"I love thee, and thou hast done great things for England."

"Through God. He blessed me therein as it pleased him. For I raised round me such men as thou art, Kelder, who had the fear of God, and made some conscience of what they did."

"We were never beaten—never!"

"That is a matter of praise to God, and it hath this instruction in it—to own men who are religious and godly. Oh, I love men that keep their integrity! men who have a single eye and a whole body full of light." And then Kelder's face answered the face at his side—the strong scarred face, threatening fierceness and rigors to the unfaithful, but tremulous with sensibility and full of love and sadness to those whom he trusted.

After some further discourse they heard the sound of music and singing, and Oliver, still talking, led Kelder into the great hall, where there were two fine organs. Mr. John Milton was playing on the larger, and a choir of boys sang to his music that fine canon, by Ben Jonson:

Look how the winds upon the waves grow tame,  
Take up land sounds upon their purple wings,  
And catching each from other bear the same,  
To every angle of their sacred springs.  
So will we take his praise and hurl his name  
About the globe in thousand airy rings.

Cromwell was passionately fond of noble music, and it was but a few moments before the mounting joyful strains made him forget speech. He listened with pleased attention until they died away in low wandering symphonies. Then he turned suddenly to Kelder and asked what business in special had brought him to London so soon after his son's visit.

"To undo the business about which my son came"; and, beginning at Nathaniel's visit to De Burg, Kelder told Oliver the whole story precisely as the events of it had happened.

Cromwell's answer was delayed long enough to show a trifle of hesitation. "I like not," he said, "to fasten and to unloose; to say 'yea' and 'nay' as it were with the same breath.

But if a mistake hath been made, then it is the part of wisdom to unmake it with all the speed that may be. And in this matter it is evident that De Burg is without common gratitude and without principle. He will go to Charles Stuart, will he? Yea, if he can. We must look to that; indeed we must."

The wistful, speculative look called into his eyes by revealing music was all gone. He was mentally regarding the man, insensible to the kindness of kindred and the clemency of his country, who would defraud the one and betray the other. The implements of writing were at hand, and in fifteen minutes he had penned a private order to Secretary Thurloe concerning Kelderby, and sent a command to General Selden regarding De Burg.

Dinner waited while he completed this business; but as soon as the letters had been intrusted to the officer in waiting he turned pleasantly to the domestic rite, taking Kelder's company as a matter beyond the necessity of a formal request. The table was, as Nathaniel had described it, plainer and less delicately laid than the table at Kelderby. Wealthy burghers, all over England, dined with as much ceremony and plenty; and excepting the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, none of the party were dressed with any extravagance of material or fashion. Music in an adjoining room filled the pauses in conversation, and doubtless there were times when Cromwell, both from private and public causes, was glad of such excuse as it made for his silence.

But not so with Odinel Kelder. They had too many great and merciful events to recall to each other, and the Lady Elizabeth listened with a wife's interest and delight to Kelder's unaffected praises of her lord. No one could doubt his honesty; and Cromwell, weary of double-dealers, looked with pleasure in the clear face of this true friend. Even Bridget, his spiritually minded daughter, "a woman breathing after Christ, acquainted with temptations, humbled, and not exalted by her father's greatness," could not refrain acknowledging by a kind smile the genuine affection of this single-hearted adherent.

Music and singing passed the time after dinner; a madrigal, by Mr. Lock, being repeated several times to pleasure Kelder, who was able ever afterwards to recall some of its most taking falls. Then there was a psalm sung, which the Protector gave out from the small black psalm-book he had carried through all his campaigns; and after it the ladies retired to their own privacy. But Cromwell and Kelder drew closer to each other. They had a pipe of the Virginian weed, and then walked on the terrace. And as the stars grew larger and brighter they spoke of those sacred personal aspects of religion which are the secret strength of that "spiritual confidence" we are commanded to "restrain not."



The following day Kelder received back his bond, and with it the assurance of the Protector that Kelderby was freely in his own power again. He called for a taper and they burned the parchment silently upon the hearth; but when the blaze was dead and the bond was a shriveled band of gray ashes Cromwell spoke in a low, warning voice:

"Take it not ill what I say,—I know you will not,—or else you will be ruined yet. And truly 't is not I that say it; it is the counsel of the wisest man. 'He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it: and he that hateth suretiship is sure.'"

But though his affairs were thus comfortably settled, Kelder did not immediately leave London. Cromwell clung to him with a simple regard he found it hard to resist; and nearly every night for three weeks the two men walked the terrace at Hampton Court and talked together of the things which both loved,—“the wisdom of God in a mystery,”—all those extreme thoughts which men seldom care to reach, beyond which no man can go. Perhaps neither had an intellect trained for subtle disputing, nor did they even try to measure with the foot-rule of their understanding the immutable wisdom of God. But in religious matters both had a child's heart, and both were seeking to enter the kingdom of heaven by the gate of spiritual wistfulness.

## XI.

## OLIVIA AND CROMWELL.

“Prosperity and adversity, life and death, poverty and riches, come of the Lord. . . . Love, and the way of good works, are from him.”

. . . “the constant change and transmutation  
Of action and of contemplation,  
Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,  
Upward, exalted again to the sky;  
Downward, the literal interpretation,  
Upward, the vision and mystery.”

LADY KELDER had won a victory over her son, but she had no sense of triumph. What if she got her wish about Olivia, and lost it about Kelderby? The God whom she served was a jealous God, balancing his favors according to the service given. She could not expect too much from him. To clear Kelderby of all its obligations to De Burg, to clear Nathaniel of his obligations to Olivia, was perhaps beyond her desert. Of two evils she must choose the lesser. After hours of restless anxiety she resolved to sacrifice her personal feelings to the more permanent good. If only Kelderby were saved she would try—yes, she would try to accept Olivia.

The mysterious travail of sleep brought her only visions of confusion and anxiety. When the morning came she resolved to call upon Olivia, and judge with her own eyes and intelligence as to the capabilities of the girl for the honor Nathaniel designed her. The concession was a great one; how great Nathaniel could not understand, because the way to Sandys, so hard for his mother, was just the way he liked best of all to go.

“'T is the greatest trial of my life, I believe,” she said to herself; and she honestly felt it to be so. On the contrary, Nathaniel was eager to accompany her; but she refused his attendance with a sharpness that had something of reproach in it.

“No, sir! I will take my woman with me. I have no mind to be audience to your veiled sweethearting. Simon, the shrimp-fisher, was here yesterday about his cottage. Give a little of your time to the necessities of the people until your father returns. And to-day there may be a letter from him. 'T is fit surely that either you or I be here to receive it.”

Do women dress for men? Never as they do for their own sex. Lady Kelder took from their manifold scented wrappings her very finest garments—an overdress of dark violet velvet, with a quilted satin petticoat of the color of old ivory. A thick gold chain held her pomander case, the case itself being of fretted Moorish work studded with gems. She put it to her nostrils, and with a wretched little laugh said to Jael: “Faith! I shall need the camphor, I know! My heart hath a strange fainting sickness already. And give me my fan, Jael—the one of foreign feathers with the silver handle; and my headdress of ivory satin edged with Flemish point.

She stood a moment before her mirror looking steadily at the woman reflected there—a handsome, resolute woman, tenacious of her own opinions, and finding out for them warranty of Holy Scripture or holy men. When she turned away, Jael gave her a long mantle of black Genoa velvet, and gloves of Spanish leather, richly embroidered and perfumed with orange flowers. Nathaniel was taken with a heartache when he saw her. He understood that the visit, undertaken with so much ceremony, intended little kindness. Yet he felt himself the influence of such royal apparel, and conducted his mother to her coach with a deferential affection which would not be reasoned with.

That morning Olivia was strangely sad and fearful. A journey to London was as great an event then as a journey across oceans is now; and the very necessity for it implied a danger for her father that she had not apprehended. She was employed in preparations for it when

Lady Kelder's step upon the stone passage arrested her attention. Although it was a firm, slow step, Olivia knew at once that it was the step of a woman. She lifted her head and listened, for Hannah Mettelane had gone into Kendal to make some purchases, and she knew that the reception of any stranger must devolve upon her. As the visitor approached she laid down her work and stood up to meet her.

At the same time Gideon threw wide the door, and with some circumstance announced, "Lady Kelder." The two women looked steadily at each other—Olivia's face expectant, indeterminate, ready to reflect instantly a smile or a pleasant light; Lady Kelder's intent, curious, critical, for as yet she had seen Olivia only in a very hurried and cursory manner. Once they had passed each other on Kendal streets, and once, when Lady Kelder called upon Jane D'Acre, Olivia was just taking leave of her friend. She had therefore but a slight remembrance of the girl; now, however, she regarded her with a distinct purpose of examination.

She saw a tall, slender, girlish figure in a white linen dress, with a square collar of English lace encircling her throat. She saw an oval face, delicately rounded; eyes soft, deep, heavenly, with large and solemn gaze; a sweet mouth, rosy and tender; a steady round chin; a color like a wild rose; and a great abundance of soft brown hair. She felt also something of the unknown and unseen in her very simplicity, in the look and air of the girl, which checked every impulse towards what was trifling or disrespectful.

But what the tongue or pen stumblingly or slowly expresses, the eyes see in a moment; and Olivia's appearance and manner was flashed upon Lady Kelder's consciousness as she walked with stately grace from the door to the center of the room. There Olivia met her. Lady Kelder courtied slightly, expecting from Olivia the deeper reverence due from youth to age. But Olivia's self-respecting creed forbade her to bend her knee to mortal man or woman. She simply extended her hand and said, "Thou art very welcome."

There was then a momentary pause; but Lady Kelder was not a woman who hesitated, or who advanced to the expression of her opinions by roundabout ways. She took the seat offered, and said:

"Mistress Prideaux, I ask you seriously, and I pray you resolve me truly, if 'tis your purpose to make a marriage with Captain Kelder?"

"I have promised to marry him—if God will."

"Oh, indeed! I observe that young people usually make God's will fit their own desires."

"My conscience is a swift witness. I desire only what God wills."

"My son wished to marry you to-day. In such a hurry of self-pleasing, wherein will you discover any will higher than your own?"

"I willed not to marry thy son to-day. 'Twas out of a sudden great fear and love that he spoke. If thou knowest the circumstances, thou must understand his desire."

"Indeed, mistress, I do not need you to explain my son to me. And I am agreeably pleased to find that you have so much sense as to put the bridle on an offer so beyond all reason. I must tell you that Kelderby itself stands in the 'nay' or 'yea' of the Protector, or else, in a case still worse, the honor of the De Burgs. It is inconceivable that Nathaniel should be wife-seeking when his inheritance, and his home, and the honor of his name stand in such jeopardy."

"Thou must know that my father's honor and my father's estate stand in still more perilous conditions. How then could I take the thought of marriage into my heart at this time?"

"'T is indeed a time laden with strange things, and you must see how inconvenient marrying and giving in marriage must be in the press and hurry of so many great events."

"I think not of it. My heart is wholly set upon my father's peril."

"Nathaniel says that you come not to Kelderby because I ask you not."

"Nathaniel puts my love and his own below what fits their right when he says so. Truly I will not come to Kelderby without thy welcome; but I marry not Kelderby, but Nathaniel Kelder."

"'T is an unnecessary pride that you show. A mother has some rights in the son she has borne."

"A true wife will never wrong them. I seek not Nathaniel Kelder; he seeks me."

"Ah! I thought surely that you loved Nathaniel."

"Thou must not conceive different, and put wrong words in my mouth. But I love him not better than duty and honor and truth. If thou art afraid I am going to wrong thy son in any respect, put all thy fears away. I love not Nathaniel Kelder for myself, but beyond myself. When thou understandest that, thou wilt have a true welcome for me; and perhaps, if God will, I may then come to Kelderby."

"What will you—"

"I will not at all. God wills."

"You must know that the Kelders are a very old family. 'T is indeed a trial when they mate not with their equals. I say nothing against Master Prideaux, who is doubtless an excellent and respectable man."

"I count the probity and sagacity of my

father so much higher than the traditional glory of dead men as living virtue is higher than dead virtue."

"Dead virtues are honorable, mistress."

"Yea, for the dead."

"On this matter truly we may have divided opinions, but if it comes to giving occasion for evil-speaking, we must be at one. There hath been talk and gossip about you and Captain Kelder, and the tongues of others are not in our control. Would it not be better to give the public assurance in regard to your position?"

"If I suffered talk and gossip to move me I should fear the tongue of man more than the eye of God."

"As you like, mistress. For myself, I have ever found my misfortunes more supportable than the comments of my friends on them. To be sure, if you heed not the words said of you—"

"If people speak ill of me, I ask what kind of people they admire, and then it often happens that I am quite consoled. Thou wilt find it in general a comfortable answer. Wilt thou eat and drink with me?"

"I am neither hungry nor thirsty, and my servants and horses wait."

Olivia had risen as she spoke, and Lady Kelder involuntarily followed her example. Young and slight as the girl looked, she carried herself with great dignity. In Sandys the mistress of Sandys was the equal of the mistress of Kelderby. For in her home a woman has immeasurable though intangible advantages. She stands on her own ground, and thereby acquires a moral right which prejudices any antagonist.

The interview was evidently over, and Lady Kelder felt that she had gained nothing from it. The serenity of Olivia had been proof against every little wind of passion or ill-will. She had not lost an inch of ground. She had made no concessions and no promises, and she had told Lady Kelder nothing but what she already knew.

"She has a thousand virtues. If she had a single vice she would be more endurable," said Lady Kelder, as soon as her coach drove away. "Take my fan, Jael, and give me a breath of air. I never thought so well, and so ill, of my sex."

"She hath a name beyond all praise."

"A dowdy, Jael; a very dowdy, in a linen frock. It passes my comprehension. Nathaniel hath seen some of the finest women of the day."

"Well, my Lady, you looked like a queen, and I dare say she was a bit flustered at the meeting with you."

"Flustered! She had the composure of a goddess—I mean, of a saint."

"Was there any falling out with her, my Lady?"

"You might as well try to fall out with a prayer-book, Jael. But I would she had spoken the temper I saw in her eyes."

They were riding swiftly through the estate of Sandys, and Lady Kelder could not but notice the fine order in which park and meadows and cornfields were kept.

"I believe the old goldsmith weeds them as carefully as he dusted his shop and wares. I dare be bound he enters every furrow in his ledger. But 't is a grand old place, that is beyond denying. And 't is possible the proud little maid may have the grace to take nurture. They who live in Kelderby grow Kelder-like. What hinders?"

"That is but a fluffment of talk, my Lady. Everything hinders. I never heard tell in my time of nurture being stronger than nature. The cuckoo lays in the sparrow's nest, and the bird hatched is cuckoo to its last feather. The cuckoo lays in the thrush's nest, but no up-bringing will make it sing the thrush's song. It will cry 'cuckoo' to the long end of its life. The Quakeress may come to the Kelders' nest, but she 'll never change her nature with her name."

"By troth and faith! you are right, Jael. For I came out of Singleton Seat, and though I be married to Kelder's name, I shall be Joan Singleton till I be no more on earth."

Thenshe was silent awhile, and Jael watched her fingering her pomander chain or the sheath of her fan, and saw how her handsome face grew more and more fretful and disappointed. For Lady Kelder was upright enough with her own heart to be aware that her dislike to Olivia sprang from the girl's trifling peculiarities jarring her own antagonistic peculiarities. She knew quite well that these were a thousand times overbalanced by Olivia's excellences, and that she ought to conquer her unreasonable antipathy; but she did not; she could not.

She had two regrets in regard to her visit: first, that she had worn her best clothing, for Olivia had not seemed to notice it—certainly she had shown no symptom of being in any way subjugated by its splendor; second, that she had been neither as kind nor as disagreeable as she had intended. The sense of failure was with her. She had not conquered Olivia; neither had she irritated her.

When she returned home Nathaniel's face made her still more angry. It hoped and asked so much. The longing curiosity on it was almost painful, and she instantly reflected that it was "that girl" he was anxious and curious about. She spoke of the heat, of the dust, of the weight of her dress, and went to her room

to change it, without a word or a sign which could enable Nathaniel to interpret her. Of course it was cruel, but she felt as if at that hour she did well to be cruel.

Truly she pitied herself as she looked in her mirror and thought of the unpleasant and unprofitable journey she had taken. And Nathaniel's depressed and injured air did not tend to make her at all sorry for him. It was beyond reason that he should add this care to her anxieties about her husband and her home. So when at length he asked, "Did you see Olivia, mother?" she was rather glad to answer gloomily:

"Indeed I saw her."

"I am afraid—dear mother, I hope you have not quarreled with her."

She was standing with her back to him, at the open door of the china closet. She turned round in a passion. "God's mercy on me!" she cried. "May not the girl just as likely have quarreled with me? I will not talk with you about her. If you have no other subject, I will pity myself so far as to be silent."

Then Nathaniel suddenly rose and took a letter from the chimneypiece. "I had forgotten," he said. "'T is from my father, as you may see. The bearer is in the servants' hall."

"And you could think of any other thing or person? You are unworthy of your father, Nathaniel. But I wonder not! I wonder not!"

She was breaking the seal with trembling fingers as she spoke, and after a few moments' consideration of its contents she said, in a low, intense voice: "Kelderby is saved! Kelderby is saved!" And in the moment of her joy she forgot Olivia and fully forgave Nathaniel.

Privately, also, she was now quite reconciled to the events of the morning visit. She was glad there had been no nearer sympathy between Olivia and herself. If she had ever been weak enough to contemplate accepting Olivia as a compromise with the Almighty's sense of her deserts, she had now a double gratification in feeling that both her desires had been granted her. Kelderby was saved, and she had been saved from any promises regarding Olivia. Her home had been given back to her without any mortifying concession on her part. Was she made gentle and kindly by this favor? No! She was human enough to experience immediately one of those heart-hardenings which too often follow a lifted anxiety or a desire granted.

The animus of this unhappy meeting affected Olivia in a manner still more personal and profound. For though she went with Lady Kelder to her coach, and preserved a quiet civility of manner to the last moment of their interview, she was quivering with controlled emotion. And in the solitude of her room the

conflict was renewed. Her enemy was still with her. The battle had only been carried from the outward court to the inner sanctuary of life.

She stood silent, with her hands dropped and clasped before her, and her eyes dilating, as though looking far, far down into the depths of her soul. Lady Kelder had wounded her in every sense. Her love had been questioned, her pride humbled, she had been made to feel that she was the troubler of Nathaniel's house. She had been subjected to a criticism judicially cold; forced suddenly to meet a trial for which she was quite unprepared, and which in her present circumstances appeared a gratuitous sting added to sorrow strange and unavoidable.

At first she could hardly help blaming Nathaniel. He ought to have prevented Lady Kelder's visit; or, if that was impossible, he ought to have accompanied his mother. It was cruel to leave her to face alone the imperious discontent of the disappointed woman. A tumult of outraged feeling made spiritual anarchy in her usually reasonable soul, and sudden flashes of resentment, ending in spontaneous thoughts and plans of revenge, made her cheeks burn and her mouth quiver.

The struggle was harder and longer because her reverent spirit did not suffer her to press into God's presence while under such angry influences. There is a veil between the holiest part of our nature and the Divinity, even as in the visible temple there was a veil before the Shekinah; and Olivia did not dare, with an impatient heart, to pass beyond it. She stood silent until her will had conquered; until pride, anger, hate, revenge, and wounded self-love were lost in that wondrous depth out of which grows the love of God; till she heard the tender question that besought her complaint:

"Thou, then? Who art Thou?"

With streaming eyes and swelling heart she bowed herself, and answered, "Thou knowest me, and all my sorrows."

And yet how sweet it was to tell them over, and to feel in the telling the infinite sympathy of the Divine heart! Then what serene amazement took the place of all fears and of all conclusions! Her trouble grew lighter than a grasshopper, and she rose up from the internal revelation joyfully resigned to all that God willed.

Lady Kelder had passed beyond her horizon, and she looked outward with far-seeing gaze. A glory that never was on sea or land transfigured her face; a contagious warmth, a thrill of positive faith, radiated from her lovely form. For the most real of all splendors, the most wonderful of all miracles, is within us. And those who doubt must consider that the



human soul is the place where two worlds meet — where the Infinite touches the finite.

The reflex influence of this spiritual communion did not desert Olivia for many days. It gave to her final interviews with her lover a delightful peace. She passed over Lady Kelder's visit with a serene indifference that made it hard for Nathaniel to talk of the subject. And yet he understood from Olivia's reticence that the meeting had not been a pleasant one.

On the morning of her departure they stood together in the embrasure of a large window in the parlor. The lower casements were open to catch the dewy perfumes of the garden, and Nathaniel clasped her left hand between his own hands. She was very pale, and the hurry of the preparations for the journey moved her so much that he felt it slightly flutter in his grasp.

Jacob and Jane Willis both sat silent. With heads thrown slightly backward and closed eyes they communed with their own souls, seeking an assurance for their unusual journey. Fox was walking in the garden. He had his hat in his hand, and the sunshine brightened his long fair hair. His meditations were doubtless holy and happy, for his face was calm and reverent, though his eyes were towards the boxwood and the flowers. Hannah Mettelane was ordering the breakfast, and the servants were packing the luggage of the travelers in the boot of the coach. No one was regarding the lovers; they were practically alone.

"My father will doubtless be home in a day or two, beloved; then I shall make every haste to overtake you."

"Thou must not put me before thy duty; but if thou canst wisely come"—and she turned slightly, and raised her eyes to him.

He could not resist the something he saw in them. "You hope, Olivia! You are happy!" And he lifted her face in his hands and kissed it.

"I love thee, Nathaniel. Love always hopes. I will keep thy memory to make my happiness with, dear one. And thou must not doubt. I think true love is a promise, and surely it is God's good pleasure to give what he has promised."

"My soul, I love you! I will love you forever."

"Thou knowest I love thee truly."

"We have chosen each other out of all the world."

"I have chosen thee."

"You will be my wife?"

"I have told thee so."

"But when?"

"That I know not. The rose blooms at its own hour; wouldst thou tear its beauty out of the bud? Love will grow to marriage, dear

one; but shall not love have the glory of its perfect hour?"

"Can I love you more perfectly?"

"I think thou canst—or thou couldst wait with more patience. If thou lovest me for eternity, there is all eternity to love me in. And this time is my father's time. He asks me for the first and best of it. George Fox thinks that I may save his life. Few daughters have such honor given them. When my dear father is out of all trouble—"

"Then you will marry me?"

"When thy father and mother are willing for our happiness, then I will be thy wife. I will love thee first of all, and best of all. I will honor thee with my whole soul, I will love thee perfectly because I so honor thee."

He saw her soul in her eyes; it informed and vivified her face, her white slender throat, her small hands, until the flesh and blood grew translucent and ethereal.

To pure-hearted young girls Heaven gives such transparent fleshly veils; they have no false or sinful thoughts to hide. But as the heart grows hard and insincere the soul puts on many veils, and the light within becomes darkness. Then flesh and blood is simple clay.

When at length the hour of parting came he clasped her to his heart with passionate, sorrowful love. At this moment, with his tears upon her cheeks and his kisses on her lips, she would not wrong his love and hers with any pretenses. She suffered him to see that she wept and loved with him. She murmured sweet broken words of affection; with the long, long gaze of lingering love she watched his tall, dark figure till the green vault of the sycamores hid him from her view.

Great emotion makes many men silent, almost stern; and Nathaniel quickly left Sandys, though Mistress Mettelane urged him to rest there for a little while. For Hannah was one of those women, sweet and homely as honey, who would draw the sting of all men's sorrow into their own breast; and she pitied the young man, hiding with such proud reticence his anxious love and grief.

However, he consoled himself with the reflection that the baron would certainly be home in a day or two. His affairs settled, there was nothing to delay him in London; and Nathaniel raised himself in his stirrups and instinctively searched the horizon for the tall, thin figure he expected to see. The letter already received had made no mention of his return. "I have seen Cromwell, and Kelderby is quite released. I am in comfortable health." That was all, and at the moment of their reception such words had seemed full of all content; but now Nathaniel wished his father had added, "I take the road at once for the north."



In the mean time Olivia pursued her painful journey southward. The quaint old towns where they rested, or baited or changed horses, gave her a momentary interest, and Fox usually took her for a short walk while they were necessarily delayed. But the whole moving drama of streets and lanes and of white roads, along which crept the great pack wagons with their smocked drivers and belled horses, affected her much as the phantasmagoria of a dream. Hour after hour she sat in silence, listening vaguely to the measured talk of Fox and Willis, or, with shut eyes, recalling the fair garden and house of Sandys, and the happy and sorrowful scenes with which they were blended.

When she arrived in London she was suffering much from headache and exhaustion. The last day of the journey had been an agonizing interval, which she had borne with closed eyes and lips. The men scarcely understood her sufferings, and Mistress Willis felt a slight scorn for the girl so much more easily wearied than herself—a woman of sixty years. She reflected, as women usually reflect, upon the superiority of their generation and the decadence of the young people growing up at their side.

They went to the Blue Boar Inn in King street, and for that night Olivia permitted every thought of love or sorrow to escape her. Her slight form succumbed to physical suffering, her heart ached, she was soul weary; when the landlady left her alone in the darkish room she could have cried with joy for the simple relief of solitude. Weary and suffering, she laid her head down upon her pillow, and He gave his beloved sleep; sleep so deep and sweet and long that Fox became uneasy and asked the landlady to visit her guest.

The dusty sunshine of the narrow, noisy street stole in through the crevices of the shutters and lay in golden bars across the great oaken bed. Its spotless linen looked mystically white in the gloom of the veiled day, and the sweet face at rest upon the pillow had the lovelier pallor of life held in the solemn pause of sleep deeper than the tide of dreams. The landlady walked softly to the bedside and stood looking at the sleeping girl. How exquisitely still was the breathing miracle! The small, bow-shaped mouth had the faintest smile; the curtains of the eyes dropped their dark fringes on cheeks softly rounded and white with the warm shadowy white of a lily leaf. A band of sunshine turned the loosened hair into a glory. The small hands were lightly clasped, and, lying on the snowy white of the linen, showed, like the face and throat, the duskish pallor of flesh and blood. All around the bed hung the scent of lavender, bringing thoughts of

warm, sunny gardens to wander about the silent sleeping-place.

"God bless the girl!" the woman whispered. "I was once as young as she be"; and she softly drew the curtains so as to shade her from the light. But at the door she turned and took into her memory the dark, draped bedstead, with its soft, white interior, and the fair young sleeper in its dim, slumberous peace.

The next day Olivia arose thoroughly refreshed, and conscious of that spiritual exaltation which desires to face a crisis, and is straitened till its duty is accomplished. They went early in the day to Hampton Court, but Cromwell had gone to Westminster, so they were delayed for many hours. Indeed, Fox was advising Olivia to return to the city until the morning, when the officer brought him into the Protector's presence. He had not sent in Olivia's name lest the interview should be denied; and when she entered with Fox the Protector looked up with considerable annoyance from the writing on which he was engaged.

"George Fox, you are come here complaining again. I know you are, and I will not suffer it."

"Verily, Oliver, thy conscience tells thee the truth. Thou promised to bring in a bill putting faith before all forms. That would set free hundreds of good men, thy old companions in arms, who now die daily for Christ's sake."

Cromwell listened impatiently. "I will answer anon. Who may this maid be? Thy daughter?"

"She is a daughter of sorrow, and so thy daughter and my daughter and the daughter of all good men." Then he looked at Olivia, and she stepped forward and said:

"My father is in the hands of those that hate him. I pray thee to see that he get justice."

Cromwell looked at her with piercing eyes. Her innocent yet resolute face, lifted so fearlessly to him, touched his heart. But he was in that mood of being "weary in well-doing" into which the best men sometimes fall. He felt as if he had been kind and just and faithful all in vain. At that hour he was tired of doing good only to be unthankfully treated. So he considered the suppliant girl before he answered her. He saw that she was very lovely, and that her dress, though plain, was of the richest material. But he understood from her speech that she was a Quakeress, and like Joseph with his brethren, he hardened his face and spoke roughly to her, though the irrepressible quiver of her closed mouth made his own mouth quiver in sympathy.

"Who is your father?"

"He is called Roger Prideaux."

"Roger Prideaux! I have heard of him

from Baron Kelder. Yes, I will tell you the truth; I have heard all concerning him. He will sit upon two stools, will he? Then if he fall between them he only is to blame. Let the magistrates settle the business as seemeth right to them."

"But thou must not bear the sword in vain. Thou must see that they who judge judge righteous judgment."

She looked confidently into his face; but he shook his head and turned from her towards George Fox.

Fox answered the movement. "Thou must listen, Oliver; for if thou listen not, thy conscience will give thee but a hard time of it. I know that of thee."

At this moment the door opened and Odinel Kelder entered. He came without ceremony, having received such favor of Cromwell, and indeed being there that afternoon on an understanding of their mutual friendship.

Cromwell turned to him instantly. "Come you here, Baron Kelder. Know you this man and this young maiden?"

"Mr. Fox is known to me, and I give him my hand gladly, knowing him also to be a good man. The young maiden I know not."

"I am the daughter of Roger Prideaux; and I have come here to speak with the man whom God has set over England, that he may try with his judgment whether my father be worthy of imprisonment or not."

"Truly, Roger Prideaux is a worthy man. I have said so to my lord general before this. Mercy, in his case, cannot err."

"I ask not for mercy; my father hath done nothing worthy of punishment. I ask," and she looked straight into Cromwell's eyes—"I ask thee for justice. And thou canst not judge justly if thou wilt not hear the truth."

"You are a brave maid, you are indeed; and you shall tell me the truth, and I will see how it fits with what my friend Kelder has said before."

She looked then into Kelder's face, and that moment the baron forgave his son for loving her. Beginning at that fatal day when John de Burg begged his life at her hand, she told Cromwell the whole story. The words came with the force of simple truth. No oath and no witnesses could have certified them as she herself did—her upright air, her clear eyes, her steady voice, her modest confidence.

When she ceased speaking Cromwell turned to Baron Kelder, and Kelder said instantly, "I believe that Mistress Prideaux has spoken no word that is not true." And he looked so kindly at her that she had to drop her eyes to hide the mist of grateful pleasure that gathered there. But Cromwell answered: "This is a judgment very difficult, besides being a business that nearly concerneth all good men

that are loyal. I will take it into my own consideration."

"That is the utmost of my desire. The Lord chose thee to judge this nation; truly, then, I may put my confidence in thee."

"I think so, I do indeed! I will see that none do Roger Prideaux wrong, though I judge him not altogether innocent, for I fear that his heart hath hankered after the man Charles Stuart. But for you, little maid, the Lord hath given you wisdom and comeliness, and, I doubt not, a knowledge of himself. Come, I will take you to those who will refresh you, for you are weary, indeed you are; and I have daughters also,—four of them,—whom God knows I love with a most tender love."

All the sternness went out of his eyes, his face beamed; he stretched out his hand, and with a frank modesty Olivia laid her hand in it. As she did so she turned her pale, luminous face on Baron Kelder, saying:

"Thou didst bear a true witness. I am thy loving debtor for it."

"Nay, then, you must pay my son Nathaniel in loving-kindness." Cromwell had her left hand, she gave Kelder her right, and he bowed his head and touched the white palm with his lips, while Fox watched the little tableau with a gaze that had a blessing in it.

In a few moments the Protector returned to his visitors, and his first words had an irritable tone in them. "What is your concern now, George? You are ever a hard preacher."

The two greatest men of their day stood side by side, searching each other with glances that went beyond all visibles. "My concern, Oliver, is no less than the lives of the two thousand Quakers in prison for conscience' sake; and if the question is too hard for thee, so much more the pity of it! If it be a cross—"

"Talk you of the cross, as if a Quaker had a special bearing of it! I trow not. I also have crosses on the one side and the other, I am sure. And, also, better men than myself bearing burdens for England, with small thanks. Listen to this, and let Quakers learn therefrom the patience I wish they had, I am sure I do."

Then he took from his pocket a letter and opened it with some passion. "Here is a man that knew his calling from the first to this day. What man has discharged his duty better than Robert Blake? Has he not driven away the Dutch, and made Popish kings do right to Protestants, and the Pope himself pay 20,000 pistoles good penance money, and taught justice to the deys of Tunis and Tripoli?—a hard lesson truly; and yet in the midst of all these triumphs he writes thus to me: he writes with tears, he does indeed, out of a mind troubled and a body sick as ever was, yet withal as a man fearing God very bravely. I tell you the

Quakers are the Little-Faiths of their generation. Tell them that, George, and also tell them what Robert Blake says in his weakness and triumph"; and he stood still and struck the paper with his right hand, before he read the words aloud:

"My only comfort is that we have God to lean upon, although we walk in darkness and see no light—consoling myself in the mean time in the Lord, and in the firm purpose of my heart with all faithfulness and sincerity to discharge the trust reposed in me.

"I tell thee, George Fox, I myself have a service fullest of trials ever poor creature was set upon. The cross! The cross! Surely, if we turn ourselves upwards or downwards, without or within us, everywhere the cross is always waiting."

"Thy words do not meet the witness of my conscience."

"George Fox, Quaker consciences are too troublesome. I protest they are. Under this pretense they will not fight, nor will they pay tithes, nor will they swear. So many scruples! Such bad principles! Such provokingly good practice! I know not—no, nor doth any other know—what is best to give them. I would they could at least suffer in silence. I say, suffer in silence."

"Testimonies are required of them. Thou knowest well that there is not one instance in which even the weakest woman has denied or concealed her faith for fear of man's scorn, or the torture of the flesh. Bear in thy mind, also, that many of these sufferers are thy old comrades—fierce, strong, brave men, such as thou didst make them; yet when did any of them revenge himself? Verily, not one."

"If they would speak what any man might know! But this doctrine is full of hidden things—of mysticism."

"Out of the steel ranks of thy own Ironsides have come the mystics of England. These men who have laid down their swords for Christ's sake once followed thee through many a red lane of battle. And though God permitteth thee to be merciful, doubtless persecution is of his will. For 't is a deep plow, Oliver; it goes to the bottom of a man's nature. It goes far below all dogma. It goes below even the senses and the appetites. It summons the soul to do battle against the arm of flesh. Verily, I have seen the black heart of the sensualist burned clean and white in this fire."

"Then, George, if it be such a fire of God's kindling, I will not put it out. I will not, indeed."

They had been walking as they talked together, and had passed out of the smaller room into the great hall. Some one was at one of

the organs, and through all their conversation a soft fugue had kept up a mysterious and melodious dialogue. Suddenly there was an intrusion of metallic sounds, the clash of cymbals and tinkle of triangles, and accompanying these the roll of a drum. Cromwell became silent and stood still listening. In some occult way the half-barbaric sounds carried each mind far off to lands near sunrise, and while the spell lasted a clear voice in musical recitative filled the hall:

"Belshazzar the king gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords."

With a white, stern face Cromwell heard, and then led the way back to the smaller room. He was strangely troubled. For a few minutes he did not speak, and neither Fox nor Kelder felt any impulse to break the strained silence. The strong voice rising and falling to the ebb and flow of the tingling, rolling waves of sound was still faintly audible. Kelder stood as if listening to its echoes. Fox was listening also, but not to any echo of mortal sound. Cromwell broke the pause in a voice that had a singular unreality about it.

"'T is beyond our knowing," he said, "where dreams come from; yet 't is beyond my doubting that I dreamed last night of the king Belshazzar and the hand that wrote his death warrant. Verily, it is the unseen that terrifies us, Kelder. It was not the hand, but the hand being without the body, that froze the king and nobles with unearthly terror. Come, let us go and eat, for I am weary with many thoughts and cares."

They passed without further words into a more private part of the palace, and entering a room saw Olivia sitting between Bridget Ireton and Mary Fauconberg, the Protector's daughters. The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell stood at the spread table, but her eyes were fixed upon Olivia, whose face had an expression of holy enthusiasm upon it. There was evidently an interruption; but no allusion was made to the circumstance until the whole party sat in the summer twilight.

Then the Lady Cromwell said to her husband, "My dear, your coming in prevented our full knowledge of the finest words ever I did hear; and I think Mistress Prideaux will do us all great service if she make us audience to them."

Every one looked at Olivia, and with a slightly heightened color she said, "They were the last words of James Naylor, who truly died for the truth, though men perceived it not for the veil of mortal frailty. Yet in the end God suffered him the glory and peace of his presence."

"Naylor! The man was adjudged by the best in the land to be a blasphemer against God,"

answered Cromwell ; but his speech was slow and heavy.

"The best in the land!" cried Fox. "Were they indeed the appointed keepers of God's honor? Thou knowest better, Oliver. 'T was a matter of conscience, and belonged to God's tribunal."

"His claim was beyond humanity, George."

"His punishment was beyond humanity. Foolish women, led away by the marvelous beauty of his comely countenance and by the music of his eloquent tongue, gave him honor he never claimed. Doubtless he ran out foolishly into imaginations, but he said not that he was Christ; only, that Christ dwelt within him. Such a word was too great to be carnally judged." And Fox looked upward, as if appealing to the God of justice.

"God may pardon such judges, but I would surely mete them their own measure," said Baron Kelder — "the red-hot iron through the tongue and on the brow, and the six hundred and twenty lashes which tore the body till the flesh would scarce hold the vital organs. 'T was an infamy of cruelty fathered upon the God of mercy and the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world. And there was none to pity him."

"Odinell Kelder, I was in close prison myself at the time. Had I been a free man I would have besought our kind Oliver for the mercy that is truly in his heart. I would have pleaded for James Naylor with both God and man."

"He went too far, George, he did indeed; and he deserved some punishment, he did; I say so. Yet truly I interfered, even to the checking of Parliament with stiff words, about James Naylor."

"Well, then, he is now with God."

"I knew not that he was dead."

"Yea, gone away from all who loved and all who hated him and did him wrong. His end was in great peace, and in the passing over he breathed forth his soul in music; slowly, with his mutilated tongue, speaking the great words in his adoring soul. Olivia, let us hear the last thoughts of this blasphemer, whom the Parliament of England thought it did well to torture."

Then Olivia stood up, and resting one hand on Fox's shoulder she repeated the hymn to which James Naylor dismissed his soul.

There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things in hope to enjoy its own in the end.

It sees to the end of all temptations.

As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thoughts to any other.

If it be betrayed it bears it, for its ground and spring is the mercy and forgiveness of God.

Its crown is meekness.

Its life is everlasting love unfeigned.

It takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind.

In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regard it or can own its life.

It is conceived in sorrow and brought forth without any to pity it.

Nor doth it murmur at grief and opposition.

It never rejoiceth but through suffering, for with the world's joy it is murdered.

I found it alone, being forsaken.

I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places of the earth.

Who through Death obtained the Resurrection, and Eternal Holy Life.

To these majestic words Olivia's sympathetic voice rose and fell in musical cadence. Her eyes sought heaven, and her face was like the glowing page of some holy book. Kelder kept back tears with difficulty, Oliver's sorrow-laden eyes were cast down with the trouble in them, Fox's face and attitude were that of triumphant rejoicing. But no one made any comments. Indeed, the first word spoken was irrelevant to the matter.

"What name did George Fox call you by, little maid?"

"I am named Olivia."

"For this life we have the same name — Olivia." He said the word slowly, with a lingering, gentle emphasis. "My daughter, know you the secret, sacred name? the new name of His adoption?" They looked at each other steadily, as if seeing with that sight which cleaveth flesh and blood and discerns spiritually.

Then Cromwell dropped her hand and walked on to the terrace with Odinel Kelder, and the women bade Olivia and Fox farewell, with all the pleasant confusion and iterated words that are the womanly conception of the rite.

Olivia was exceedingly weary, but so upheld by the certainty of Cromwell's interference in her father's case that she did not desire to rest until she had written to Hannah Mettelane, in whose letter she put these few lines to Nathaniel:

MY DEAREST HEART: This is to tell thee that all has gone well, and that we leave London for Sandys in two days. Mistress Caroline Peel and her daughter Sybil return in our company to the north. Nathaniel, know truly that all the space between us is full of loving thoughts for thee. I say thy name often, and whenever it passes my lips I kiss it on them for thee. To-day I saw thy father with Cromwell, and the meeting was pleasant, but I surely think that I shall see thee ere thou see him. For Cromwell stays him in London for love, but love so much stronger hastens me back to Sandys and to thee. So then, am I not as I have truly promised to be, ever thine  
OLIVIA.

Amelia E. Barr.

(To be continued.)



## THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE CONGO BASIN.

BY ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

ILLUSTRATED AFTER SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR.

WITH STANLEY.



DAME HANDOUT.

THE heart of Africa is being rapidly depopulated in consequence of the enormous death-roll caused by the barbarous slave-trade. It is not merely the bondage which slavery implies that should appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world; it is the bloodshed, cruelty, and misery which it involves.

During my residence in Central Africa I was repeatedly traveling about in the villages along the Congo River and its almost unknown affluents, and in every new village I was confronted by fresh evidences of the horrible nature of this evil. I did not seek to witness the sufferings attendant upon this traffic in humanity, but cruelties of all kinds are so general that the mere passing visits which I paid brought me in constant contact with them.

It is not alone by the Arabs that slave-raiding is carried on throughout Central Africa. With respect to slavery in the Congo Free State, the western limit of the slave-raiding operations of the Arabs is the Aruwhimi River, just below Stanley Falls, but intertribal slavery exists from this point throughout the State to the Atlantic Ocean. During my six years' residence on the Congo River I saw but little of the Arabs, and therefore in this article I am detailing only my experiences bearing upon the subject of slavery among the natives themselves.

I first went to the Congo in 1883, and traveled without delay into the interior. Arriving at Stanley Pool, I received orders from my chief, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, to accompany him up river on his little boat the *En Avant*. Stanley at that time was engaged in establishing a few posts at important and strategic points along the upper river. Lukolela, eight hundred miles in the interior, was one decided upon, and I had the honor of being selected by him as chief of this post. As no white man had ever lived there before, I had a great deal of work in establishing myself. The position selected for our settlement

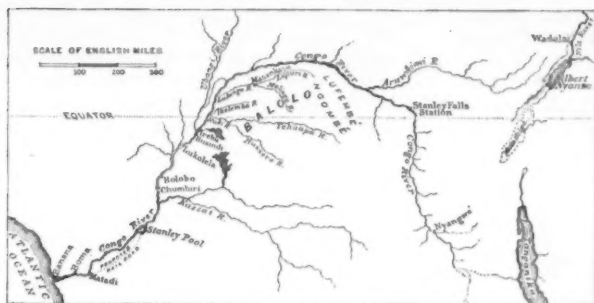
was a dense forest, and until now it had been more familiar with the trumpeting of elephants and the cry of the leopard than with human beings. At first the natives rather objected to my remaining at all, and stated their objections to Stanley. Said they: "We have promised to allow you to put a white man here, but we have been talking the matter over, and we have concluded it would be better to put your white man somewhere else. We, the assembled chiefs, have held a council, and have come to the conclusion that it is not desirable to have such a terrible creature in the district." Stanley said: "Why, what is there in him that you object to? You have never seen him." (I had not yet landed, being at that time very sick and unable to leave the boat.) They said, "No, we have not seen him, but we have heard about him." Stanley then said, "What have you heard about him?" They replied: "He is half a lion, and half a buffalo; has one eye in the middle of his forehead, and is armed with sharp, jagged teeth; and is continually slaughtering and devouring human beings. Is this so?" Stanley answered them, "I did not know that he was such a terrible creature; but I will call him, and let you judge for yourselves." Upon my appearing this illusion was immediately dispelled, as, after suffering several days from an acute sickness, I really did not look very formidable or bloodthirsty.

Here I lived for twenty months, the only white man, so that I had every opportunity of studying native character and customs.

### NATIVE LIFE.

IN order to place before the reader a picture of savage life untouched by civilization, I could hardly do better than lightly sketch a typical village at Lukolela as I have intimately known it. The whole district contains about three thousand people, the land occupied by them extending along the bank for two miles, the villages being dotted through this distance in clusters of fifty or sixty houses. The houses are built on each side of one long street or in open squares. They are roofed with either palm leaves or grass, the walls being composed of split bamboo. Some of these dwell-





THE CONGO BASIN.

ings contain two or three compartments, with only one entrance; while others are long structures, divided up into ten or twelve rooms, each with its own entrance from the outside. At the back of these dwellings are large plantations of banana trees; while above them tower the stately palm trees, covering street and hut with their friendly shade.

It is in the cool of the early morning that the greater part of the business of the village is transacted. Most of the women repair, soon after six, to their plantations, where they work until noon, a few of them remaining in the village to attend to culinary and other domestic matters. Large earthen pots, containing fish, banana, or manioc, are boiling over wood fires, around which cluster the young boys and girls and the few old men and women enjoying the heat until the warm rays of the morning sun appear. Meanwhile the fishermen gather up their traps, arm themselves, and paddle off to their fishing-grounds; the hunters take their spears or bows and arrows and start off to pick up tracks of their game; the village blacksmith starts his fire; the adze of the carpenter is heard busily at work; fishing and game nets are unrolled and damages examined; and the medicine man is busy gesticulating with his charms. As the sun rises the scene becomes more and more animated; the warmth of the fire is discarded, and every department of industry becomes full of life—the whole scene rendered cheerful by the happy faces and merry laughter of the little ones as they scamper here and there engaged in their games.

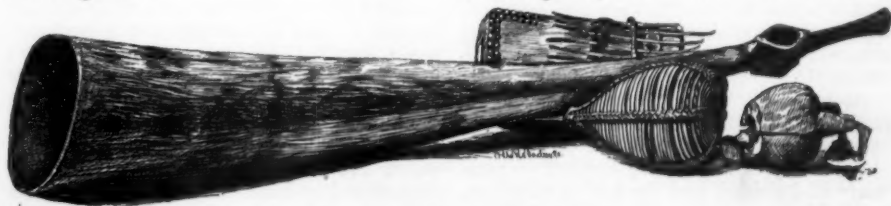
At noon the overpowering heat of the tropical sun compels a cessation of work, and a lazy quietude prevails everywhere. Then all the shady nooks of the village are filled with groups who either sleep, engage in conversation, or pass their time in hair-dressing or in attending to some other toilet matter which native etiquette demands, such as shaving off eyebrows or pulling out eyelashes—an operation which

is also extended to all hairs on the face except those on the chin, which are plaited in the form of a rat's tail. The closer the finger nails are cut, the more fashionable is it thought. At the finger ends the nails are cut down to the quick, and any one posing as either beau or belle always has some of the finger and toe nails pared entirely off.

The midday meal is now eaten, the whole village assuming an air of calmness, broken only by the occasional bursts of boisterous mirth from groups engaged in discussing the merits of the native wine.

All mankind have the same weakness in requiring at times drink stronger than water. Nature has provided the African with the juice of the palm tree, a most palatable beverage, resembling when fresh a very strong lemon soda, but intoxicating in its effects. It is obtained in the following way: the villagers in charge of this particular industry climb the tree, trim away some of the leaves, and then bore three or four holes, about half an inch in diameter, at the base of the frond, to the heart of the tree. From each of these holes will flow each day about half a pint of juice, a small gourd being first placed to receive it. The contents of these gourds are collected every morning. This beverage is called by the natives *malafu*, and is well known to all European travelers as palm wine.

Between three and four o'clock the village again resumes its air of activity, which is kept up until sundown. In this region, being close to the equator, the sun sets at six o'clock.



WAR HORN AND OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

All tools are put away, and work is suspended. The fires are again lighted, mats are brought out and spread about, and the principal meal of the day is eaten; after which the natives gather around the fire again and talk over the events of the day and the plans for the future. The young people repair to the open places and indulge in their native dances until midnight.

This dancing at night is a sight to be remembered. The performers arrange themselves in circles and dance in time to the

#### THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY.

THIS is a fair picture of the life carried on from day to day in a hundred Congo villages, and but for the existence of slavery it would continue undisturbed from one year's end to another. It is the presence of the slave in the village that brutalizes the otherwise harmless and peaceful community. It is the baneful influence that gives one man the power of life and death over the wretch he has purchased that impels the savage instinct to spill in execu-

tions and ceremonies the life-blood of the man, woman, or child he has obtained—perhaps in exchange for a few brass rods or two or three yards of Manchester cloth. Here at Lukolela, for instance, I had hardly settled down in my encampment when I was introduced to one of those horrible scenes of bloodshed which take place frequently in all the villages along the Congo, and which will be enacted so long as the life of a slave is counted as naught, and the spilling of his blood of as little account as that of a goat or a fowl.

In this particular instance the mother of a chief having died, it was decided, as usual, to cele-



CONGO KNIVES.

brating the event with an execution. At the earliest streak of dawn the slow, measured beat of a big drum announces to all what is to take place, and warns the poor slave who is to be the victim that his end is nigh. It is very evident that something unusual is about to happen, and that the day is to be given up to some ceremony. The natives gather in groups and begin studiously to arrange their toilets, don their gayest loin-cloths, and ornament their legs and arms with bright metal bangles, all the time indulging in wild gesticulations and savage laughter as they discuss the coming event. Having taken a hasty meal, they produce from their houses all available musical instruments. The drums are wildly beaten as

beating of the drums, which is their only accompaniment, and occasionally break out into native songs. The surrounding tropical scenery stands outlined in bold relief, the nearer trees occasionally catching the lurid light of the fires, which also strikes on the gleaming bodies of the dancers, making a violent contrast of light and shade, the whole scene being rendered impressive by the wild but harmonious music.

At midnight, when all the villagers have retired to their huts, stillness reigns, broken only at times by the weird call of a strange bird, the cry of a prowling leopard or some other wild animal, and the varied sounds of tropical insects.

groups of men, women, and children form themselves in circles and excitedly perform dances, consisting of violent contortions of the limbs, accompanied with savage singing and with repeated blasts of the war horns, each dancer trying to out-do his fellow in violence of movement and strength of lung.

About noon, from sheer exhaustion, combined with the heat of the sun, they are compelled to cease; when large jars of palm wine are produced, and a general bout of intoxication begins, increasing their excitement and showing up their savage nature in striking colors. The poor slave, who all this time has been lying in the corner of some hut, shackled hand and foot and closely watched, suffering the agony and suspense which this wild tumult suggests to him, is now carried to some prominent part of the village, there to be surrounded and to receive the jeers and scoffs of the drunken mob of savages. The executioner's assistants, having selected a suitable place for the ceremony, procure a block of wood about a foot square. The slave is then placed on this, in a sitting posture; his legs are stretched out straight in front of him; the body is strapped to a stake reaching up the back to the shoulders. On each side stakes are placed under the armpits as props, to which the arms are firmly bound; other lashings are made to posts driven into the ground near the ankles and knees.

A pole is now planted about ten feet in front of the victim, from the top of which is suspended, by a number of strings, a bamboo ring. The pole is bent over like a fishing-rod, and the ring fastened round the slave's neck, which is kept rigid and stiff by the tension. During this preparation the dances are resumed, now rendered savage and brutal in the extreme by the drunken condition of the people. One group of dancers surround the victim and indulge in drunken mimicry of the contortions of face which the pain caused by this cruel torture forces him to show. But he has no sympathy to expect from this merciless horde.

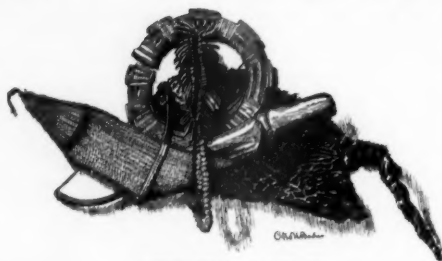
Presently in the distance approaches a company of two lines of young people, each holding a stem of the palm tree, so that an arch is formed between them, under which the executioner is escorted. The whole procession moves with a slow but dancing gait. Upon arriving near the doomed slave all dancing, singing, and drumming cease, and the drunken mob take their places to witness the last act of the drama.



LOIN-CLOTH AND EXECUTIONER'S KNIFE AND HAT.

An unearthly silence succeeds. The executioner wears a cap composed of black cocks' feathers; his face and neck are blackened with charcoal, except the eyes, the lids of which are painted with white chalk. The hands and arms to the elbow, and feet and legs to the knee, are also blackened. His legs are adorned profusely with broad metal anklets, and around his waist are strung wild-cat skins. As he performs a wild dance around his victim, every now and then making a feint with his knife, a murmur of admiration arises from the assembled crowd. He then approaches and makes a thin chalk mark on the neck of the fated man. After two or three passes of his knife, to get the right swing, he delivers the fatal blow, and with one stroke of his keen-edged weapon severs the head from the body.

The sight of blood brings to a climax the frenzy of the natives: some of them savagely puncture the quivering trunk with their spears, others hack at it with their knives, while the remainder engage in a ghastly struggle for the



NATIVE WEARING APPAREL.

possession of the head, which has been jerked into the air by the released tension of the sapling. As each man obtains the trophy, and is pursued by the drunken rabble, the hideous tumult becomes deafening; they smear one another's faces with blood, and fights always spring up as a result, when knives and spears are freely used. The reason for their anxiety to possess the head is this: the man who can retain that head against all comers until sundown will receive a present for his bravery from the head man of the village. It is by such means that they test the brave of the village, and they will say with admiration, speaking of a local hero, "He is a brave man; he has retained two heads until sundown."

When the taste for blood has been to a certain extent satisfied, they again resume their singing and dancing while another victim is prepared, when the same ghastly exhibition is repeated. Sometimes as many as twenty slaves will be slaughtered in one day. The dancing and general drunken uproar is continued until midnight, when once more absolute silence ensues, in utter contrast to the hideous tumult of the day.

I had frequently heard the natives boast of the skill of their executioners, but I doubted their ability to decapitate a man with one blow of the soft metal knives they use. I imagined they would be compelled to hack the head from the body. When I witnessed this sickening spectacle I was alone, unarmed, and absolutely powerless to interfere. But the mute agony of this poor black martyr, who was to die for no crime, but simply because he was a slave,—whose every piteous movement was mocked by frenzied savages, and whose very death throes gave the signal for the unrestrained outburst of a hideous carnival of drunken savagery,—appealed so strongly to my sense of duty that I decided upon preventing by force any repetition of this scene. I made my resolution known to an assembly of the principal chiefs, and although several attempts were made, no actual executions took place during the remainder of my stay in this district.

## THE VILLAGE CHIEFS.

A FEW words are necessary to define the position of the village chiefs as the most important factors in African savage life; especially as in one way or another they are intimately connected with the worst features of the slave system, and are responsible for nearly all the atrocities practiced on the slave.

The so-called chiefs are the head men of a village, and they rank according to the number of their warriors. The title of chieftain is not hereditary, but is gained by one member of a tribe proving his superiority to his fellows. The most influential chief in a village has necessarily the greatest number of fighting men, and these are principally slaves, as the allegiance of a free man can never be depended upon. A chief's idea of wealth is—slaves. Any kinds of money he may have he will convert into slaves upon the first opportunity. Polygamy is general throughout Central Africa, and a chief buys as many female slaves as he can afford, and will also marry free women—which is, after all, only another form of purchase.

## MODES OF TORTURE.

ALL tribes I have known have an idea of immortality. They believe that death leads but to another life, to be continued under the same conditions as the life they are now leading; and a chief thinks that if when he enters into this new existence he is accompanied by

a sufficient following of slaves he will be entitled to the same rank in the next world as he holds in this. From this belief emanates one of their most barbarous customs—the ceremony of human sacrifices upon the death of any one of importance. Upon the decease of a chief, a certain number of his slaves are selected to be sacrificed, that their spirits may accompany him to the next world. Should this chief possess thirty men and twenty women, seven or eight of the former and six or seven



NGOMBÉ SHIELD.





LOLO MAN.

of the latter will suffer death. The men are decapitated, and the women are strangled. When a woman is to be sacrificed she is adorned with bright metal bangles, her toilet is carefully attended to, her hair is neatly plaited, and bright-colored cloths are wrapped around her. Her hands are then pinioned behind, and her neck is passed through a noose of cord; the long end of the cord is led over the branch of the nearest tree, and is drawn taut at a given signal; and while the body is swinging in mid-air its convulsive movements are imitated with savage gusto by the spectators. It often happens that a little child also becomes a victim to this horrible ceremony, by being placed in the grave alive, as a pillow for the dead chief. These executions are still perpetrated in all the villages of the Upper Congo.

But the life of the slave is not only forfeited at the death of the chief of the tribe in which fate has cast his lot. Let us suppose that the tribe he is owned by has been maintaining an internecine warfare with another tribe in the same district. For some reason it is deemed politic by the chief to bring the feud to an end, and a meeting is arranged with his rival. At the conclusion of the interview, in order that the treaty of peace may be solemnly ratified, blood must be spilled.

A slave is therefore selected, and the mode of torture preceding his death will vary in different districts. In the Ubangi River district the slave is suspended head downwards from the branch of a tree, and there left to die. But even more horrible is the fate of such a one at Chumbiri, Bolobo, or the large villages around Irebu, where the expiatory victim is actually buried alive with only the head left above the ground. All his bones have first been crushed or broken, and in speechless agony he waits for death. He is usually thus buried at the junction of two highways, or by

the side of some well-trodden pathway leading from the village; and of all the numerous villagers who pass to and fro, not one, even if he felt a momentary pang of pity, would dare either to alleviate or to end his misery, for this is forbidden under the severest penalties.

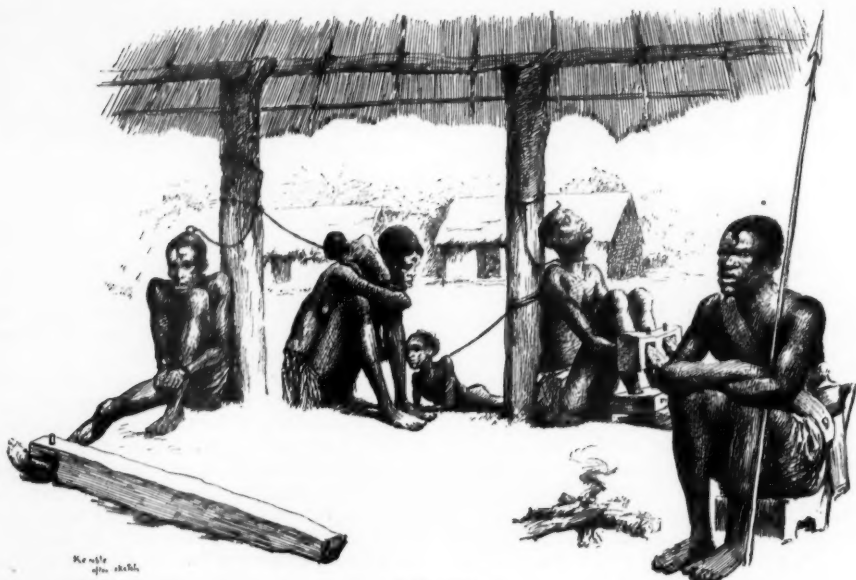
## HOW THE NATIVES ARE ENSLAVED.

THE varying fortunes of tribal warfare furnish the markets with slaves whose cicatrization marks show them to be members of widely differing families and distant villages. But there are some tribes, and these the most inoffensive and the most peaceful, whose weakness places them at all times at the mercy of their more powerful neighbors. Without exception the most persecuted race in the dominions of the Congo Free State are the Balolo tribes, inhabiting the country through which the Malinga, Lupuri, Lulungu, and Ikelemba rivers flow. I may here mention that the prefix "Ba" in the language of these people implies the plural; for instance, Lolo would mean one Lolo—Ba-lolo signifying Lolo people. These people are naturally mild and inoffensive. Their small, unprotected villages are constantly attacked by the powerful roving tribes of the Lufembé and Ngombé. These two tribes are voracious cannibals. They surround the Lolo villages at night, and at the first signs of dawn pounce down upon the unsuspecting Balolo, killing all the men who resist and catching all the rest. They then select the stronger portion of their captives, and shackle them hand and foot to prevent their escape. The remainder they kill, distributing the flesh among themselves.



LOLO WOMAN.





A SLAVE-SHED.

As a rule, after such a raid they form a small encampment; they light their fires, seize all the bananas in the village, and gorge upon the human flesh. They then march over to one of the numerous slave-markets on the river, where they exchange the captives with the slave-traders of the Lulungu River for beads, cloth, brass wire, and other trinkets. The slave-traders pack the slaves into their canoes and take them down to the villages on the Lulungu River where the more important markets are held. Masankusu, situated at the junction of the Lupuri and Malinga tributaries, is by far the most important slave-trading center. The people of Masankusu buy their slaves from the Lufembé and Ngombé raiders, and sell them to the Lulungu natives and traders from down river. The slaves are exhibited for sale at

Masankusu in long sheds, or rather under simple grass roofs supported on bare poles. It is heartrending to see the inmates of one of these slave-sheds. They are huddled together like so many animals.

## IN THE SLAVE-SHED.

THE accompanying pictures, from sketches which I took at Masankusu, will give some idea of the suffering which is endured by captives in numberless slave-markets. They are hobbled with roughly hewn logs which chafe their limbs to open sores; sometimes a whole tree presses its weight on their bodies while their necks are penned into the natural prong formed by its branching limbs. Others sit from day to day with their legs and arms maintained in a fixed position by rudely constructed stocks, and each slave is secured to the roof-posts by a cord knotted to a cane ring which either encircles his neck or is intertwined with his woolly hair. Many die of pure starvation, as the owners give them barely enough food to exist upon, and even that they grudge them. These hungry creatures form indeed a truly pitiable sight. After suffering this captivity for a short time they become mere skeletons. All ages, of both sexes, are to be seen: mothers with their babes; young men and women; boys and girls; and even babies who cannot yet walk, and whose



A CAPTIVE.

mothers have died of starvation, or perhaps been killed by the Lufembé. One seldom sees either old men or old women; they are all killed in the raids: their marketable value being very small, no trouble is taken with them.

Witnessing groups of these poor, helpless wretches, with their emaciated forms and sunken eyes, their faces a very picture of sadness, it is not difficult to perceive the intense grief that they are inwardly suffering; but they know too well it is of no use to appeal for sympathy to their merciless masters, who have been accustomed from childhood to witness acts of cruelty and brutality, so that to satisfy their insatiable greed they will commit themselves, or permit to be committed, any atrocity, however great. Even the pitiable sight of one of these slave-sheds does not half represent the misery caused by this traffic—homes broken up, mothers separated from their babies, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters. When last at Masankusu I saw a slave woman who had with her one child, whose starved little body she was clutching to her shrunken breast. I was attracted by her sad face, which betokened great suffering. I asked her the cause of it, and she told me in a low, sobbing voice the following tale:

"I was living with my husband and three children in an inland village, a few miles from here. My husband was a hunter. Ten days ago the Lufembé attacked our settlement; my husband defended himself, but was overpowered and speared to death with several of the other villagers. I was brought here with my three children, two of whom have already been purchased by the traders. I shall never see them any more. Perhaps they will kill them on the death of some chief, or perhaps kill them for food. My remaining child, you see, is ill, dying from starvation; they give us nothing to eat. I expect even this one will be taken from me to-day, as the chief, fearing lest it should die and become a total loss, has offered it for a very small price. As for myself," said she, "they will sell me to one of the neighboring tribes, to toil in the plantations, and when I become old and unfit for work I shall be killed."

There were certainly five hundred slaves exposed for sale in this one village alone. Large canoes were constantly arriving from down river, with merchandise of all kinds with which they purchased these slaves. A large trade is carried on between the Ubangi and Lulungu rivers. The people inhabiting the mouth of the Ubangi buy the Balolo slaves at Masankusu and the other markets. They then take them up the Ubangi River and exchange them with the natives there for ivory. These natives buy their slaves solely for food. Having purchased

slaves they feed them on ripe bananas, fish, and oil, and when they get them into good condition they kill them. Hundreds of the Balolo slaves are taken into the river and disposed of in this way each month. A great many other slaves are sold to the large villages on the Congo, to supply victims for the execution ceremonies.

Much life is lost in the capturing of slaves,



A LUFEMBÉ SLAVE-HUNTER.

and during their captivity many succumb to starvation. Of the remainder, numbers are sold to become victims to cannibalism and human sacrifice ceremonies. There are few indeed who are allowed to live and prosper.

#### CANNIBALISM.

CANNIBALISM exists among all the peoples on the Upper Congo east of 16° E. longitude,

and is prevalent to an even greater extent among the people inhabiting the banks of the numerous affluents. During a two-months' voyage on the Ubangi River I was constantly brought into contact with cannibalism. The natives there pride themselves upon the number of skulls they possess, denoting the number of victims they have been able to obtain. I saw one native hut, around which was built a raised platform of clay a foot wide, on which were placed rows of human skulls, forming a ghastly picture, but one of which the chief was very proud, as he signified by the admiring way he drew my attention to the sight. Bunches of twenty and thirty skulls were hung about in prominent positions in the village. I asked one young chief, who was certainly not more than twenty-five years old, how many men he had eaten in his village, and he answered me thirty. He was greatly astonished at the horror I expressed at his answer. In one village again, as I had bought a tusk of ivory, the natives thought perhaps I might buy skulls, and several armfuls were brought down to my boat within a few minutes.

I found trading somewhat difficult on this river, as the standard of value on the Ubangi was human life — human flesh. I have been asked on several occasions to barter a man for a tusk of ivory, and I remember that at one village the natives urged me to leave one of my boat's crew in exchange for a goat. "Meat for meat," they said. I was repeatedly invited, too, to help them fight some of the neighboring tribes. They said, "You can take the ivory, and we will take the meat" — meaning, of course, the human beings who might be killed in the fight. The more unfriendly of them would frequently threaten that they would eat us, and I have no doubt they would have done so had we not been strong enough to take care of ourselves.

During my first visit to the upper waters of the Malinga River cannibalism was brought to my notice in a ghastly manner. One night I heard a woman's piercing shriek, followed by a stifled, gurgling moan; then boisterous laughter, when all again became silent. In the morning I was horrified to see a native offering for sale to my men a piece of human flesh, the skin of which bore the tribal tattoo mark of the Balolo. I afterwards learned that the cry we had heard at night was from a female slave whose throat had been cut. I was absent from this village of Malinga for ten days. On my return I inquired if any further bloodshed had taken place, and was informed that five other women had been killed.

While in the Ruki River at the beginning of this year, I was furnished with another proof of the horrible fate of the slaves. At Esengé,

a village near which I stopped to cut wood for my steamer, I heard ominous beating of drums and outbreaks of excited mirth. I was informed by one of the natives from the village that an execution was taking place. To my inquiry whether they were in the habit of eating human flesh, he replied, "We eat the body entirely." I further asked what they did with the head. "Eat it," he replied; "but first we put it in the fire to singe the hair off."

There is a small river situated between the Ruki and the Lulungu, called the Ikelemba. At its mouth it is not more than 140 yards wide. Its waters are navigable for 140 miles, and it flows through the land of the Balolo. In proportion to its size it supplies more slaves than any other river. By looking on the map it will be seen that the Ikelemba, Ruki, and Lulungu run parallel to one another. The large slave-raiding tribes inhabit the land between these rivers, and bring their slaves to the nearest market, whether on the Ikelemba, Ruki, or Lulungu.

#### LOCAL SLAVE-MARKETS.

THERE are clearings at intervals all along the banks of the Ikelemba, where on certain days are held small local markets for the exchange of slaves. As one travels up stream small settlements are passed more and more frequently, and fifty miles from the mouth all the country on the left side of the river is thickly populated. It is noticeable that the villages are all on the left side of the river, the opposite side being infested by marauding and roving tribes who would raid any settlement made on their banks. All the slaves from this river are Balolo, a tribe which is easily recognizable by the exaggerated tattoo marked on the forehead, side of the temples, and chin.

During my ten-days' visit to this river I met dozens of canoes belonging to the country at the mouth of the Ruki River and the Bakuté district, whose owners had come up and bought slaves, and were returning with their purchases. When traveling from place to place on the river the slaves are, for convenience, relieved of the weight of the heavy shackles. The traders always carry, hanging from the sheaths of their knives, light handcuffs, formed of cord and cane.

The slave when purchased is packed on the floor of the canoe in a crouching posture with his hands bound in front of him by means of these handcuffs. During the voyage he is carefully guarded by the crew of standing paddlers; and when the canoe is tied to the bank at night the further precaution is taken of changing the position in which the hands are bound and pinioning them behind

his back, to prevent him from endeavoring to free himself by gnawing through the strands. To make any attempt at escape quite impossible, his wrist is bound to that of one of his sleeping masters, who would be aroused at his slightest movement.

In one canoe which I noticed particularly there were five traders, and their freight of miserable humanity consisted of thirteen emaciated Balolo slaves, men, women, and little children, all showing unmistakably by their sunken eyes and meager bodies the starvation and the cruelty to which they had been sub-

jected of their natures, and their peaceful, trusting disposition, that they easily fall a prey to the degraded and savage hordes in their district. They have artistic taste and mechanical ingenuity, and make exquisitely woven shields and curiously shaped and decorated spears and knives. They are exceedingly intelligent, faithful, and, when properly officered, brave.

#### IN THE FAR INTERIOR.

FOR many months I traveled on the Upper Congo and its affluents and had on several



A SLAVER'S CANOE.

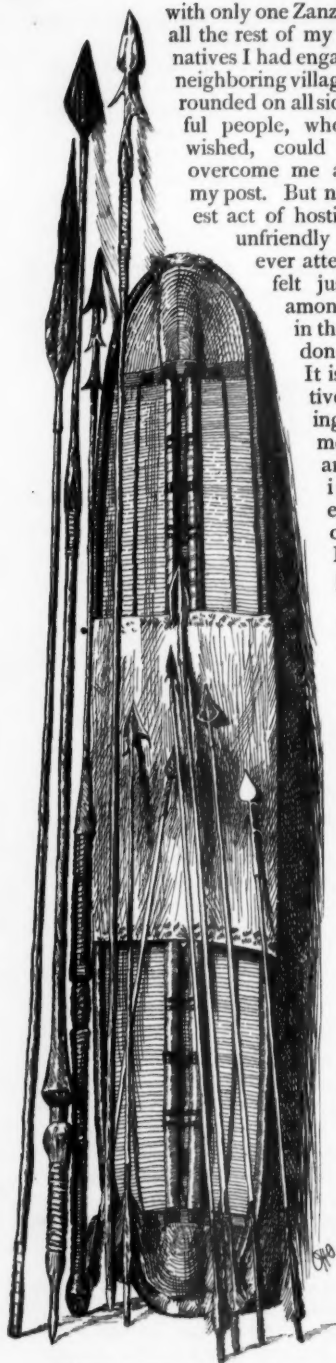
jected. These slaves are taken down to the large villages at the mouth of the Ruki, where they are sold in exchange for ivory to the people in the Ruki or the Ubangi district, who buy them to supply some cannibal orgy. A few, however, are sold about the district, the men to be used as warriors, and the women as wives; but compared with the numbers who suffer from the persecution of the slave-raiders, few indeed ever live to attain a secure position of even the humblest kind in a village.

The wretched state of these Balolo has always saddened me, as intellectually they are a grade higher than the tribes surrounding them; and it is really owing to the gentler fiber

of their natures, and their peaceful, trusting disposition, that they easily fall a prey to the degraded and savage hordes in their district. They have artistic taste and mechanical ingenuity, and make exquisitely woven shields and curiously shaped and decorated spears and knives. They are exceedingly intelligent, faithful, and, when properly officered, brave.

As evidence of what can be done by gaining the confidence of the natives, through a policy of firmness and fairness, I think I may safely quote my experience at the Equator Station. I remained there for nearly a year,





SPEARS, SHIELD, AND ARROWS.

with only one Zanzibari soldier; all the rest of my people were natives I had engaged from the neighboring villages. I was surrounded on all sides by powerful people, who, had they wished, could easily have overcome me and pillaged my post. But not the slightest act of hostility or of an

unfriendly nature was ever attempted, and I

felt just as secure among them as I do in the city of London or New York.

It is true the natives had nothing to gain by molesting me, and they were intelligent enough to perceive that fact.

In reality, my presence was, to a great extent, beneficial to their interests. I had cloth, beads, looking-glasses, spoons, cups, and trinkets, and these I exchanged with them; every now and then I would organize a little hunt after elephants or hippopotami; and as my part in the consumption of either of these animals was a very small one, most of the meat I gave away to the natives.

My life during my stay at the Equator Station

was a pleasant one. The people were of a happy and gay disposition; all were friendly and talkative. They would sit for hours and listen most attentively to my tales of Europe, and their intelligent questions proved them to be possessed of keen understanding. There is no more attentive audience in the whole world than a group of African savages, if you can speak their language and make yourself understood. When I was tired of talking to them, I would ask them questions concerning their manners, customs, and traditions. As I was much impressed by their cruelty, I always made a point of expressing my abhorrence of it, and have even told them that one day I should strike a blow for the slave. My audience on such occasions consisted principally of slaves, and these poor wretches were always much gratified to hear my friendly opinions towards themselves. My arguments, I could see, often appealed strongly to the chiefs themselves, as I asked them: "Why do you kill these people? Do you think they have no feeling because they are slaves? How would you like to see your own child torn away from you and sold into slavery, to satisfy the cravings of cannibalism, or to be executed?" They even said, some of them, at the time, that they would not hold any more executions. These executions did take place, but in a secret manner, and all news of them was kept from my ears until some time afterwards, when I learned of them from my own men. But I would have been unable to prevent the carrying out of such a ceremony with the force I had at my disposal in a single Zanzibari soldier!

#### SOME BARBAROUS CUSTOMS.

I REMEMBER one execution which took place, the details of which I learned afterwards. It was to celebrate the death of a chief who had been drowned while on a trading expedition. As soon as the news of his death was brought to the village, several of his slaves were tied hand and foot and lashed down into the bottom of a canoe. The canoe was then towed out to the middle of the river at night; holes were bored in it, and it was allowed to sink with its human freight. When we are able to prohibit the terrible loss of life which the children of to-day are compelled constantly to witness, more humane feelings may develop themselves, and surrounded by healthy influences they will, unspoiled by at least open exhibitions of cruelty, grow into a far nobler generation.

Natives suffering at the hands of the slave-traders have repeatedly asked me to help them. At Malinga, where human flesh was offered me for sale, the assembled chiefs voted me

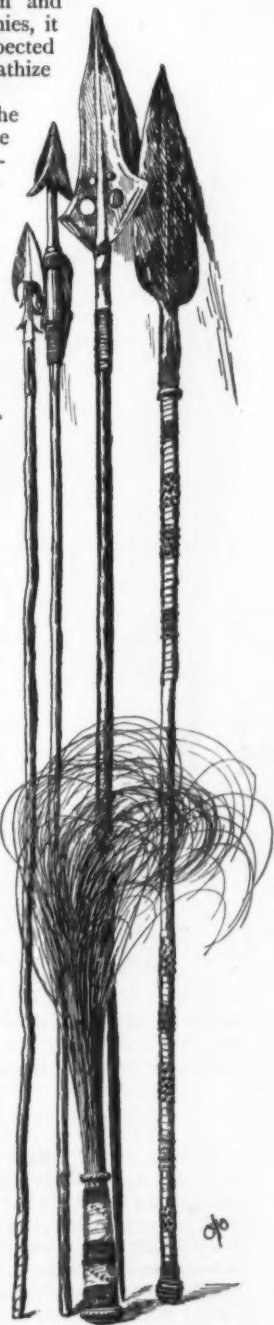
several tusks of ivory if I would live among them and defend them against the Lufembé, and enable them to resist the persecutions they were exposed to from the neighboring tribes, who were continually making raids into their districts, capturing their people. They said: "We are being starved to death. We can make no plantations, because when our women visit them they are caught, killed, and eaten by the crafty Lufembé, who are constantly prowling around and taking away any stragglers they may see." One old chief, Isekiaka, told me that already from time to time twelve of his women had been stolen from him, and several of his children. Indeed, so wretched is the condition of the people on the upper reaches of the Malinga that numbers of them have been driven by the Lufembé from their plantations on the mainland, and are actually compelled to live on the river in miserable huts, the floors of which are supported on piles. From these dwellings they suspend their nets, and as the river is full of fish, they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their hauls. This has given rise to a curious state of things; for, as the Lufembé grow only manioc, and have more roots than are sufficient for the tribe, they are only too glad to exchange these for fish caught by their victims. And so when a market is held an armed truce is declared, and Lufembé and Malinga mingle together and barter, with their products held in one hand and a drawn knife ready in the other.

It can be readily imagined that the incessant persecution which the natives are suffering renders them cruel and remorseless. Throughout the regions of the Malinga they become so brutalized by hunger that they eat their own dead, and the appearance of one of their villages always denotes abject misery and starvation. I have repeatedly seen young children eating the root of the banana tree, vainly endeavoring to obtain some kind of nourishment from its succulence. That they are able to exist at all is a mystery. Every living object they are able to obtain is accepted as food; different kinds of flies, caterpillars, and crickets are all eaten by these people.

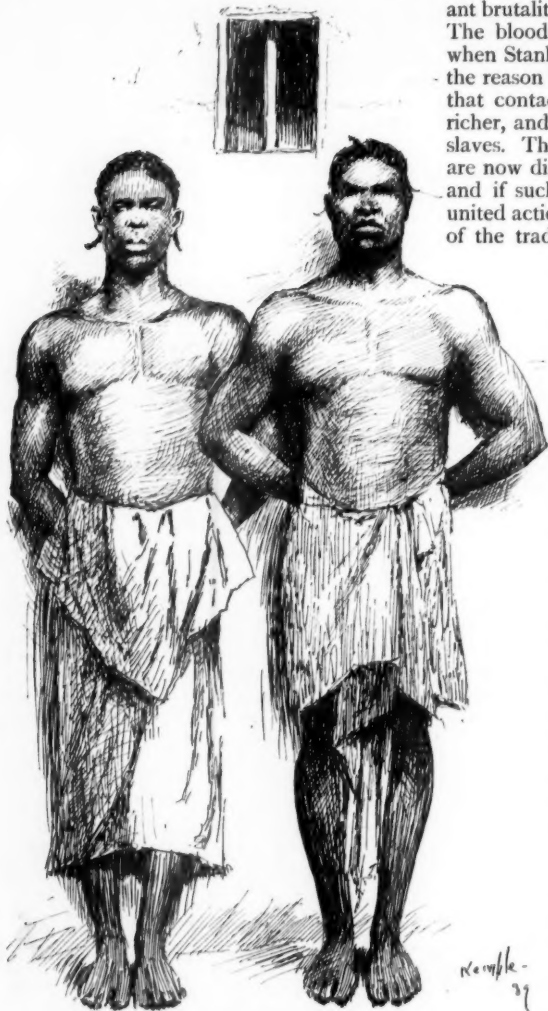
When one has lived for some time in Central Africa, one comes to understand the little impression that acts of the most atrocious and wanton cruelty make on the savage mind. Surrounded from childhood by scenes of bloodshed and torture, their holidays and great ceremonies marked by massacres of slaves, the mildest and most sensitive nature becomes brutalized and callous; and if this is so with the free, what must be the effect upon the slave, torn when a child from its mother, perhaps at the age of two years, and even in its infancy compelled to suffer privation. If indeed

this child runs the gauntlet of cannibalism and execution ceremonies, it can hardly be expected that he will sympathize with any suffering.

The people on the lower part of the Upper Congo seldom practice slave-raiding. It is only when we come to the Bakuté district that we are brought much in contact with it. The large villages around Stanley Pool,—Chumbiri, Bolobo, Lukolela, Butunu, Ngombé, Busindi, Irebu,—Lake Mantumba, and the Ubangi River all rely principally upon the Balolo tribes for their slaves. All these villages except Stanley Pool are daily making human sacrifices, either in connection with the death of some chief or for some other ceremonial reason. Any kind of commerce transacted in this part of Africa only increases the bloodshed, because the native's ambition is to get as many slaves as possible around him; and when he sells a tusk of ivory or any other article he devotes nearly all of the cloth, brass wire, and beads which he obtains in exchange to the purchase of fresh slaves. So that he is surrounded by numerous women and warriors dur-



SPEARS AND "DEVIL DODGER."



TWO OF MY CREW.

ing his lifetime, and has his importance signalized at his death by the execution of about half the number of his people.

#### SUPPRESSION OF SLAVERY.

I FREQUENTLY talked with these people, and explained to them the iniquity of slavery; but they argued: "We have a great deal of hard work in our trading expeditions to obtain these slaves; why should we leave them all behind us for others who have not worked? We have bought them, they are our slaves, and we have a right to do what we like with them."

The ceremony of execution, with its attend-

ant brutality, ought to be, and can be, stopped. The bloodshed is even greater to-day than when Stanley first saw these people in 1877; the reason being, as I have before mentioned, that contact with white men has made them richer, and has enabled them to obtain more slaves. The great powers of the civilized world are now discussing the antislavery movement, and if such discussions should result in some united action directed towards the suppression of the trade in the interior, there are a few peculiar features which might be turned to advantage.

*First*, and most important, this traffic is not complicated by religious fanaticism of any kind.

*Second*. These people are disunited; every village of fifty or sixty houses is independent of its neighbor, and small family wars are continually taking place.

*Third*. There is nothing so convincing to the African savage as physical superiority.

Now all these points are in favor of the antislavery movement.

The absence of religious fanaticism, the disunited condition of the natives, and their acknowledgment of physical superiority ought to be taken advantage of, and always borne in mind when plans for the suppression of the slave-trade and its attendant barbarism are projected. In my opinion, it will be some years before the slave-trade carried on by the Arabs can be successfully grappled with, but there is no reason why any delay should occur in striking a blow at the intertribal trade.

The Congo Free State has moved a step in the right direction by establishing near Stanley Falls an intrenched camp, with

the object of forming a barrier to keep the Arabs, with their Manyema banditti, east of that position. Every country in the world should support the State to effect this object, as it will play a most important part in the history of Central Africa. When Stanley left Wadelai the Mahdists were already there. If these hordes join with those at Stanley Falls it will require most strenuous efforts to save the whole Congo Basin from their devastations. While we are still able to keep the Arabs east of the Falls, no time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of that point. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to

the helpless slave. Although black, and a savage, still he is a human being. It should always be remembered that the suppression of slavery in Africa does not mean merely striking the fetters from the limbs of the slave; its end is not only the substitution of paid for forced labor, but also the relief of enslaved humanity throughout all these regions from a life of unspeakable horror, from tortures that only the savage African can invent, and from a certain and violent death.

From Banana Point to Stanley Pool slavery does exist, but of such a mild character that when operations are actually begun Stanley Pool should be the starting-point. If half a dozen fast boats were placed on the river at Stanley Pool, each armed with twenty black soldiers, officered by two or three Europeans who had proved by their past services that they were capable of dealing with the question, and if such a force had the recognition of the civilized powers and was allowed to strike a blow at the evil, thousands of human lives would be saved.

These boats would be continually moving about the river, and those in command would begin by making a careful study of local politics. They would have to convince the natives of their determination to stop these diabolical ceremonies of bloodshed. The natives should be warned that any villages which in the future were guilty of carrying out such ceremonies would be most severely punished. Some of the better-disposed native chiefs would have to be bought over to the side of the white man. Spies should be engaged all over the district, so that a boat on arriving would immediately hear of any execution that was about to take place or that had taken place; and I would suggest that any village which still continued these acts of cruelty, after having been fairly and fully warned, should be attacked, and a severe example made of the principal offenders. A few such punishments would soon have a most salutary effect. These operations I should recommend to be carried on between Stanley Pool and the Falls. Posts should also be established in commanding positions to control the mouths of the slave-raiding rivers. Each point should be supplied with a boat such as I have recommended for the lower river. Other stations should be established in the center of the slave-raiding district. Slaves at the time in the markets might be redeemed and placed in some settlement, where they could be trained as soldiers or learn some useful craft. I have, whenever it was possible, purchased the redemption of slaves, and on the completion of such purchase have always taken the precaution to place in the freed-man's hand a paper to the effect that he had

been redeemed by me from slavery, and that the expedition I represented would make a specified payment per month while he remained in its service.

#### EFFECT OF LIBERATION.

It was curious to observe the different effects that the announcement of such a redemption had on slaves freed so unexpectedly. As a rule, the bewildered man would go from one to another of my boat's crew, asking all sorts of questions as to the meaning of the ceremony. What was to be his fate? Was he to be exchanged for ivory? or was he to be eaten? And it would take some time and patience to explain to him, after his first surprise was over, the full import of the paper I had placed in his possession. Others, more intelligent, would immediately understand the good fortune that had befallen them; and it was strange to see the startling change in the expression of their countenances, which a moment before betokened nothing but unresisting acquiescence in their miserable destiny, and to note their inert and weary bodies, which seemed at once to become erect and vigorous when released from the degrading fetters.

After having bought all the slaves which were exposed for sale, warning should be given that any attempt to purchase human beings for slavery would be the signal for war, and that the purchasers would be severely punished.

The most important part of the movement is to convince the slaves of our earnestness and sincerity. I feel confident that should operations be carried on in the way thus suggested most satisfactory results would ensue.

The reason for the native villages being disunited is, that there seldom exists a chief strong enough to form a combination. This weakness should be taken advantage of, and capable white men might, through their personal influence, unite the tribes under their leadership. Sooner or later the Arabs at Stanley Falls will have to be battled with. At present they remain there, not because the white men will not allow them to come lower down, but because they are in the center of such a rich field, and they know that by coming down the river they must rely entirely on their canoes, as roads in the interior are few and far between, owing to the swampy nature of the land. They would also have the populous and warlike districts of Upoto, Mobeka, and Bangala to fight against, which would not be so easily overcome as the small scattered hamlets around Stanley Falls, which at present they are continually persecuting.



All the natives on the Upper Congo, quite up to the limits at present reached by the Arabs, should be controlled as much as possible by Europeans. They should be combined together under Europeans, so that when the time arrives that the Arabs decide to move west they would be met at their frontiers by a barrier of well-armed and resolute natives.

The slave-trade of to-day is almost entirely confined to Africa. The slaves are caught and disposed of in that continent, and the number of those who are shipped to Turkey and other parts are indeed few compared with the enormous traffic carried on in the interior. We have the authority of Stanley and Livingstone and other explorers concerning the iniquity existing in the eastern portion of Equatorial Africa.



COPPER ANKLET.

In India we have an example of what determination and resolution can accomplish; as the inhuman ceremonies of the suttee, car of Juggernaut, infanticide, and the secret society of the Thugs have all been suppressed by the British Government. The opportunities for reaching the center of Africa are yearly improving. Since Stanley first exposed to the world's gaze, in 1877, the blood-stained history of the Dark Continent, rapid strides have been made in opening up that country. The work for Africa's welfare so determinedly pursued by Livingstone has been most nobly carried on by Stanley, and the rapid progress which is at present taking place is due entirely to Stanley's efforts. A great obstacle has always existed between the outside world and Central Africa, in the stretch of unnavigable water between Matadi and Stanley Pool. The railway now being constructed will overcome this difficulty.

E. J. Glave.

## THE HERR MAESTRO.



THE mistake was Maria's, not mine. Maria had but lately left Hungary for Venice, and, like me, was still learning Italian, but with this difference: she picked up hers from the one man-servant of the establishment—poor, much-scolded Giovanni with the curly hair and the rings twinkling in his ears, who helped her to make the beds; from unscrupulous gondoliers who, in the hall below and on the water-stairs without, wrangled with the travelers they brought to the *pension*; from the American artists who lived in the upper rooms and who talked a hybrid Venetian with a strong Western accent; in fact, from anybody and everybody who came and went in the Casa Kirsch. But I made less of my opportunities, and learned mine only from an old Italian master who arrived every day with admirable punctuality just as I knew the giants on the clock-tower in the Piazza were hammering three, and who was announced as regularly by a loud knock on my door and Maria's cry, "The *Herr Maestro*, Signora!" so that now it is by that name I always think of him.

Lena, Maria's sister, who knew her Venice well and English into the bargain, introduced me to him. She took me one morning along the Riva, where fishing-boats, kept at home

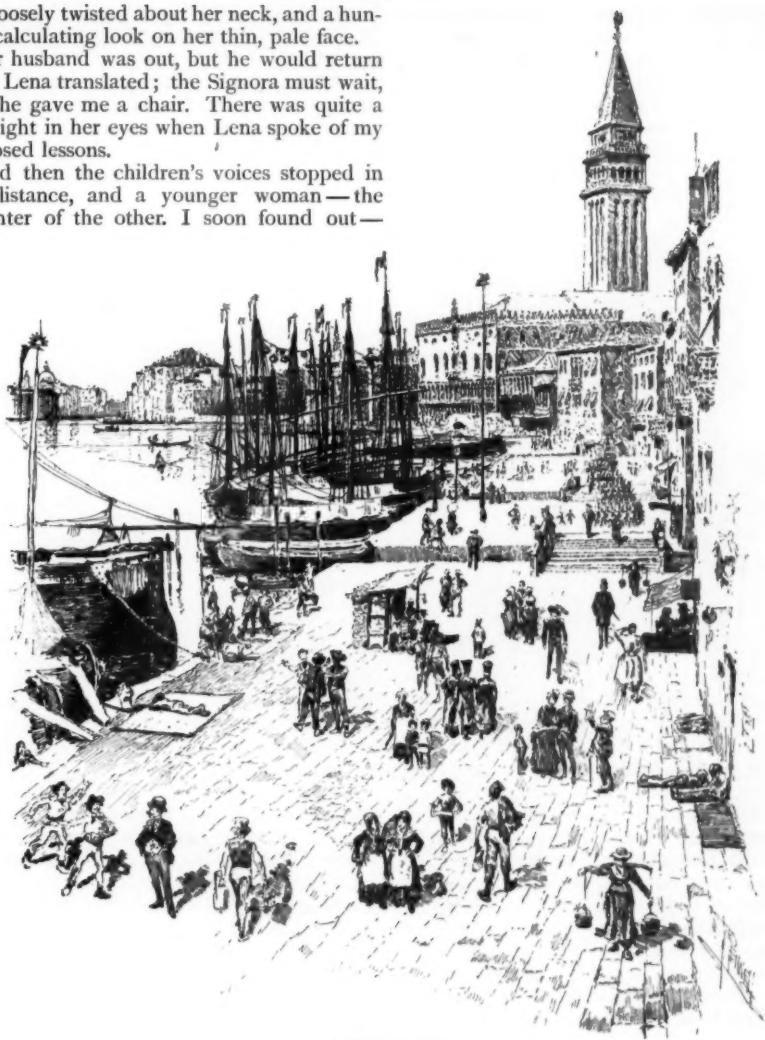
by gray and threatening skies, were moored in a long line, their brown nets hung up, their white woolly dogs on guard; past St. Mark's, the guides waiting for spring and its crop of tourists; under the arcades where early Venetians were already drinking coffee at Florian's; then by Bauer's, through an endless labyrinth of *calli*, up and down bridges, over dull canals, into a little sleeping *campo*. All the green blinds of the windows overlooking it were closed; no one was in sight; but when at a house if possible more deeply sunk in slumber than the others, she picked out one of the bells and pulled it; it raised a muffled jangling, and the door opened itself slightly and slowly in the mysterious Venetian fashion.

We pushed by it to a narrow dark passage on the first landing, but still no one appeared to ask our business. We called, but there was no answer. Somewhere, not far off, children were drearily chanting what sounded like the multiplication table, and that was the only sign or sound of life. It was so dark we could not see where to turn; but presently, just as we thought to go down and ring again, a servant came and showed us into a front room, where there was a bed in one corner, two chairs, and a table. It was forlornly poor and bare and cheerless. There was no need to open the closet-door to discover the family skeleton; it had established itself in the best room. The servant was quickly followed by her mistress, a tall, dark woman, middle-aged, with grayish

hair loosely twisted about her neck, and a hungry, calculating look on her thin, pale face.

Her husband was out, but he would return soon, Lena translated; the Signora must wait, and she gave me a chair. There was quite a new light in her eyes when Lena spoke of my proposed lessons.

And then the children's voices stopped in the distance, and a younger woman—the daughter of the other. I soon found out—



ALONG THE RIVA.

joined us. There was the same eager look in her equally thin, pale face, the same light in her eyes, when she heard the reason for my visit. The room was very gloomy with its drawn blinds on this dull morning, and though I am not sure I really looked to see what mother and daughter wore, it seemed to me their clothes were as gray and colorless as I felt their lives must be.

I had just succeeded in explaining that I was not *Inglese* but *Americana*, an explanation one makes to one's advantage in Italy, when the *Herr Maestro* arrived. He was an elderly man, about sixty-five perhaps, short and thin, and stooping a little from the shoulders. His

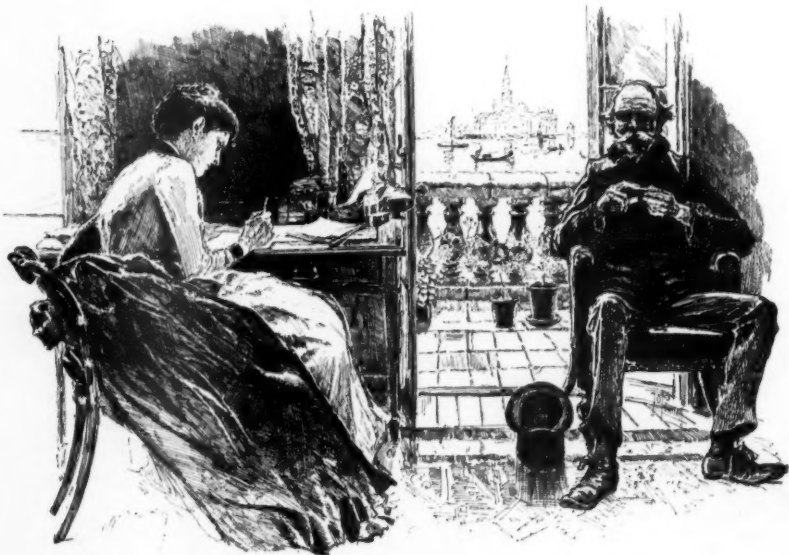
gray hair was carefully brushed to hide his baldness, there was a touch of color in his clean-shaven cheeks, and a gray mustache hid his mouth. He wore a long brown overcoat, fastened its entire length, and trimmed at the neck and wrists with broad bands of black astrakhan. Later, in the pitiless sunshine that streamed from across the lagoon into the pension windows, I could see that this coat was elaborately darned about the pockets and the buttonholes, that the astrakhan was worn and in places threadbare, and that the great old-fashioned brown cravat holding up his high standing collar was faded and soiled. But in

the dim twilight of his own room these details were lost, and as he came in, a high silk hat in his hand, a cane jauntily held under his arm, he had quite the air of a man about town.

He greeted me with gracious, old-fashioned courtesy, and his bow went far to counterbalance the shabbiness of his surroundings. He spoke

looked relieved, for they knew every time I saw him would put a few francs into his poor, patched pockets.

That very afternoon our lessons began, and they continued for many months with the regularity that was so greatly to the credit of the Herr Maestro. It was still early in the season,



"WILL MADAME HAVE THE GOODNESS TO RECITE THE VERB?"

a fairly fluent French, and in it he placed himself unreservedly at my service. In all our arrangements about lessons my pleasure seemed to be his one consideration. When it came to the question of his charge for a daily lesson of an hour, I fancied I detected a little eagerness in his manner, but it was gone in a moment. Madame must suit her own interests and convenience in all these matters, he declared. He might have been a friend volunteering to guide me through the channels of the lagoons, rather than a master engaged to pilot me through the intricacies of the Italian grammar. He could not come at the hour I named, because he was then in attendance on the daughters of a countess, and somehow he made it seem as if his coming to me from such very distinguished patrons was an additional favor.

And yet all the time his wife and daughter, neither of whom spoke French, kept looking from my face to his with their pathetic, hungry eyes, as if their very life depended on my decision. They seemed to understand that the *a rivederci*, which I ventured upon in hopes it was the proper thing to say, meant that I expected to see the Maestro again; and they

and there were so few people in the pension that we usually had the lesson in the parlor, where it was pleasant in the afternoons with the sun shining in at the windows. From the table where I sat I could see a great stretch of blue lagoon, and crossing it now a tawny red or orange sail, now a long black gondola. I remember I used to think it not the least of the Herr Maestro's virtues that he could keep me awake at this hour, when nearly everybody was napping in Venice. The tap, tap of the slippers over the bridge just below ceased for a while; the gondoliers' cries were stilled; and I knew that many were sleeping in their gondolas, and that all along the Riva men were stretched full length, dreaming in the sun. But when the lesson was almost at an end, from over the water would come the bugle of the soldiers on the homeward way from daily drill in the Lido, followed by the noise of their disembarking and marching, and the sleepers awake; and under the window again rose the familiar cries and clamor without which nothing is done in Venice.

Only once the Herr Maestro failed me, and that was on a day when the rain was falling in

torrents, and the angry wind was sweeping the deserted Riva and the gray lagoon, and it seemed as if the deluge had come. All the fishing-boats were at home, lining the Riva, and the little canal by our house, and pulled up under the bridge. By evening it was so wet that, instead of going, as was our custom, with Inglehart,<sup>1</sup> the artist from upstairs, for dinner to the Antica Panada, and for paper and coffee to the Café Oriental, we had our supper in the big kitchen of the pension, while the family ate theirs at another table, the cook at still another, and poor Francesco stood in one corner with his plate on the dresser. It was no wonder the Herr Maestro staid in his dreary rooms when even the fishermen and their dogs found it too wet to venture out of their little canvas cabins.

When I saw how shabby the Maestro was, for all his brave assumption of elegance, and I remembered the hungry faces at home, I asked him when he would prefer my paying for my lessons. He had shown such indifference about this part of our bargain at first that I felt a delicacy about bringing him the money and saying, "Here is in advance for the first week," as I should have done. He dismissed the subject with a fine, large wave of the right hand. Madame must not trouble about such trifles; at the end of the first week, if Madame chose; or of the first month, that would be better still; or just as Madame was leaving. Ah! that indeed would be best of all. "And now will Madame do me the favor to recite the verb 'to have'?"

After this it was not easy to return to the subject, and during one week, while I struggled with verbs, we never mentioned it. But at the end of that time, on a Saturday it was, just before he came, the Padrona knocked at my door. She hoped the Signora would pardon her, but yesterday the Maestro had borrowed of her ten francs, promising to pay with the money from the lessons. And so would the Signora kindly say when she paid the Maestro?—the Padrona would then know when the little matter could be settled. This made me less fearful of offending the Maestro's dignity, and at once upon his arrival I explained that on consideration I decided it would be best to pay at the end of every week, and I handed him the first instalment.

"As Madame wishes," he said, with an expressive shrug, as he pocketed the money.

Had he realized how much I was going to learn from him, he would have felt justified in making an extra charge. At first I let him have his own way, knowing it would help me

to have mine when the time came. He had pronounced theories about teaching, and, with due deference to his position as master, I consented to cover sheet after sheet of paper with verbs passive and active, verbs regular and irregular, and to conjugate them aloud.

"And Madame, she is quite well?" was always the beginning of the lesson. Then would come out his snuff-box. "And now will Madame have the goodness to recite the verb she wrote yesterday?"

"I have," or "I am," or "I love," I would begin, while he nodded, and tapped his satisfaction on his snuff-box. Not until the last person of the last tense, however, would he open it and reward himself with a well-earned pinch.

"Ach! but Madame's memory, it is marvelous! and Madame's progress!"

It was pleasant to listen to his praises, and in Venice, where it is difficult to force one's self to great effort, the verbs were soothing. But the second week I brought to my lesson the books I wished, for certain reasons of my own, to translate. It was nonsense, the Herr Maestro said, to try to read for many weeks to come. Madame was a credit to him as a pupil, but Madame herself would doubtless admit she had still much to learn. And again, these little books were all in the Venetian dialect, and none but the vulgar would speak Venetian. When he saw, however, that I was determined, "As Madame wishes," he said, and without further delay we fell to work.

The books in question were volumes of Bernoni's admirable collection of fairy tales, songs, and legends. They seemed childish to the Maestro; my desire to read them to him was but another folly of the *forestieri*. But it was funny to see how interested he became despite himself. He began to enjoy the hour with them so much that often he staid ten or fifteen minutes after his time to finish one story or to read another. Some days, indeed, it was half-past four, or nearer five, when he bowed low at the door and gave me the never-failing "Allow me to salute you, Madame." And then, too, he found that, though I could not speak, I could understand, Italian, and, unconsciously almost, he dropped his French. The stories and songs, foolish as they were, constantly reminded him of strange things he had heard, strange things that had happened to him. As often as not the afternoon reading became an afternoon talk. And now it was amusing to hear the Maestro in his excitement speaking pure Venetian—the Venetian that belonged to the vulgar. The soft *ghe se* was as often in his mouth as in that of a gon-

<sup>1</sup> This is not meant for plagiarism; I know whom Mr. Howells meant by Inglehart, and I mean the same man.



dolier, or as in the mouths of the girls chattering about the wells in the little *campi*.

It was in the course of these talks the Maestro taught me so many things he had not agreed to teach. In the first place, he told me much about himself. He was not a Venetian, but an Austrian. He had, however, as a boy loved Italian, and that at a time when to study or to speak it was a criminal offense in his country. He was, when quite young, a schoolmaster, but once it was discovered he was secretly studying the hated language, he was banished. He came immediately to Venice, where he had married and had lived ever since. "One could live in the old days, Signora. There was money to be made. But now it is different. It is almost impossible to find the bread to put in one's mouth. My daughter has a school for children, but, body of Bacchus! what does she make? Sixty or sixty-five francs a month, barely enough to pay the rent. The little money I make, it goes to pay a debt. My one son has a misery in his head; it is years since he could work. My other son is a schoolmaster in Cioza. It is a good position: he makes 3000 francs a year; but he has no economy, and his wife is a good-for-nothing."

This was the first time he had ever hinted at his poverty. When he rose to go home he hesitated a minute, and then: "Will the Signora pardon me if I ask a favor? Could the Signora perhaps kindly pay me for a week in advance? It would be a very great convenience."

It was Friday afternoon, just a week since he had borrowed money from the Padrona. I do not know why, but it suddenly struck me that it is on Saturday the lottery is drawn.

Another day we spoke of religion. The Herr Maestro had very positive opinions. Monks and priests and churches were nothing to him, but, soul of a pig! he believed in God and in future rewards and punishments. It was a fine sermon the cardinal had preached on Easter Sunday in St. Mark's. It was a pity the Signora did not hear it. Body of Bacchus! It was logical and learned. A people governed without religion, the cardinal declared, never prospered, and the government must look to the future, when they would have to regret their present system of secular education. "It is true, Signora,"—and here he lowered his voice and looked cautiously around the room,— "and there are other things the government will have to regret!" And it seemed that under the threadbare coat of the modest Herr Maestro there beat the heart of a patriot. He was a red republican; and, the ice broken, he had no further hesitation in confiding his republicanism to me. But he was very careful. There was always the same lowering of his

voice, the same look around the room; and if, by any chance, some one came in, he would stop abruptly and return to Bernoni.

What treason we used to talk in the sunlight! It is all very well for rich people, this present government, he used to say, but it is terribly hard for the poor. Here in Venice the millionaires, they make more money; the poor, they starve. If the people did not love the queen so they would think the Piedmontese worse than the Austrian. It was from the Maestro I first heard of the widespread discontent throughout Italy, now breaking out in conspiracies led by army officers, now in the rebellion of students. It was from him I first heard of the wretchedness of the peasants of Lombardy. They are paid twenty or thirty centimes a day, perhaps, for working in the fields; they can afford to eat nothing but polenta, and bad polenta at that; they cannot buy wine, but must drink the polluted water that runs by their miserable huts. And what was the result, would the Signora know? They go mad, and are shut up—yes, shut up by hundreds—in the island of San Lazzaro. And when the Signora goes by, she can hear the yells of these poor mad creatures, these human beings like ourselves, Signora, but starved into madness!

I remember the afternoon he told me the story of this wretchedness—a story I have since learned to be but too true. The spring was yet young in Venice, and through the open window came in the soft sea air blown from the Adriatic over this very island of San Lazzaro, rising, a fair spot in the lagoon, for the greater pleasure of the tourist. The Maestro would not let me forget that even the sunshine of Venice has its dark shadows.

I confess I grew very fond of this patriotic, tender-hearted Herr Maestro, whom I strongly suspected of being half starved himself. But no poverty could subdue the love of freedom that of old had set him to the study of Italian in a land where this study was a state offense. He made such a brave fight, too, against his troubles. I used to watch him sometimes when, our lesson over, he sauntered down the Riva towards the public gardens, his cane under his arm, his hands in his pockets, with all the jauntiness of a Venetian Beau Nash. And with me his manners never lost their princely elegance, their gentle courtesy, notwithstanding the habit into which he speedily fell of borrowing money on Fridays.

For before long the question was, not whether I should offer him money for my lessons, but whether I should refuse to lend him all he asked for. That fine, large wave of the hand that seemed so impressive meant nothing after all. As soon as he had asked for money the first

time, he found no further difficulty. The next Friday it was for two weeks in advance he begged the Signora would oblige him, and the next Friday it was for a month in advance. Then he began to borrow ten francs, twenty, thirty at a time, and always on Fridays. Now in Italy, the worst of it, where money is concerned, is that you are always suspecting the people of trying to cheat you. They are not dishonest, but they have their own way of doing business, and they think the forestieri come to their country for no other reason than to be fleeced. Two or three little remarks of the Maestro made me believe he shared this general impression. He told me wonderful tales of rich *Inglesi* walking along the Riva and dropping gold pieces into the extended hands of chance beggars. And so, when he himself took to borrowing from me, I was careful to explain that I was really not any better off than he—that I, too, worked for my living. Then, when he gave no sign of giving up this bad borrowing habit, I made a feint of consulting J—. “I must go and ask my husband,” I would say, as I left him to go upstairs.

“Don’t you think perhaps he’s only another fraud?” I would ask J—, with exemplary caution.

“I’m sure of it,” J— would answer; “but, poor old fellow, he’s so old! Any way, give it to him just this once.”

And so our lessons went on until the time came for me to leave Venice. On my last Friday I was sitting in my room, when, about eleven in the morning, there was a timid knock at the door.

“*Avanti*,” said I, for I had profited by my studies.

The door opened, and in came the Herr Maestro. Never before had he announced himself so unceremoniously; never before had he arrived before three, the appointed hour.

He was so grieved to come early, but very important business would occupy him in the afternoon. Would I, perhaps, for this once, take my lesson in the morning?

I was not very busy, so I put up what I was at, and got out my Bernoni. We began without delay to read some Chioggian songs. I noticed the Maestro was not very attentive. He did not correct me once; he did not help me in my translation from the Chioggian into French. Presently he shut the book. “Signora,” he said, “I must speak. I am in so great trouble.” And he turned to me with tears in his eyes.

“What is it?” I asked, for it was sad to see my poor, brave Maestro give up at last.

“Oh, it is money!” he answered; “that awful debt—three thousand francs! If I do not pay it, Signora, I shall be lost. My family will be turned out upon the streets.”

Now for me to give him, then and there, three thousand francs was an impossibility, even had I felt inclined to do so. I thought it the truest charity to tell him this at once. “Why not go to your son in Chioggia?” I suggested.

He took out his old blue handkerchief and wiped his eyes. “Signora,” he said, “I am so tired of my life. I am so old, I often wish I could die. It would be a happiness if death would come to-day!”

It was pitiful to see him in his trouble, and yet in the midst of my pity I could not stifle a certain doubt of which, truth to say, I was ashamed.

“I dare not go home if I have nothing to take with me,” he went on. “I know it is too much to ask the Signora to relieve me of all my troubles, but five or ten francs, some little sum, perhaps she would give me. Even that would be something.”

“I must ask my husband first,” I said, trying to steel myself. “He will be home soon.”

“But the Signor will be angry perhaps?” he urged.

I knew too well I could assure him he had nothing to fear on this score, and we went on with the songs, his poor hand trembling as he turned the pages, his voice breaking as he talked.

Presently J— came in. I at once told him the Maestro’s story. As the latter did not understand a word of English, we could speak freely.

“What do you think?” said I, as I finished. “Do you suppose it’s all true?”

“The lottery’s drawn to-day, and there’s to be *tombola* in the square on Sunday,” he answered, saying exactly what was in my mind. It certainly was a strange fact that it was always at the end of the week the Maestro’s debt was so pressing.

“Of course it would be more sensible not to give him anything until we asked the Padrona about him,” I said.

“Of course it would,” said J—.

“It’s hard to refuse, is n’t it?” I added.

“Yes,” agreed J—; “and he’s so old. If he does lose it right off, no great harm’s done.” And he got out his purse.

Well, we gave him a few francs; few enough if the old man really was borne down with the burden that made death seem a great good to him, more than enough if they were to be played away on unsuccessful numbers.

He got up without a word, the poor Herr Maestro, but tears were in his eyes and on his cheeks. He went over to J—, took his hand and kissed it, then came to me and kissed mine. Still silent, he turned and went out of the room.

It is not pleasant to have your hand kissed by a man whose hair is gray, and whose shoulders are bent, and for whom you have done nothing. We went out on the little balcony, and looked after him as he walked up the Riva in the sunshine. All his jauntiness had come back again; his hands were in his pockets, his cane under his arm. Was he going to the wife whom he could now more easily face, or to the familiar little shabby office with the numbers upon the wall?

The next day, Saturday, J—— and I and Inglehart, and one or two others, made a long-talked-about journey to Chioggia, and there was no lesson. Sunday was always a holiday for the Herr Maestro and his pupils.

It was early Sunday afternoon when we began to hear the tap, tap of many slippers over the bridge, and gay voices, and much laughter; and when we went out we found all the pretty girls with their faces turned towards St. Mark's. Five and six in a row, they were walking arm-in-arm with no heavy water-buckets to carry. Their long hair, if possible more elaborately braided than usual, and wound round and round their heads, was unhidden by bonnet or handkerchief, and their bright shawls were draped gracefully about them. The Apollo-like loafers, with their coats thrown over one shoulder, their big hats over the opposite ear, and their thick curls and twinkling earrings, were magnificently moving in the same direction. A certain number of foreigners were abroad in the land. All the fruit-stalls, with their golden piles of oranges, were reaping a copper harvest. Here a crowd had gathered about the toothless, blindfolded seer, who all that spring was prophesying about Naples and the cholera, so that her "Una volta soltanta perre Napoli" came to be yelled by the small boys before she could prophesy it herself; and there soldiers and gondoliers and groups of women were watching a family of acrobats. But the gaiety was at its height in the square. A band was playing at the end near the Piazzetta; the

tombola-stand was set up in the center; in front of the Quadri and Florian's tables and chairs had been brought out, and half of Venice seemed to be drinking coffee and eating ices. Those who could not find or afford tables were walking up and down, and as the crowd grew larger and larger, people kept falling into the ranks, until a regular procession was formed, its two detachments coming and going with an order and regularity the little blue-coated soldiers might have done well to emulate in their daily march up the Riva.

Before the afternoon was over, by good chance we secured a table; and there, over a cup of coffee, we listened to the music and watched the people. What a row they all made, from the *Barabow-wow* — as we only knew it — of the Venetian newsboy and the *candeti / caramei!* cries, to the *thinguethkeithkatola* (this is phonetic spelling) of the match-boys and the "Lo Times! Lo Standard, L'ultima edizione del Nei gark Her-r-r-ald, Signore!" of the superior newsvender. It was now almost time for the tombola to be drawn, and on every side men and women were holding little bits of paper in their hands, and others selling these papers passed, making bargains as they went. Once and again in the procession we saw the Herr Maestro, jauntier than ever, his wife on one arm, his daughter on the other.

At last the music stopped; everybody pressed around the tombola-stand; there was a silence unbroken, save now and then, when, as the numbers were shown, there was a great shout, and the lucky holders rushed up the steps, flourishing their papers. But the Maestro was not among them.

Was he in the square simply because relief from his most pressing needs made a holiday possible to him? or had he staked his little all and lost?

We were to leave Venice on Tuesday; my last lesson was for Monday. He never came. I never knew.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.



## SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NEXT WORLD'S FAIR.

BY THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



THE Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889 has just scored a success so brilliant and so immense that the question must needs be asked whether it would be wholly prudent, apart from any consideration of utility, to attempt to repeat, anywhere, before the lapse of a long interval, an international enterprise of this nature. Many years must pass before the ineffaceable souvenir of what has just been accomplished can become dimmed; and there is reason to fear that the sumptuous and unexampled setting of the celebration of 1889 would in itself be an obstacle to the success of any other exhibition that it might be sought to organize sooner than the beginning of the coming century. No country of Europe, at least, displays any disposition to try the experiment.

But here we have the United States of America apparently resolved to set at once at defiance and at rest the doubt which I have expressed as to the fate of any exhibition which might be decided upon in the near future. Discussion is warm as to a universal and international exhibition to be opened in 1892 either at New York or at Chicago. I acknowledge that the Americans are the only people who could find justification for making an attempt so audacious, for the position of America is exceptional.

The Americans are a youthful people; they possess neither an art of their own nor a history. Yet they have won for themselves a rank and an influence so great that every one of us desires to learn to know them better, despite the ocean and distance. Already I hear numbers of my compatriots express their intention to cross the Atlantic upon the occasion of the exhibition in the United States—a journey to which their business affairs and their normal humor for traveling would never have persuaded them. And what people are saying in France they will soon be saying everywhere.

The first piece of advice that I take the liberty of giving to the organizers of the exhibition of 1892 is, that they shall aim at novelty and at the extraordinary, but without neglecting due order and method. They will thus keep themselves in accord with the characteristics of their nation, which is a new one in the company of civilized nations—a nation which is extraordinary in the development, so swift

as to make the brain reel, which it has succeeded in giving to its economic and social progress; a nation which proves that it possesses a practical spirit by the implacable logic of its conceptions and its acts.

Exhibitions, as they were conceived forty years ago by those great thinkers and great utilitarians, Michel Chevalier, Prince Albert, Cobden, Henry Cole, and Le Play, had as their object the bringing together of men and of things, whereby it was held that they would reveal the chief industrial and scientific gains made throughout the world, and would enable men of action and friends of progress everywhere to understand one another better than mere correspondence or the reciprocal notoriety of their achievements could render possible. At that time the great avenues of communication by rail and by steam navigation were not yet open under such conditions of speed and of cheapness as we enjoy to-day; the philosophic programme of these creators and organizers of the first great universal exhibitions had thus an immediate and direct application.

Little by little, and in proportion to the gradual obliteration of distance, the true character of such exhibitions became modified; they no longer abounded in revelations; it became their object to supply an effective, a palpable, an eclectic compendium of all the manipulations recognized as truly useful and in the spirit of progress which had been accomplished, whether in the domain of the arts or in that of pure or applied science, during the interval between two exhibitions. These gatherings nevertheless continued to compose their chief display of the implements and materials used in the practice and support of the industries of the world, arranged in classes of objects of similar nature or complementary to one another.

### DISPLAYS OF IDEAS.

It became necessary to do more than this, and to give to the exhibition a form less baldly material. From this on, it was no longer deemed enough to heap together masses of people and things; it became the aim to realize what I have termed *displays of ideas*. The primary conception of such an organization of exhibitions, more absolutely complete than the old, came to me at the time when I was intrusted, in 1881, with the direction of the International Electrical Exhibition, held in the Palace of the Champs Élysées. It occurred to me that an exhibition



of this nature could not attain fully the ends sought if it were so restricted as to appeal only to the eyes of the public—that is, if it were merely to display *results* to visitors in general still ignorant of this newest branch of physical science, without giving them the means of appreciating, at least some of the causes and of the researches which had brought these results into being. Actuated by this reasoning, I induced the government to call together an International Congress of Electricians, for whom the exhibition became a masterful laboratory; and the crowds of visitors to the exhibition manifested a redoubled interest in the apparatus and the experiments displayed, when these were explained to them through the published accounts of the sittings of the Congress, with all the prestige attending the foremost electrical authorities of the world.

I had the good fortune to secure the adoption of an analogous method in the organization of the Exhibition of 1889. To consider this organization on the material side, I had, in a pamphlet published in 1885, demonstrated that what I styled a *disseminated or scattered arrangement* should be substituted for the former compact arrangement—that is, that it was best to form as many independent aggregations, separate one from the other, as there should be distinct groups in whatever system of general classification of exhibits should be adopted. I perceived that in this way there would be secured not only greater facility of circulation for the visitors and convenience in the examination of the exhibits, and this with enhanced picturesqueness and monumental variety, but also a subdivision of the vast exhibition of products, as a whole, into veritable laboratories, distinct from one another and corresponding to the most characteristic branches of industry and commerce. These laboratories would be fitted to supply economic and scientific data to the international congresses which it was my intention to organize, and which I actually succeeded in instituting; and the reports of the sittings of these congresses will contribute to the immortalization of the ideal side of the exhibition which has just closed in Paris. The congresses were in every way successful, because their programmes had been carefully studied and drawn up in advance by committees of specialists appointed for the purpose. With the object of giving still further encouragement to the expression and interchange of thought, I supplemented the group of congresses by the arrangement of courses of lectures, which afforded to the speakers invited an opportunity to treat their subjects in such detail and

under such form as they judged best. I most earnestly advise the commissioners of the exhibition of 1892 not to separate in their preliminary labors the preparation of the material side of their work from that of its economic and ideal conception. I suggest that they secure at once the coöperation of some person of mark to hold the office of secretary-general of the congresses and lecture-courses, with a seat in the council of organization of the exhibition.

The directors of the exhibition of 1889 did not rest satisfied with having arranged side by side with their exhibition of things the exhibition of ideas which had its being in the congresses and the lectures. They sought further to show, by the agency of data, of documents, of striking object-lessons, what is being done everywhere and by all peoples to better the lot of man. It was essential to demonstrate how the advance of moral and physical hygiene must contribute to guide the destiny of the laboring-classes into smoother channels, and to guarantee to them an easier life and a comfortable old age; to show how the community, quite apart from charity, can, by social measures intelligently ordered, attain to mutual assistance and to the most assured provision for the future. To this end we provided a section of social economy, of which the success surpassed all expectation. In this section the United States of America took an important and conspicuous place.

#### CLASSIFICATION.

THE general plan of an exhibition depends, as follows from what I have said, upon the system of general classification adopted. This classification has to deal, first of all, with the productions of the fine arts, of manufactures and other industries, of the farmer, and with alimentary supplies. A second and independent classification should include the sections of the retrospective arts, of social economy, and the organization of congresses and lectures.

I judge that the system of general classification of products which was followed in 1878 and 1889, after having been first put into execution in 1867, must be considered for the future as the necessary code of any well-arranged exhibition. This system is conceived in accordance with the most invulnerable logic and the most natural synthesis. Three groups, food, clothing, and habitation, with their respective accessories, are devoted to the products which supply the primordial and inevitable needs of man; three groups subordinate to these have to do with research as to the nature, with the theoretic elaboration, and finally with the industrial supply, of these prod-

ucts. Industry is provided for: first, by the group of raw materials, with the industries of extraction concerned with them; secondly, by the group of liberal arts, that is, of the material and processes of intellectual work; and thirdly, by the group of machinery and mechanics in general. In addition to these the group of agriculture, including horticulture, and the group of the fine arts, complete the number of eight essential main divisions. These main divisions are then subdivided into classes, of which the number and the denominations can have sufficient elasticity to take in all the rubrics of the practice of the arts and trades, of agriculture, of commerce, and of the arts of design.

It is self-evident that the march of time is unceasing and productive of uncertain effects, and that this forbids us to look upon any human conception as immutable. Nevertheless, the fundamental lines of a system elaborated in accordance with the natural order of things may be considered as permanent as the laws of nature themselves. I judge, therefore, that it would be a grave error to abandon or to alter the main divisions of the classification which I have just explained, although I concede that this classification can be rigidly carried out only on paper and for the purposes of cataloguing the exhibits. I recognize, nevertheless, that modifications or perhaps simplifications may be made in the subdivision of the classes; some may to advantage be consolidated with others. For instance, the class of painted and stamped yarns and tissues might well be abolished, so that the several classes established, every one for a distinct variety of yarn or of fabric according to the material,—flax, wool, cotton, or silk,—should include every one all that has to do with its particular variety of yarn or of fabric. The class of agricultural machinery, again, might be removed from the main group of machinery and placed under the group of agriculture. But the American commissioners of 1892 will be thoroughly competent so to remodel the plan which I have roughly sketched that it may provide such secondary subdivisions as will correspond most perfectly to the genius and the habits of their people.

As we have said, it was our object in Paris to scatter, even to separate as completely as possible from one another, the various buildings, differing in size and in architecture, which, as convenience dictated, were appropriated to as many groups of products. In order to put such a plan into execution it is necessary to have at hand a sufficient area of unencumbered ground. The Champ de Mars, the Esplanade of the Invalides, the Park of the Trocadéro, the Quai d'Orsay, and the embankments of the Seine, together furnished

us an area of about 900,000 square meters, of which about a third, or 300,000 square meters, was taken up by the chief buildings of the exhibition. It is my opinion that the coming exhibition in the United States should dispose of an area still more considerable, so far as possible in one piece, and of regular form. It would not be necessary to roof in more than 300,000 or 350,000 square meters; but it is important to have open spaces of sufficient extent to permit the laying out of parks and gardens on a liberal scale. These provide for agreeable repose, with the possibility of walking in the open air, amid the beauties prepared by the gardener's art and fine effects of verdure, all of which will be appreciated by the visitor who is affected by the lassitude of mind and body which must necessarily result from his passage through the buildings and galleries of the exhibition.

#### BUILDINGS.

It is to be desired that at once upon entering the inclosure of the exhibition, by a monumental gateway, the visitor should have before him a prospect of the exhibition as a whole, such as lay before our guests in 1889, while traversing the Pont d'Iéna, or in their descent of the slope of the Trocadéro. The fine arts and machinery buildings could appropriately balance each other on the right and on the left—the one devoted to the most lofty expression of the conception of the ideal, the other to the most highly developed realization of the practical genius of man. The visitor would thus be dominated, at the moment he entered the inclosure, by the sentiment of the splendor to which can equally attain the application on the one hand of the esthetic principle, and on the other of the mathematical principle—those two great principles between which has always oscillated the glory of nations.

Two other buildings should in like manner form pendants one to the other—that devoted to industrial products and that for agricultural products; and in relation to both these could appropriately be placed the department of alimentary products. Agriculture is the great mother of all things; its fruits nourish the world. Industry, on the other hand, perfects, ameliorates, and disseminates the artificial conditions of that life of which agriculture maintains the vitality. It would be in the spirit of a wise and instructive philosophy to set thus face to face nature aided by man as he is impelled by his primary needs, and nature caused to promote the requirements of industrial production by the same man, who by the aid of science penetrates her secrets, and undertakes to obtain from her, whether she will or no, the

conditions necessary for an easy, comfortable, and brilliant life, such as the simple products of the earth could not of themselves give him. In the midst of these four or five chief buildings should rise the pavilion of liberal arts—the temple of intellectual activity which dominates all, the fine arts as well as the industrial arts. Intellectual work, or, to give it a simpler name, study, is at the foundation of all progress; the apparatus which it has evolved for itself promotes and facilitates the numberless applications of science in all their forms, useful or agreeable, modest or imposing. It is in study that the modern world has its being; to study belongs the place of honor.

As to the styles of architecture to be adopted for these various buildings,—palaces, galleries, and pavilions, as we in France should style them,—I have no counsel to offer. The American commissioners of 1892 do not need to be told that the fundamental law of architecture is that the conception of the lines, proportions, forms, construction, and decoration of any edifice ought to be such that it shall as a whole correspond to and reveal its purpose. It is because of this fundamental law that never yet has success been attained in the attempt to house a universal exhibition in a single building and at the same time to make this building architecturally good. It is needful that the various buildings requisite for the exhibition of 1892 shall be themselves exhibits, displaying at once the art, the science, and the inventive genius of the architects and engineers of America. In working out the plans, all harassing thoughts of the economy which might be realized by making merely temporary buildings must be put aside. The architect must forget that the exhibition is to be a festival of limited duration; otherwise, he will build nothing intellectually satisfying, and will fall short of the beauty which every type of edifice ought to possess; and, in fine, he will lessen greatly the chance of making afterward remunerative sales of the building materials or of organic parts of his structures.

I will not enter upon the organization of the accessories of the exhibition of 1892, such as places of amusement, the refreshment service, and divers other public services. Everything will depend upon the scheme adopted for the chief divisions of the enterprise. The exhibition must be full of gaiety and liveliness, yet it must avoid anything that might impress upon it a trivial character—anything that savors of the circus or variety-show. This danger is to be overcome by exercise of administrative firmness and judgment in the allotment of privileges or licenses. It is essential to seek out among such attractions as may be admissible without compromising the dig-

nity of the administration and of the American people such as shall have, so far as possible, the quality of absolute novelty, even, if it may be, to the extent of approaching the marvelous. In the realization of this programme it may be expected that electricity will play a conspicuous part. But under this head I have nothing to teach to the people among whose citizens are enrolled the illustrious names of Edison and Elihu Thomson.

#### CATALOGUE.

THERE are two matters which should have the particular attention of the American commissioners of 1892—the catalogue, and the recompenses to be offered. A good general catalogue is absolutely necessary: it must be complete or its usefulness will be impaired, and in like manner it must be absolutely correct and exact; it must be portable and convenient to use with reference to the number, shape, and size of its volumes. From this it is plain that the question of the catalogue has always been and probably always will be, to the administrators of a great exhibition, one of troublesome difficulty and responsibility. There is but one way to succeed in getting together the subject-matter for such a catalogue within the proper time—that is, in season for the catalogue to be ready on the very day of the opening of the exhibition. This way consists in requiring artists and other possible exhibitors to give early notice of their intention whether to take part in the exhibition or to remain aloof; and upon the allotment of space to intending exhibitors, they must be required to send in a detailed list of their exhibits a full year before the opening. In order to constrain them to respect this time limit, which, everything considered, is to their own advantage, it is necessary to enforce a penalty in the event of infringement; and this penalty can be applied best in the making of a moderate charge per line for all insertions in the catalogue, which charge should be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, according to the number of months of delay. Beyond six months after the time, no further entry for the catalogue should be accepted. Every exhibitor should be permitted to dispose, at the rate fixed, of two lines for his name and address, and of a maximum of ten lines for a summary description of his exhibits in the respective classes in which they belong. I suggest as the normal rate per line, forty cents, or two francs. The American commission would be immediately responsible only for that part of the general catalogue having to do with the sections of its own nation. Every country taking part in the exhibition

would be called upon to prepare its own portion of the general catalogue, and to print it in English in the same size and type adopted for the American catalogue. The collection of all these national catalogues, all printed in English, and in the same size and style, would constitute the general catalogue. Every country would be at liberty to publish separately a special catalogue in its native tongue, and to offer it for sale at its own risk, as well as the volumes of the general catalogue having to do with its own sections. This arrangement would cause the general catalogue to be divided into a great number of fascicles, which would be distinguished by numbers allotted in advance. Under no other arrangement could the sale of such a catalogue be made a success, for by this method the visitor would be able to purchase separately whatever fascicle or fascicles might be needful for the portion of the exhibition which might at any time have particular interest for him. No exhibitor, surely, would complain of the small payment asked for his place in the catalogue—a charge which could not be burdensome, while the mention in the catalogue would be greatly to his profit. The income from the charges would be applied to the expenses of the respective committees intrusted with the catalogues of the different nations, and in like manner would be applied whatever might come in from the advertisements, which could be permitted on the covers and at the end of every fascicle.

#### NO PRIZES.

THE question of recompenses calls for a considerable simplification of the practice in former exhibitions. It is my deliberate opinion that there should be no more international juries to judge the products on exhibition and to award prizes. About all exhibitors of standing have already received premiums at one or other of the many universal exhibitions which have followed one another during the past forty years. The fear of not securing awards equal or superior to past successes, or of failing to be ranked as beyond competition owing to service as members of the jury, would have the effect of keeping away many producers without whose presence the United States exhibition would fall short of the brilliancy and the interest which ought by good right to characterize it. It is my judgment that the juries of admission to the exhibition, in the United States and in all the other countries taking part, should be so organized as to assure their action at once with great strictness and with perfect impartiality. The principle must then be established that the admission itself to exhibit is in the very beginning a

recompense, or at least an acknowledgment of merit, to the exhibitor, who will afterward receive further recompense in the appreciation of his products by the public, as well as in the business which will accrue, and the orders that will come to him. I may add that the terms of the general report of the exhibition, which might be drawn up by an international committee of men representing all specialties and taking the place of former juries, will place in their proper light any industrial or artistic excellences to which the admiration of the public, founded, as it is, often on mere appearances, may not have rendered full justice. It is not practicable that future exhibitions should offer to manufacturers, artists, agriculturists, anything more than an opportunity to bring forward their works for comparison with those of their fellows in foreign lands—a comparison platonically, indeed, in theory, but in practice full of instruction, of warning, and of revelation. I cannot urge the American commissioners too strongly to weigh carefully my opinion in this, shaped as it is by experience. I advise, however, that a diploma of admission and a commemorative medal be awarded to every exhibitor.

In treating of the matter of recompenses, I have just used the word "comparison." A comparison of objects of similar nature and use is the grand end sought in all international exhibitions. In order that this end may be perfectly attained, reform is necessary in some of the methods consecrated by preceding exhibitions. The formation of national sections should be abandoned, separated one from the other in so-called national departments, in which the exhibits are arranged more or less exactly according to the general system of classification. The ideal would be to secure the arrangement of all exhibits according to kind, however foreign to one another their place of production, in international galleries appropriated to groups or to classes. In this way it would be possible for the visitor, for example, to examine and to make a comparative study of the art of the worker in bronze or of that of the cabinet-maker, by means of specimens in juxtaposition representing the work of all the different nationalities, in each class. I admit that I put forward with some timidity an innovation so radical as this. How shall we ever be able to persuade all the national commissions to renounce the privilege of having every one its own quarters, to forego the collective display of the productive energy of every people for the spectacle in every group of a uniform whole, and no longer to seek to form within the general exhibition a lesser exhibition, often in itself imposing, displaying the arts and industries of the fatherland? What an increase of difficulty, on the other hand, would



attend the making of the catalogue and the determination of the space to be attributed to the different classes!

#### COURTESY TO FOREIGNERS.

WE are not informed of the plans which have been considered, or which are likely to be adopted, beyond the Atlantic, for the financial organization of the coming exhibition. I shall begin by asking that the foreign guests of the United States in 1892 may be protected from all fiscal annoyances. Upon the occasion of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia the burdens imposed by the custom house were so heavy, and the service of inspectors was maintained in a form so harsh and so exasperating, that numbers of Frenchmen are afraid of encountering in 1892 such treatment as international courtesy never fails to avoid. The announcement should be made now, without loss of time, that the grounds of the exhibition will be considered as assimilated to a bonded warehouse; that duties will be imposed only upon such objects subject to them as may be actually consumed or sold in America; in a word, that only articles which are not re-exported shall pay the duties in force upon objects of their kind. In addition it is to be desired that the supervision of the inspectors of the American customs be exercised with that patience, moderation, and freedom from undue suspicion which guests from abroad have the right to expect. We have reason to hope that the commissioners and the authorities of the United States have already taken the necessary precautions to prevent the recurrence of a state of things that was deplored even by their fellow-citizens.

In my opinion, the whole cost of the projected exhibition of 1892 ought to be shared between the National Government and the city in which the exhibition is held. The Americans are a rich people; they can afford to pay roundly for the glory which awaits them. They would be tying their hands to a regrettable extent if they were to limit themselves to a fund to be furnished by a guarantee association.

#### THE SUM REQUIRED.

Now as to the sum required.

The cost of the official buildings, taking for their area 400,000 square meters, can be put at an average of \$30 per square meter, or.....	\$12,000,000
Cost of 500,000 square meters of parks and gardens, at \$5 per square meter,	2,500,000
Running expenses.....	1,600,000
Salaries and expenses of the general administration.....	1,000,000
Total.....	\$17,100,000

This, considering the estimated difference in the purchasing power of money, may be taken as about equivalent to eleven or twelve millions in France—the actual cost of our exhibition of 1878. The exhibition of 1889 cost us less, because the palace and park of the Trocadéro were already made to our hands, and because a portion of its park area was in existence beforehand in that part of the Champ de Mars abutting on the Seine. My rough estimate of cost for the new exhibition is made with reference to a site where it would be necessary to create everything, as was the case in the Champ de Mars in Paris in 1867 and again in 1878.

#### NO RENTALS.

I DO not favor the idea of requiring exhibitors to pay a rental for their space. Such a measure would be contrary to the precedent of all the great French exhibitions, to which I do not hesitate to refer as models; it would likewise be beneath the dignity of an enterprise supervised by the American Government; it would, in fine, be harassing, and yet not lucrative. An exhibitor who pays his rent takes the ground that everything he needs must be supplied him, and holds that he is chargeable with nothing but the transportation to the exhibition of his showcase and his articles. If his space is given to him gratuitously, on the other hand, he does not begrudge expenses of installation, which are often considerable; and he does not expect the administration to meet extraordinary expenses, which figure up, in general, to much more per square meter than the amount of rental of the same square meter.

I think, too, that the administration ought to furnish flooring without charge to the exhibitor, just as it gives him his roof, and that it should also give him, if it can be managed, his shades or awnings. My estimate of \$30 per square meter for construction ought to cover the flooring and the means of protection from the sun.

Water, gas, and steam power, too, should be supplied without charge; their cost, as well as that of electric lighting and of the provision of means of communication by rail, ought to be included in and covered by the estimate for running expenses.

The handling of packages upon arrival and departure, as well as transportation, unpacking, and repacking, are expenses which can properly be left to the exhibitors.

I do not advise an issue of bonds like that which was put on the market in France with the object of bringing in in advance the product of the admissions, which had been appropriated for the repayment of the guarantee fund, because I hold that the organizers of this

exhibition should have recourse to no other financial resources than the governmental and municipal appropriations. For that matter, I believe that prize-bearing obligations are not current in America. [M. Berger urges the organization of a lottery, chiefly for the partial reimbursement of the expenses of exhibitors. His argument as to this is omitted, as the suggestion is, of course, out of the question here.—EDITOR.]

All profits of the exhibition, derived from admissions, from the sale of privileges, and from the final sale of materials, should be divided between the Government and the city in which the exhibition is held, in the proportion of the contributions of each.

The admission fee might expediently be fixed, as it was last summer in France, at twenty cents for the daytime and forty cents for the evening after five or six o'clock. There should be no temporary closing of the exhibition, and no attempt to put out persons already within the inclosure at the hour of change in the price.

## NO SALES.

I HAD a notion to permit at Paris, or at least to propose, the free sale of exhibits sufficiently portable to be taken away by the purchaser, under the conditions that the vacant places should at once be filled by objects of identical character, and that a percentage should be collected on such sales by the administration. I perceived, however, that this was impracticable, because the committees of admission would be overwhelmed by a horde of producers and tradesmen, who would give the exhibition the character of a mere bazar, and would deprive it of the academic quality

alone suitable to such an international gathering. I decided, therefore, to allow such a current sale only in the case of productions of the Orient and of the far East, where the manufacturers are without exception and above all traffickers, so that these classes of objects without this license would hardly have been represented on the Champ de Mars. In the light of this experience, I urge the directors of the United States exhibition to refuse all authorization to make sales during the exhibition, and to publish this decision everywhere and in advance, and to depart from their rule only in highly exceptional cases. If any other course is followed, unending confusion will be certain. The suppression of the customary jury of recompenses is an additional reason for rigid maintenance of the prohibition to sell, for it is sure that the suppression of this jury will bring together a vast and unparalleled number of exhibitors of high standing and merit, who will be glad of the chance to make their products known without having to submit them to the verdicts of judges who are too often their professional rivals; and such exhibitors as these would have good reason to complain if the mercantile spirit were allowed to dominate in a great celebration undertaken only as a masterly manifestation to the world of the supreme merits to be found in the domains of the fine arts, of agriculture, and of the industrial arts.

The United States will be well able to make a most magnificent display; and it will be a privilege to our old Europe to go to admire what a people of splendid energy has known how to accomplish during a century of freedom.

*Georges Berger.*



## THE HARBOR OF DREAMS.

ONLY a whispering gale  
Flutters the wings of the boat;  
Only a bird in the vale  
Lends to the silence a note  
Mellow, subdued, and remote:  
This is the twilight of peace,  
This is the hour of release,  
Free of all worry and fret,  
Clean of all care and regret,  
When like a bird in its nest  
Fancy lies folded to rest.

This is the margin of sleep;  
Here let the anchor be cast;  
Here in forgetfulness deep,  
Now that the journey is past,  
Lower the sails from the mast.  
Here is the bay of content,  
Heaven and earth interblent;  
Here is the haven that lies  
Close to the gates of surprise;  
Here all like Paradise seems—  
Here is the harbor of dreams.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

## THE FURROW.

HOW somber slope these acres to the sea  
And to the breaking sun! The sunrise deeps  
Of rose and crocus, whence the far dawn leaps,  
Gild but with scorn their gray monotony.  
The glebe rests patient for its joy to be.  
Past the salt field-foot many a dim wing sweeps;  
And down the field a first, slow furrow creeps,  
Pledge of near harvests to the unverdured lea.  
With clank of harness tramps the serious team.  
The sea-air thrills their nostrils. Some wise crows  
Feed confident behind the plowman's feet.  
In the early chill the clods fresh-cloven steam;  
And down its griding path the keen share goes.  
So from a scar but flowers the future's sweet!

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## GIOVANNI BELLINI, 1427?-1516.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



THE author of the article on G. Bellini in the encyclopedic "Art and Artists of the Middle Ages and Renaissance" of Dr. Dohme bases his treatise on a remarkable sample of the shallow profundity with which the study of art has been obscured by so many of the German critics, deep in their research and authoritative in their statements of fact, but, from Winckelmann down, utterly uncomprehending in their theories of art. He says "Venice was seized later than any other part of Italy by the artistic movement." This is so curiously untrue that one is obliged to conclude that the author had never been in Venice; or, if so, that he had visited only the Accademia and the churches in search of pictures. The fact is that in no part of Italy was the "artistic movement" so early or so spontaneous. When every other section of Italy owed all its art to the Lombards or Germans, and the only vestige of art of any form was Gothic or Byzantine, without any modification, as just before Cimabue, Venice had already asserted her artistic vitality by the assimilation and individualization of all that was vital and artistic in the arts of Byzantium. When St. Mark's was being built, there was no art in Tuscany which was worth mentioning, nor was there ever any native art in Rome. Until Giotto came on the scene there was more art and more "artistic movement" in Venice than in all the rest of Italy besides, but

it was not in the form of religious painting, which seems to be all that our German author has any perception of. Most of the earliest has perished, but the mosaics of St. Mark's remain, with the Cathedral itself and the Ducal Palace, to defy the western world of that epoch to measure itself collectively with the "city of the lagoons."

But in Venice the life of the individual was lost in that of the state. The passion for state ceremonials and the splendor of state pageants were enough to absorb the artistic feeling of the people; and as nobody lived for himself, so nobody thought of ordering pictures for himself. The main motive of all private encouragement of art in all ages has been personal vanity or desire for the approbation of one's fellow-citizens. These motives were rigorously suppressed by the Venetian polity; and all that existed in Venice before a time much later than the beginnings of a Venetian school of painting, be it art, be it riches, be it manhood itself, existed solely for the state. The aristocracy itself, to which our German author attributes so much, diverted only at a later period the art of Venice to the building and decoration of its private palaces; for there was never a time subsequent to A. D. 800 at which Venice had not more art in its architecture than all the rest of Italy together, if we leave out the Norman and Saracenic work in Sicily. That Venetian art did not take the form of church decoration is a consideration of no importance.

But from the purely artistic point of view,

as distinguished from the didactic, Venetian art, as soon as it began to show itself in forms of pictorial convention, began to differentiate from all other Italian art. The school of Murano may be taken as a reflection of the mosaic school, which from the eighth century must have been of great importance in Torcello and Venice; but the Vivarinis had a distinct and influential lead in the painting of the state. Of the brothers Antonio and Giovanni (called the German) we know only that they painted always together in the first half of the fifteenth century. There is in the Accademia a picture signed "Joannes et Antonius de Murano f mccccxxxxx," and the last record we have of them is in the occurrence of the name of Antonio as witness of a document in 1452; and we have no evidence of Giovanni having worked with him later than 1447, when their names occur for the last time together. Bartolommeo, who is the best known of the family, is said to have been a brother of Antonio; but I am inclined to suspect a confusion of names, as he must have been about forty years younger than Antonio, his pictures being dated as late as 1499, forty-seven years later than any occurrence of the name of Antonio. He was the contemporary of Jacopo Bellini, the father of Giovanni and Gentile, though somewhat younger, and most certainly exercised an influence on the sons, as his pictures show the distinct color-motive of Venetian art—the first to show this among the work of Venetian artists. He perhaps in common with Jacopo had been influenced by Gentile da Fabriano, as the latter had been by Flemish art; and it is probable that to the younger Van Eyck was due the first suggestion of the quest of pure color of the painters of Venice.

Giovanni Vivarini had probably received a part at least of his art education in Germany; and it is not likely that he was ignorant of oil-painting, as Bartolommeo worked in both oil and tempera. But oil as a vehicle had been used by Pietro della Francesca, and I believe by Filippo Lippi, so that the reputed introduction of the method by Antonello da Messina must be apocryphal. Many influences may therefore have combined to give birth to the peculiarly Venetian school, but those influences, so far as they were exotic, were common to all Italian art; it was only when they fell on the Venetian nature that they produced a distinctive fruit. Even the triumphs of Titian never communicated their influence to any other school. In Venice the development of color is normal and complete: it begins with Vivarini, possibly contemporaneously with old Jacopo Bellini; and in Giovanni—Giambellino he is always called by the old writers—is seen in all its stages but the final,

which it reaches with Giorgione and Titian, in whom for the first time is seen the full power of a musical chord.

Meyer (*Künstler Lexikon*) says that the brothers Bellini studied perspective under Girolamo Malatini, who was at that time a teacher of mathematics in Venice. In 1454 the family moved to Padua, where, he says, the brothers came into contact with Mantegna, who entered into the most intimate relations with the family, and finally married the sister Niccolosia. The relations of the two great masters of North-Italian art have been much and conjecturally discussed, but we must remember that Bellini was now twenty-six—according to Burton possibly twenty-eight—and Mantegna twenty-three, and had been an independent master since he was seventeen. We are told that Squarcione, the master of Mantegna, had broken off his relations with him on account of his defection to the Bellinis; but this must be a supererogation, since Mantegna had been working in his own name for six years. It has been said that the work of the two masters at a certain epoch is hardly to be distinguished apart, which is surprising considering the essentially different nature of their temperaments. The explanation is perhaps to be found in the fact that they both were at one time pupils of old Jacopo; and Meyer says that "It is clear from the book of drawings now in the British Museum, from the hand of Jacopo, the father, that both Mantegna and Giovanni borrowed certain portions of their designs from this book." This book was done in 1430. Is it not probable, then, that at some earlier time, and before the manner of either of the young painters had become to any extent individualized, they had been pupils of Jacopo?

The first work that the Bellinis were engaged in at Padua, so far as we know, was the altarpiece in the Gattamelata chapel of S. Antonio, but, as is shown by an inscription, the father considered his sons as independent masters and as employed by him as such. Jacopo Bellini died in Padua and the brothers returned to Venice, where we find Giovanni at work in 1464 on some pictures for the school of S. Girolamo—works now lost. In 1472 he painted the altarpiece of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, supposed to be the last of his works in tempera, and in 1473, according to Meyer, both he and Bartolommeo Vivarini became acquainted with the work of Antonello in oil, through a "Madonna and Child" by the last, executed for S. Cassiano in Venice. In 1478 Giovanni painted the altarpiece of S. Giobbe in oil, and Vasari tells how he was, on account of this work and the earlier one in SS. Giovanni and Paolo, invited to decorate the council chamber in the Doge's palace. Gentile, the



elder brother, had already been commissioned with this work in 1474, but on his being sent to Constantinople at the request of the Sultan, Giovanni was called in to fill his place. His entry on this post was in 1479, and his compensation was to be the first vacant reversion to the office of "broker" in the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, a position which was apparently a sinecure with some profitable privileges. In 1480 a new grant was made of eighty ducats a year in the interim, with a provision for the expense of colors and implements, so that he should be of an unconcerned mind and nourish himself and his family, which is the only indication that remains to us of his having a family or of his personal history. Three years later he is freed of all expenses on account of his guild, so that he can without any anxiety give himself to the work which the state had assigned him. At the same time (1483) he is named "*Pictor Nostri Domini*" (the Doge) and painter to the state. In 1481 both brothers were at work in the council chamber of the Ducal Palace, and in 1488 Giovanni began executing his own designs there—an item of information which gives us an idea of the deliberation and preparation with which he approached his work. For, though he had always been allowed to give time to private commissions, and, in fact, had so many of them that the Signiory, in 1494, finding him too much occupied with these private commissions, threatened to employ Perugino with him, which menace brought him again to his official work,—though he is seen to have interrupted it to paint a "*Baptism of Christ*" for the Church of the Santa Corona in Vicenza,—he was nine years preparing his designs for this work.

In 1488 Vivarini was appointed to work with Bellini in the council chamber at the salary of sixty ducats a year, together with his pupils. Of all the work here executed, historical subjects, portraits of the Doges, decorations, etc., comprising the better part of the life labor of one of the noblest of painters, nothing remains, the

conflagration of 1577 having swept it all away. What remains to us are the altarpieces which he painted for the Venetian churches, and a few mythological subjects of his later years. He is to be studied mainly in Venice, where most of the altarpieces which were painted for the churches of the city are collected in the Accademia, a few being still exposed to the smoke of the candles of the altars and the chances of conflagration such as that which destroyed one of the chief of them, the great altarpiece of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, burned through the idiotic carelessness (it deserves no weaker phrase, though the popular opinion in Venice is that the priests of the church lighted the fire intentionally, to punish the Government for the removal to the Accademia of so many of the church pictures) of the ecclesiastical authorities, to which was also due the destruction at the same time of one of the masterpieces of Titian, the "*Peter Martyr*." These altarpieces generally follow a conventional scheme of Bellini's adoption: the Virgin, seated on a throne and under a canopy, is surrounded by saints and angels, the latter sometimes playing on musical instruments, and with a landscape showing on both sides of the throne.<sup>1</sup> The feeling of the whole is naturalistic without in the least tending to realism: the passages of open sky; the trees and distant mountains, which Giovanni seems sometimes to crowd into the composition at the risk of its harmony; the naive and easy attitudes of the Virgin and Child; the studied arrangement of the folds of his draperies; and the warm glow of the flesh tints, which, though not at all realistic, still convey the idea of living flesh more distinctly than if they were realistic—all these qualities, new to the art of that day and probably more surprising than in ours, still distinguish the work of Bellini among the painters of Italy. To my mind one of the most important of his pictures is the "*Peter Martyr*" of the National Gallery of London. It might be considered the forerunner of modern landscape painting if it were alone in his art. The figures

<sup>1</sup> The charming picture of the Madonna and Child [see frontispiece], enthroned with SS. Peter, Catherine, Lucia, and Jerome in S. Zaccaria of Venice, is one of the best of these. The Madonna is seated on a high Renaissance throne, the Child standing on her knee with his left foot on her left hand—very human and real both of them. Behind the throne is the usual canopy with Renaissance ornament on the terminal pilasters, the dark hollow of its concavity furnishing the required mass of shadow which relieves the group on the throne and the throne itself. On one of the steps to the throne sits a lovely little angel in dark green and yellow robes, playing on a viol. St. Lucia at the right (spectator's) shows an exquisite fair profile quite individual and portrait-like. She is dressed in a gray-blue and red drapery. St. Catherine is opposed to her formally in the composition, and in the arrangement of color, a dark mass. They face each other. SS. Peter and Jerome are in similar manner opposed

to each other, and at each side of the canopy is a narrow strip of landscape, on one side a fig tree and on the other an elm or an ash—for the species is not always well marked. The draperies of the two are large and carefully composed and contrasted, St. Peter's gathered up on his left arm, like a toga, while the folds of St. Jerome's fall from the waist in straight lines. The fondness for Renaissance ornament is one of the things in which Giovanni resembles Mantegna, but this was characteristic of the epoch. The most lovely Renaissance churches that have ever been built were being raised in Venice, and in architecture as in sculpture the Renaissance was in its fullest life. Donatello had been in Padua a splendid example of the vitality of the "new birth," and there was the greatest danger that the Ducal Palace, after the fire of 1577, would be pulled down and rebuilt in the pure Renaissance, so entirely had the Renaissance come to reign in Venice.

are of little importance compared with those in his church pictures generally, and are in an important landscape, by which the painter, as by the naturalistic treatment of the subject, may have intended to distinguish this particular modern martyrdom from those of the early days of Christianity. The background against which the figures are relieved is a thicket of laurel, each leaf carefully touched and each group carefully composed, not from nature, but from knowledge of the tree, no endeavor being apparent to realize the actual effect of foliage, but the aim being simply to dwell inexhaustibly on the lovely forms of the laurel leaf in its varying positions. In the distance is a lovely hill landscape in the sunlight with an Italian town of the day rising beyond the grove. It is a work of Giovanni's old age, painted in 1514, when he was eighty-six. This must have been about the time when Albert Dürer visited him, and wrote the letter which is one of the most interesting items of personal knowledge of Bellini's character we have, and is fortunately preserved textually. Dürer writes to a friend:

I have many good friends among the Italians who tell me I should not eat and drink with Italian painters [pointing clearly to the danger of being poisoned through jealousy, a curious testimony to the moral character of the men who were, as we now imagine, so filled with the religious sentiment in their art, but who, as we see by other incidents, even in the life of Bellini, were full of professional envy and animosity]. Many are inimical to me, and also imitate my work when they see it in the churches; they also blame it because they say it is not in the old style, therefore not good, but Giambellino has praised me much, before many noble people. He would much like to have something of mine, and came himself to me and begged me to do something for him and he would pay me well. And every one says what an upright man he is. I am much attached to him. He is very old, but still the best in painting.

Dürer's testimony is important, for he was an artist of the intellectual type and that which furnishes the soundest criticism of the art of others. When, therefore, he, with the work of Titian—then in his prime—before him, says that Bellini is the best painter of Venice, he pronounces a judgment which deserves the gravest consideration, for he knew his art theoretically and practically, and was at the same time so broad in his feeling that he was not, like a painter of more limited if more intense sympathy, likely to take a partial view of the art of another painter, and his words encourage me in my own judgment of Giovanni, that he held the position in the school of Venice that Phidias did in that of Greece; he was at that summit level of art at which all the best elements and all the classic dignity and severity were still preserved, and the sensuous element

was kept in check by the intellectual and the feeling for the ideal in form. Later Giorgione and Titian revel in a far more complete abandon to the fascinations of art and in the pursuit of "art for art's sake," just as in the Greek school Praxiteles and Scopas carried the triumphs of art, if not its refinements, to a stage beyond the Phidian. We give an intellectual adhesion to the preëminence of the Elgin marbles; but, in my opinion, every artist who is honest with himself says to himself that he likes the Hermes and the Venus of Milo better than the pediment of the Parthenon, just as he prefers the "Sacred and Profane Love" to a masterpiece of Giovanni Bellini. And we must remember that the great work of Bellini's life went in the conflagration of the Ducal Palace, and that what we have is mainly the things he did to live by or to lay up money. Titian is sometimes reckless of his own reputation and is feebler than himself, but Bellini in the work of his eighty-sixth year is as firm in his touch and as severe in his purpose as in the earliest picture we have of his. Titian carries the power of color further and gives its orchestration a sweep which Bellini could not have approved, but Bellini's were the principles and the patterns which Titian only embroidered on—that poetry of color in which the truth of nature transcends her facts and sends her messages of beauty home to the heart in a passion which the severest prose version can never awaken. The Giottesques, even down to Gozzoli, had employed color as the means of brightening the church, and the Florentine Renaissance, as the matter-of-fact language of nature, her prose; but Bellini, and the Venetians with him, sought it as music, and wrought out its contrasts and chords to heighten its brilliancy or intensify its tenderness, or subdued its crudity to the warmth and glow of flesh, or the pathos of twilight on the landscape.

The question of the introduction of oil-color has an enormous importance in the history of Venetian art. I have expressed doubt that Antonello could have been the first to bring the new vehicle to the knowledge of Bellini. As its use is indisputable in the pictures of Pietro della Francesca, and I believe of Filippo Lippi, who was in Padua, it is hardly possible that in the studies of the Vivarinis the knowledge of it should not have been included. But used as a simple vehicle to hold the pigment, and in solid painting, oil presents to a painter who is a thorough master of his material no advantage whatever. Tempera, on the contrary, had some advantages which recommend it even to our own times. A painter who is certain of his work can give it a brilliancy and prismatic force with almost absolutely permanent value such as cannot be attained in a similar use of

oil as the vehicle, *i. e.*, when both are used in solid and opaque tints. But when the oil is used as a transparent vehicle and the system of execution becomes more or less a process of glazing, the character of the work is transformed and the increase of power and brilliancy in the tints is enormous. And this it is which enabled Bellini to elaborate a system of color which would have been impossible to a painter in tempera or fresco. In these vehicles the last tint covers all that went before, so that the gradual increase of force or the studied adjustment of the opposition or harmony of the tints is impossible. In transparent color a painter may tune his work as he would a violin, and arrive at an exactitude of distinction which is out of the question in tempera. But other painters have used the same means to very little effect. Bellini had learned the use of some vehicle which did not blacken with time, and the careful and most deliberate preparation of his work, which is betrayed by the precision

of his drawing even in the least important accessories, gave to his manner a sureness and firmness of execution of the highest importance in any method, but especially in that which he finally adopted.

But these are mechanical elements of art. All the scientific and all the theoretical knowledge, as well as all the power of drawing, of Michelangelo would have been in vain had not the Venetian temperament—the sentiment of and delight in color, which no other school has ever developed—been implanted in Bellini. He found the music of color, but where we need not attempt to discover. Mystery of genius! Here we drop analysis; here the vivisection of the soul, were it possible, alone could help us.

Bellini died on the 29th of November, 1516, and was buried beside his brother Gentile in the church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo. Over his tomb ought to be inscribed, "He gave to the world a new art."

*W. J. Stillman.*

#### NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

**V**ENICE, August 23, 1889.—The Madonna and Child enthroned, of the Frari Church at Venice, forms the altarpiece of the sacristy. It measures, inclusive of its frame, about 8½ feet in width, and is composed of three panels separated from one another by the framework. The central one, representing the Madonna and Child enthroned under a canopy, is higher than the two side ones by some 29 or 30 inches. It is 31 inches wide by about 75 inches high, and is arched at the top. In the detail given I have left out this canopy from where the arch begins to spring, in order to get the main portion as large as possible on the block, thus cutting off some twenty odd inches of the original. The rest of the panel is given entire.

The panels on each side are 19 inches wide by about 46 inches high, and represent the four Evangelists standing, two on each panel. The whole is inclosed in a beautiful frame richly ornamented with arabesques in low relief. It consists of a predella, upon which rest four pilasters which separate the panels from each other. These are surmounted by cornices over the side panels, while from those portions of the cornices supported by the inner pilasters springs the arch over the center panel. Over the cornices of the side panels, and surmounting the framework proper, are grotesque figures of winged mermaids whose fish-like bodies wind and end in scrolls. There are two over each side panel, between two handsome candlesticks. The arched center panel is capped by a handsome ornament of fruit mingled with grotesque fish, from the center of which rises an urn from which flames ascend, as from the candlesticks also.<sup>1</sup> The frame forms part of the picture, and is repeated in

it; as for instance in the side panels where the pilasters of the exterior of the frame are shown in perspective behind the Evangelists. So are they seen in the center panel receding in perspective and forming the support to the cornice running round behind the Madonna.

The work is painted on wood, in oil apparently, and is very rich and mellow in coloring. Above the Madonna is a dome filling the arch. This is heaven opened, and is formed of golden clouds parting to each side, disclosing a glory of light. Here appears a Latin inscription of two lines to the Madonna. This golden portion seems to glow with a light of its own—an effect obtained perhaps by glazing upon a gold ground. The background behind the Madonna, and below the warm marble cornice, is of a deep rich carmine burning like a ruby. It is ornamented with a pattern in gold, which in the lighted portion sparkles with a soft and quiet luster. The drapery is of a rich, harmonious blue, the dark folds of which are intensely deep. The underrobe is red, similar in tone to the background, but brighter. The throne is of a reddish-brown marble, glowing golden on the lighted side, while the clouds and veins in the marble give added richness of color. Bellini's name, in gold, is inscribed in the middle, with the letter *F* (*fecit*) beneath and the date 1488. The flesh tints are mellow and bright as though illumined by a golden light. How charming are the angels at the foot of the throne—the one crowned with myrtle piping, the other accompanying his song on the lute! How buoyant and resolute the Child stands! The Mother scarcely rests her hands upon him. The Child occupies a height in the picture of fifteen inches.

*T. Cole.*

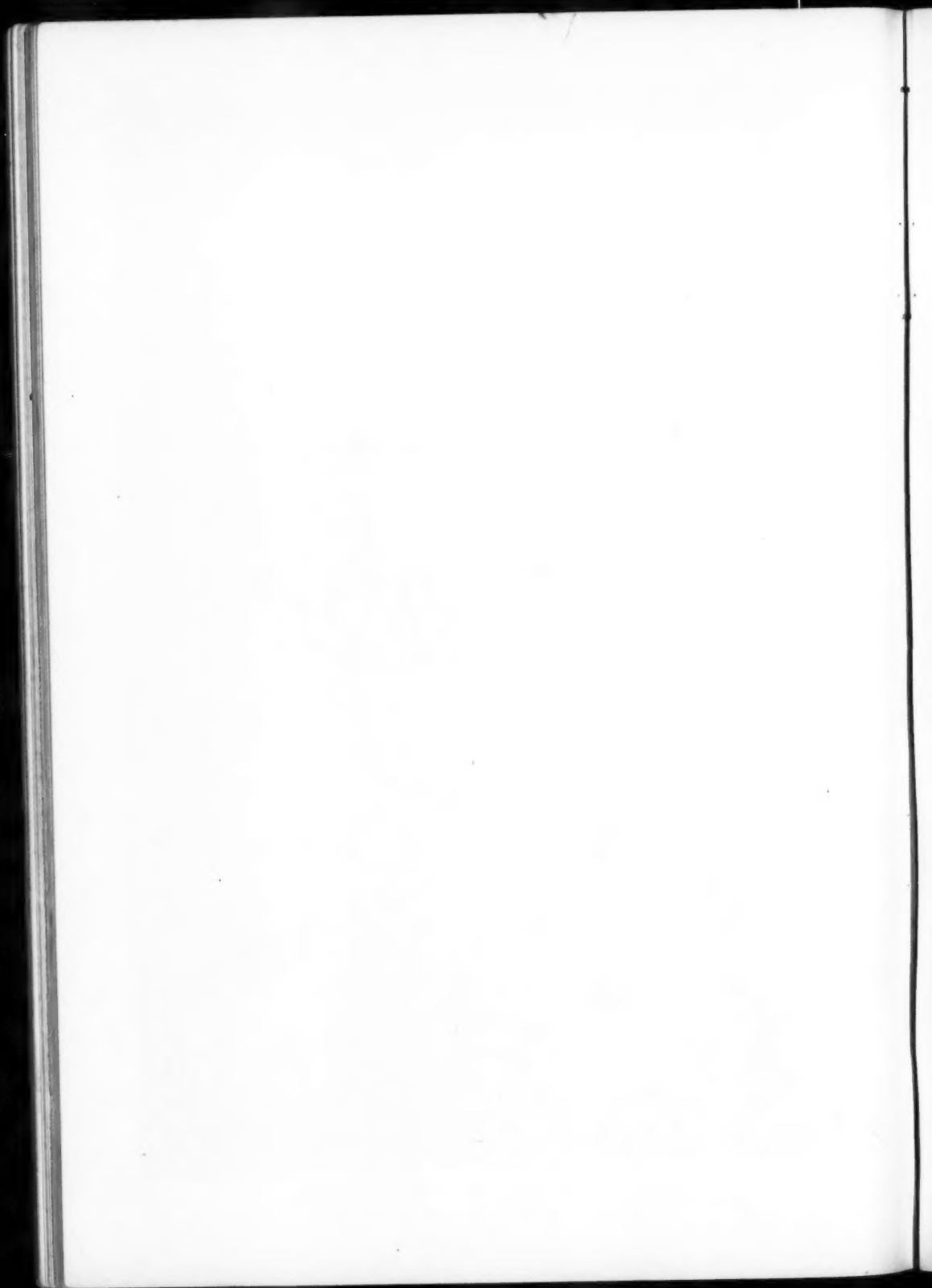
<sup>1</sup> Evidently a later addition to the decoration of the frame.—W. J. S.



MADONNA AND CHILD, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI.

(DETAIL OF ALTARPIECE IN THE SACRISTY OF STA. MARIA GLORIOSA DE' FRARI, VENICE.)





# THE SHRINES OF IYÉYASŪ AND IYÉMITSŪ IN THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF NIKKO.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



PORTRAIT-STATUE OF IYÉYASŪ IN CEREMONIAL DRESS.



**J**ULY 25.— From where we are in the Holy Mountain, our first visit would be naturally to the shrine of the shōgun Iyéyasū, whose extreme walls I see among the highest trees whenever I look from our balcony over our little waterfall.

Iyéyasū died in 1616, having fought, he said, ninety battles and eighteen times escaped death, having almost destroyed Christianity, and leaving his family established as rulers of Japan. In obedience to his dying wishes, his son and successor removed the body of his father from its resting-place in the south to this final tomb at Nikko. Here, in 1617, with complicated and mystic ceremonial, he was buried and deified.

If you have no work on Japan near by to refer to, *sub voce* Iyéyasū, I can tell you, briefly, what he did or what he was, though I, too, have no books at my hand. He was a great man, a patient waiter upon opportunity, who at the end of the sixteenth century came upon the scene of a great civil war, then filled by two protagonists, the military ruler, Nobunaga, and his lieutenant, Hidéyoshi, who was to be known later as Taiko Sama. Their aim was to settle something more definitely, of course in

their favor; and, in fact, the death of the former and the triumphant success of the latter, who succeeded him, went far towards disposing of many contending claims, and towards a crystallizing of the feudal system, which had grown of centuries of civil war. This is the moment that we see reflected in the annals of the first Christian missionaries, to whom the military chiefs of Japan were alternately kind or cruel.

When Hidéyoshi died he had grown to be the master of Japan; he had been made Regent of the Empire, as a title of honor, for he was that and more in reality; he had become one of the greatest of Oriental warriors, and had begun life as a groom, the son of a humble peasant. The name of Taiko (great gate) he took like other regents, on retiring nominally from office, but with the addition of Sama (Lord) it is applied to him alone in popular memory. Naturally, then, he believed in a possible dynasty originating in him. At his death he could see, as his greatest fear for the future of the young son to whom he wished to leave his power, this man Iyéyasū Tokugawa, lord now of many provinces, but who had begun humbly, and who had assisted him in breaking many enemies, receiving a reward

with every success, and consolidating meanwhile his own smaller powers. The dying Taiko made complicated arrangements to secure the good-will of Iyéyasū, and also to prevent his encroachments. These arrangements, including and combining the agencies of numbers of princes and vassals, many of them newly Christianized, seem only the more certainly to have forced on a position in which Iyéyasū, with few allies, but with clear aims and interests, took the field against a larger number of princes, commanding more men, but not united in any intention as fixed as his was. These he defeated for once and all, on a great battlefield, Sékigahara, on some day in October in the year 1600. It was the greatest battle that Japan ever saw, and one of the bloodiest — remarkable for us because of the death of three of the Christian leaders against Iyéyasū, warriors distinguished before in many wars, who could not, being Christians, take their own lives in defeat, as their Japanese traditions of honor commanded. Hence the victor had them beheaded — a shameful death, and thereby heroic. These were almost his only immediate victims. Iyéyasū wisely forgave, when it paid, and merely weakened the beaten, increasing the possessions but not the powers of his adherents; and finally remained in undisputed power, with great titles from the mikado, who, though poor in power, was still a dispenser of honors, for, as with the greater gods, the *victrix causa* pleased.

Meanwhile the protection of the son of the great Taiko Sama, for which all this war had been supposed to grow, had not been effected, and even this one obstacle or reminder was to disappear from before Iyéyasū, but not for several years, and only just before his death.

He had, in Japanese custom, resigned his apparent power to his son, for behind him he could act more obscurely and with less friction. Then began the drama of the extinction of Christianity; slowly, for many reasons, not the least being that several Christian princes, with their vassals, had supported Iyéyasū in his struggle. And at length the son of Taiko Sama, Hidéyori, indirectly connected with the Christian side, fell before Iyéyasū. His strong castle at Osaka was said to have become a place of refuge for the persecuted and the discontented, even to the very Christians whom his father had cruelly persecuted.

Which was in the wrong and disturbed the waters, the wolf or the lamb, I do not know, but only that in June, 1615, the great castle was attacked by Iyéyasū and his son in as bloody a battle as was ever fought; and notwithstanding that for a moment victory hung in the balance, the Tokugawa Luck prevailed, the castle took fire, thousands perished, and Hidéyori and his mother disappeared.

Whether Iyéyasū was the author of the code of laws or rules at which he is supposed to have worked during these years of waiting, with the aid of learned scholars, to bequeath them to his descendants for the maintenance of the order of things he left, I do not know; nor perhaps was the information I once had about them at all accurate. They, or their spirit, however, served to guide the nation for

the next two hundred and fifty years; that is to say, until the second Commodore Perry came to Japan, with the increased weight of an outside world much changed.

Meanwhile the great man died, leaving a great personal fame behind him, over and above the powers he could transmit.

He was buried here, as I said. The place



SKETCH OF STATUE OF IYÉYASŪ  
TOKUGAWA.

was chosen in 1616: at the end of the same year the buildings were begun, and in the beginning of the next year were partly completed. When the funeral procession arrived, in nineteen days from Iyéyasū's former resting-place, amid great ceremonies and religious rites the title of "Supreme Highness, Lord of the East, Great Incarnation," was given to the hero and ruler and son of the small laird of Matsudaira.

While he was being thus deified the persecution of the Christians increased in violence, passing into a hideous delirium of cruelty; wiping out its victims, but unable to affect their courage. There can be apparently no exaggeration of the sufferings of the martyrs nor of the strength of mind shown by them — a courage and constancy ennobling to Japan.

Hidetada, the son of Iyéyasū, is buried at Yeddo (Tokio); but Iyémitsū, the grandson, has a temple and a tomb here in the forest, alongside of his grandfather's.

He succeeded to power in 1623, and lived and ruled some thirty years more with an energy worthy of Iyéyasū, and carried the system to completion. The laws known as the laws of Iyéyasū are sometimes made out to be his. These laws, based on the old feudal habits, and influenced and directed by the great Chinese doctrines of relationships and duties, are not laws as we think of law, nor were they to be published. They were to be kept secret for the use of the Tokugawa house; to serve as rules for conduct in using their power, so as to secure justice, which is in return to secure



AVENUE TO TEMPLE OF IWÉYASÛ.

power, that exists for its own end in the mind of rulers. These laws, some of which are reflections, or moral maxims, or references to the great man's experience, made out a sort of criminal code,—the relations of the classes,—matters of rank and etiquette, and a mechanism of government. They asserted the supremacy and at the same time destroyed the power of the mikado, and by strict rules of succession, residence, and continued possession bound up the feudal nobles. They reasserted the great individual virtues of filial piety and of feudal loyalty, and insisted on the traditions of military honor. "The sword" was to be "the soul of the Samurai," and with it these have carried the national honor and intelligence in its peculiar expressions.

Full recognition was given to the teaching, "Thou shalt not lie beneath the same sky, nor tread on the same earth, with the murderer of thy lord." The rights of the avenger of blood were admitted, even though he should pay the penalty of his life.

Suicide, which had long been a Japanese development of chivalrous feeling and military honor, was still to be regarded as purifying of all stain, and, for the first time, allowed in mitigation of the death penalty.

Indeed, half a century later, the forty-seven Ronin ("wave-people"—Samurai who had lost their natural lord and their rights) were to die in glorious suicide, carrying out the feudal ideal of fidelity.

You know the story probably; at any rate you will find it in Mitford's tales of old Japan. It is a beautiful story, full of noble details, telling how, by the mean contrivance of a certain lord, the Prince of Ako was put in the wrong, and his condemnation to death and confiscation obtained. And how, then, forty-seven gentlemen, faithful vassals of the dead lord, swore to avenge the honor of their master, and for that purpose to put aside all that might stand in the way. For this end they put aside all else they cared for, even wife and children, and through every obstacle pursued their plan up to the favorable moment when they surprised, on a winter night, in his palace, among his guards, the object of their vengeance, whose suspicions had been allayed by long delay. And how his decapitated head was placed by them upon his victim's tomb, before the forty-seven surrendered themselves to justice, and were allowed to commit suicide by *hara-kiri*, and how they have since lived forever in the memory of Japan.





STABLE OF SACRED HORSES.

These laws, then, destroyed nothing; they reasserted certain Japanese traditions and customs, but made out, through many details, the relations of dependence of all classes of society upon the shōgun, as vassal indeed of the mikado, but supreme ruler who held the key of all. All this did Iyémitsū carry out, as well as the consequent seclusion of the country; the only manner of avoiding ideals which might clash with those upon which this consolidation of the past was based. And to many of these ideals, to the idea of the sacredness of the family, to the idea of subjection to the law of the ruler, Christianity, by its ideal of marriage, by its distinctions of the duty to Cæsar,—to name only a few reasons,—might be found an insidious dissolvent. Therefore, if it be necessary to find a high motive, Iyémitsū did what he could to trample out the remains of Christianity; which were to expire, a few years after his death, in a final holocaust as terrible and glorious as Nero himself could have wished to see.

From that time, for two centuries, all went on the same, until the arrival of the foreigners found a system so complete, so interlocked and rigid, as to go to pieces with the breaking of a few links.

That break was supplied by the necessity of yielding to the Christian and foreign demand of entrance, and in so far abandoning the old ways.

With this proof of weakness the enemies of the Tokugawa and those of the system began to assert themselves, circumstances aiding, and in 1868 the last of the race resigned all powers and retired to private life.

The details of the enormous changes, as they followed one another, are too many and sudden, and apparently too contradictory, for me to explain further. Even now I repeat this deficient summary of the Tokugawa story only because of wishing to recall who they were that have temples and tombs about us, and to recall, also, that such has been the end of the beginning which is buried here.

THE approach to the temple, to which most paths lead, is through a great broad avenue, a quarter of a mile long, bordered by high stone walls, above which rise high banks and higher trees. Between these dark green walls, all in their own shade,—in the center of the enormous path and in the full light of the sky,—a brilliant torrent rushes down in a groove of granite, hidden occasionally under

the road. Here and there drop out from the walls noisy columns of clearest water.

In the distance beyond, through a mass of closer shade, made by two rows of dark cryptogamia, that are planted on banks faced with stones,—for here the road divides into three different grades of ascent by enormous steps,—shine the high white walls of the temple grounds, edged with a red-lacquered fence and a black

Two monsters of uncertain lion-form occupy the niches on each side. From the upper side of the red pillars, as supports for the engaged lintel, stretch out the gilded heads of tapirs,—protectors against pestilence,—of lions and elephants, and great bunches of the petals of the peony. Above, the architrave and frieze are painted flat with many colors and with gold, and the ends of the many beams which



SACRED PONT.

roofed gate of red and gold. In the open space before it, with wide roads diverging through high walls, crowned with scarlet fences, stands a granite Torii, some thirty feet high, whose transverse stones are crossed by a great black tablet, marked with the gilded divine name of Iyēyasū. On one side a five-storied pagoda, graceful and tall, certainly one hundred feet high, blood-red and gold in the sunlight, and green, white, and gold in the shadows of its five rows of eaves, rises free from the trees around it and sends a tall spear, encircled with nine gilded rings, into the unbroken sky. Bindings and edges of copper, bright green with weathering, sparkle on its black roofs, and from their twenty corners hang bells of bright green copper. Above the steep steps, against the white wall, we pass through the first gate. It is recessed, and two gigantic columns of trees stand in the corners.

support the roofing are gilded. Everywhere, even to the ends of the bronze tiles of the black roof, the crest of Iyēyasū's family, the Tokugawa, is stamped in gilded metal.

At the inside corner of the gate stands a gigantic cedar, said to have grown to this height since the time when Iyēyasū carried it about with him in his palanquin. Opposite to three red buildings, which are storehouses for the memorial treasures of the temple, stands closer to the wall a charming building, mostly gray,—partly owing to the wearing of the black lacquer with time,—and decorated with carved panels which make a frieze or string-course all around its sides. Above this line of green, red, blue, white, and gold, a large space of gray wood, spotted with gilt metal where the framework of the outer beams is joined, spreads up to the pediment under the eaves, which is all



YOUNG PRIEST.

carved and painted on a ground of green. The heavy roof above is black bronze and gilded metal and is spotted with the golden Tokugawa crest. Below the colored band, midway, the black wall has gratings with golden hinges, for this delicate splendor is given to a stable—the stable of the sacred horse of the god Iyéyasū. The patient little cream-colored pony has no look of carrying such honors; and I can scarcely imagine his little form galloping out in the silence of the night under the terrible rider.

A gentle splashing of water, which mingles with the rustling of the trees and the quiet echoes of the pavement, comes from the end of the court, where its edge is a descent filled with high forest trees. This lapping sound comes from the temple font, a great wet mass of stone, looking like solid water. It has been so exactly balanced on its base that the clear mountain stream overflows its sides and top in a perfectly fitting liquid sheet. This sacred

well-basin has a canopy with great black bronze-and-gold roof, supported by white stone pillars, three on each corner, that are set in bronze sockets and strapped with gilded metal. The pediment and the brackets which cap the pillars are brilliantly painted, and the recessed space below the curved roof-beam is filled with palm-like curves of carved waves and winged dragons. Next to this, and at right angles to it, is a heavy bronze Torii, through which we go up to another court, turning away from the buildings we have seen. On the dark surface of the Torii glisten the golden Tokugawa crests; on the great tie-beam, the upper pillars, and the central upright. Near us, the eaves of its lower roof continuing the lines of the water tank pavilion, is the closed library, red, delicately adorned with color under the eaves, and with the same heavy black roofing of bronze dotted with gold which all the buildings have in a heavy monotony. The steps lead us to another court, spotted with different buildings, among tremendous trees—a bronze pavilion with a hanging bell, a bell tower, and a drum tower, closed in with sloping walls of red lacquer, and a large lantern of bronze under a bronze pavilion, whose curious, European, semi-Gothic details contrast suddenly with all this alien art, and prove its origin a tribute from trading Christian Holland to the mortal deity worshiped here. On one side, where the forest slopes down in sun and shadow, stands a Buddhist temple, sole survivor of the faith in this place, now turned over to the official and native worship. The latticed gold-and-black screens were all closed, except in the center, through which we could see the haze and occasional glitter of the gold of gods and altar ornaments, and the paleness of the mats. On its red veranda stood a young Buddhist priest, whom our companions knew; a slight, elegant figure, a type of modesty and refinement. Farther back, on the other side of the veranda, an older companion looked down the valley at some girls whose voices we could hear among the trees.

The main entrance rises above the high steps to a little esplanade with heavy railing, on the level of a higher embankment. The court that we were in was full of broken shadows from its own tall trees, and from all this accumulation of buildings, red-lacquered and gilded, black-and-bronze roofed, spotted and stained with moss and lichens, or glittering here and there in their many metals. Long lines of light trickled down the gray trunks and made a light gray haze over all these miscellaneous treasures. Great lanterns (toro) of stone, capped with green and yellow moss, metal ones of bronze and iron, stand in files

together here and in the lower court, or are disposed in rows along the great stone wall, which is streaked by the weather and spotted with white and purple lichens. Along its upper edge runs the red-lacquered wall, heavily roofed, of the cloister which surrounds the farther court above. Its face is paneled between the metal-fastened beams and posts with two rows of deep carvings of innumerable birds and trees and waves and clouds and flowers. All these are painted and gilded, as are the frieze above and the intervals between the gilded rafters.

the guardian statues of foxes that protect the entrances of the primitive shrines of the land-god Inari. The far-projecting white capitals are the half-bodies of lion-like monsters with open mouths and stretched-out paws. Above these, below the carved balcony which marks the second story, the cornice is made of a wilderness of tenfold brackets, black lacquered and patterned with gold, and from each of the ten highest ones a gilded lion's head frowns with narrowed eyes.

The balcony is one long set of panels — of little panels carved and painted on its white



DETAILS OF BASES OF CLOISTER WALLS, INNER COURT.

On all this space and on the great white gate, the "Gate Magnificent," the full sun embroidered the red and white and colored surfaces with millions of stitches of light and shadow.

The gate, or triumphal arch, is a two-storied building with heavy bronze-tiled roof, capped and edged, like all the rest, with gilded metal, and spotted with the gilded crest of the Tokugawa. Its front towards us rises in the well-known curve, shadowing a pediment, full of painted sculpture. Eight white pillars embroidered with delicate reliefs support the white lintel, which is embossed with great divine monsters and strapped with gilded metal. In the niches on each side are seated two repellent painted images, inside of white walls, which are trellises of deeply carved floral ornament. These figures are warriors on guard, in ancient and Japanese costume, armed with bows and quivers of arrows, whose white, wrinkled, and crafty faces look no welcome to the intruder, and recall the cruel, doubtful look of

line with children playing among flowers. Above, again, as many white pillars as below; along their sides a wild fringe of ramping dragons and the pointed leaves of the bamboo. This time the pillars are crowned with the fabulous dragon-horse, with gilded hoofs dropping into air, and lengthy processes of horns receding far back into the upper bracketings of the roof. Upon the center of the white-and-gold lintel, so delicately carved with waves as to seem smooth in this delirium of sculpture, is stretched between two of the monster capitals a great white dragon with gilded claws and gigantic protruding head. But all these beasts are tame if compared with the wild army of dragons that cover and people the innumerable brackets which make the cornice and support the complicated rafters under the roof. Tier upon tier hang farther and farther out, like some great mass of vampires about to fall. They are gilded; their jaws are lacquered red far down into their throats, against which their white teeth glitter. Far into the shade spreads





DETAIL OF CLOISTER WALLS, INNER COURT.

a nightmare of frowning eyebrows, and pointed fangs and outstretched claws extended towards the intruder. It would be terrible did not one feel the coldness of the unbelieving imagination which perhaps merely copied these duplicates of earlier terrors.

So it is, at least in this bright, reasonable morning light; but I can fancy that late in autumn evenings, or in winter moonlight, or lighted by dubious torches, one might believe in the threats of these blinking eyes and grinning jaws, and fear that the golden terrors might cease clinging to the golden beams. It is steady to the eye to meet at last the plain gold-and-black checker pattern of the ends of the final rafters below the roof, and to see against the sky peaceful bells like inverted tulips, with gilded clappers for pistils, hanging from the corners of the great bronze roof.

And as we pass through the gate we are made to see how ill omen was turned from the Luck of the Tokugawa by an "evil-averting pillar," which has its pattern carved upside down as a sacrifice of otherwise finished perfection.

I noticed also that a childish realism has furnished the lower monsters of the gate with real bristles for their distended nostrils; and this trifle recalls again the taint of the unbelieving imagination, which insists upon small points of truth as a sort of legal protection for its failing in the greater ones.

Within this third cloistered court which we now entered is an inclosed terrace, some fifty yards square. Inside of its walls are the oratory and the final shrine, to which we can pass through another smaller gate, this time with lower steps. The base of the terrace which makes the level of the innermost court is cased with large blocks of cemented stone. Above it is a fence or wall with heavy roof and project-

ing gilded rafters. Great black brackets support the roof. Between them all is carved and colored in birds and flowers and leaves, almost real in the shadow. Between the decorated string-courses the wall is pierced with gilded screens, through which play the lights and darks, the colors and the gilding of the shrine inside. At the very bottom, touching the stone plinth, carved and painted sculptures in high relief project and cast the shadows of leaves and birds upon the brilliant granite.

Beyond this inclosure and the shrine within it the court is abruptly ended by a lofty stone wall, high as the temple roof, and built into the face of the mountain. From its very edge the great slope is covered with tall trees that look down upon this basin filled with gilding and lacquers, with carvings and bronze, with all that is most artificial, delicate, labored, and transitory in the art of man.

It is in this contrast, insisted upon with consummate skill, that lies the secret beauty of the art of the men who did all this. The very lavishness of finish and of detail, the heaped-up exaggerations of refinement and civilization, bring out the more the simplicity and quiet of the nature about them. Up to the very edges of the carvings and the lacquers grow the lichens and mosses and small things of the forest. The gilded temples stand hidden in everlasting hills and trees, open above to the upper sky which lights them, and to the changing weather with which their meaning changes. Nothing could recall more completely the lessons of death, the permanence of change, and the transitoriness of man.

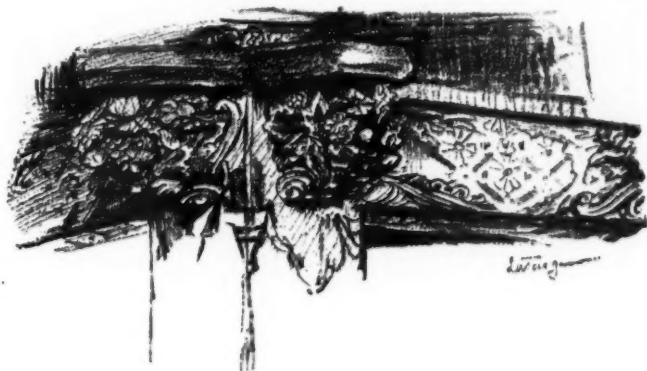
We went up the steps of the recessed gate, which repeats the former theme of white and gold and black in forms of an elegance that touches the limits of good taste. Its heavy black roof, whose four ridges are crowned by

long bronze dragons and crawling lions, opens in a high curve on the front and sides to show under the bent white-and-gold ridge-beams a pediment strapped and intersected by spaces of small carvings, white and tinted, relieved by red perpendiculars of beams.

White and gold shine in the great brackets and the recesses of the rafters. Below the white frieze, carved with many small figures of Chinese story, the pillars and the lintel are inlaid in many carved woods, ornaments of dragons, plants, and diapered patterns on the

palings, or great beasts, types of power, might show great limbs through confining barriers. The long building, indeed, is a great framework, strongly marked, dropped on a solid base, and weighted down by a heavy roofing. The white pillars or posts which divide its face and corners stand clear between the black-and-gold latticed screens, partly lifted, which make almost all its wall.

Strips of the sacramental white paper hang from the lower lintel against the golden shade of the interior. Inside, pale mats cover the



LINTEL, BRACKET CAPITAL.

whitened ground. The opened doors repeat the same faint tones of wood, and of white and gold, and of gilded metals. The walls, which are open at the base, are merely lattice screens. Their exquisite flowered patterns fluctuate with gilded accents of whites, greens, lavenders, and blues.

The gate inside is, therefore, nothing but an ornamented trellis, made still lighter by contrast with the solid white doors, trellised at top, but whose lower panels are exquisitely embellished with inlaid carved woods and chiseled golden metal. We took off our shoes, and ascended the bronze-covered steps of the oratory and shrine, which come down from the red-lacquered veranda, behind the four carved white pillars of the descending porch. Great white dragons with spiky claws project from the pillars, and crawl in and out of the double transom. In the shadow of the roof golden monsters hang from the complex brackets. The friezes and bands of the temple face are filled with carving, delicate as embossed tapestry, while the panels, deeply cut into auspicious forms of birds and flowers, carry full color and gold far up into the golden rafters.

ALL recesses and openings are filled with half-realities, as if to suggest a dread or a delicious interior, as flowers might pass through

black-lacquer floor. Exquisite plain gold pillars, recalling Egyptian shapes, divide the gilded central walls. Here and there on the gilded tie-beams curved lines of emerald-green or crimson, like tendrils, mark with exquisite sobriety a few chamfered cuttings. On either side of the long room (fifty feet) are two recesses with large gold panels on which symbolic forms are freely sketched, and carved inlays of emblematic birds fill their farthest walls. Their ceilings are carved, inlaid, and painted with imperial flowers, mystic birds, and flying figures, and the pervading crest of the Tokugawa. For these were the waiting-rooms of the family, and, as A—— remarked, the impression is that of a princess's exquisite apartment, as if the Tartar tent had grown into greater fixity, and had been touched by a fairy's wand.

All was bare except for an occasional sacred mirror, or hanging gilded ornament, or the hanging papers of the native worship; and this absence of the Buddhist images and implements of worship left clear and distinct the sense of a personal residence—the residence of a divinized spirit, not unlike the one that he was used to in life.

Even more, on the outside of the building the curved stone base, like a great pedestal, with pierced niches filled with flowers carved and painted between the great brackets that



INSIDE THE "CAT GATE"—GATE TO THE TOMB.

support the veranda, makes the temple seem as if only deposited for a time, however long that time may be.

We merely looked at the central passage, that, dividing the building, leads down and then up to the shrine itself, and waited for the time when we shall get further permission, and I shall be allowed to sketch and photograph. As for me, I was wearied with the pleasure of the endless detail; for even now, with all my talk, I have been able to note but a little of what I can remember.

We withdrew, put on our shoes again at the gate, and turned below to the east side of the court. We passed the Hall of Perfumes, where incense was once burned while the monks chanted prayers in the court, as they did when Iyéyasū was buried. We passed the Hall of the Sacred Dances, whose open front makes a large, shady, dim stage, with a great red railing on its projecting edge. Within it moved a white shadow, the figure of a woman dancer. And then we came to a white-and-gold gate, inside of the roofed cloister wall. Above the

open door that leads to it sleeps a carved white cat, in high relief, said to have been the work of a famous left-handed sculptor, carpenter, and architect. Its cautious rest may not have been so far from the habits of the living Iyéyasū, to whose tomb, farther on, this is the entrance.

Framed by the gold and white of the gate and of the half-opened door rise the steps built into the hillside and all carpeted with brilliant green mosses. The stone railings, which for two hundred feet higher up accompany the steps, are also cushioned with this green velvet, and our steps were as noiseless as if those of the white cat herself. All is green, the dark trees descending in sunlight to our right and rising on the bank to our left, until we reach an open space above, with a bank of rocky wall inclosing the clearing.

Here is the small final shrine, and behind it a stone esplanade with a stone fence, within which stands, in the extreme of costly simplicity, the bronze tomb of Iyéyasū. A large bronze gate, roofed in bronze, of apparently a single

casting, with bronze doors, closes the entrance. Before the monument, on a low stone table, are the Buddhist ornaments — the storks, the lotus, and the lion-covered vases, all of brass and of great size.

The tomb itself is of pale golden bronze, in form like an Indian shrine: a domed cylinder surmounted by a great projecting roof which rises from a necking that separates and connects them — above the roof a finial in the shape of a forked flame. Five bronze steps, or bases,

of time, no apparent attempt at an equal permanency; it is like a courteous acceptance of the eternal peace, the eternal nothingness of the tomb.

We leaned against the stone rails and talked of Iyéyasū — of his good nature, of his habit of chatting after battle, of his fraudulent pretensions to great descent; and of the deadening influence of the Tokugawa rule, of its belittling the classes whose energies were the true life of the country. We recognized, indeed, that



TOMB OF IYÉYASŪ TOKUGAWA.

support this emblematic combination of the cube, the cylinder, and the globe.

The crest of the Tokugawa, ten times repeated, seals the door upon the burnt ashes of the man who crystallized the past of his country for three centuries, and left Japan as Perry found it. All his precautions, all his elaborate political conservatism, have been scattered to the winds with the Luck of the Tokugawa, and the hated foreigner leans in sight-seeing curiosity upon the railing of his tomb.

But the solemnity of the resting-place cannot be broken. It lies apart from all associations of history, in this extreme of cost and of refined simplicity, in face of the surrounding powers of nature. There is here no defiance

the rulers of Iyéyasū's time might have perceived the dangers of change for so impressionable a race, but none of us asked whether the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives of courageous Christians had been made up in the strength of the remaining blood.

Far away the sounds of pilgrims' clogs echoed from the steps of distant temples; we heard the running of many waters. Above us a few crows, frequenters of temples, spotted the light for a moment, and their cries faded with them through the branches. A great, heavy, ugly caterpillar crept along the mossy edge of the balustrade, like the fresh incarnation of a soul which had to begin it all anew.

*John La Farge.*



## TOLSTOI.

SAY not sublimity is dead to-day.  
A force Titanic labors on this page—  
Tolstoi! The long-foregone Homeric rage  
Over our throbbing hearts through thee holds sway.  
Thou prob'st the mystery of death's decay,  
The glow of youth, the weariness of age.  
Yet, as the Orient kings left priest and sage  
Their crowns before the infant Christ to lay,  
Thou, to thy Master's mandates reconciled,  
Deeming that wealth and ease of life are sin,  
Stripped of the glory that renown can win,  
Low kneeling, prayest of the Saviour mild,  
"Renew in me the spirit of a child,  
That to thy kingdom I may enter in."

*Margaret Crosby.*

## A FRIENDSHIP.

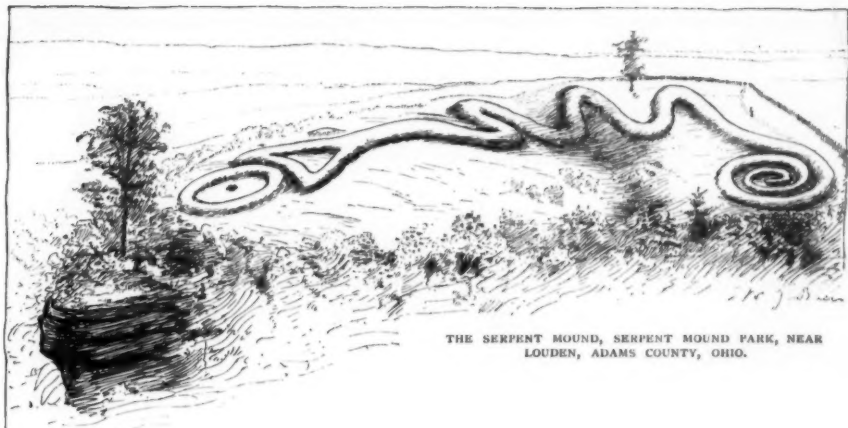
SMALL fellowship of daily commonplace  
We hold together, dear, constrained to go  
Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know  
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;  
And if we meet but for a moment's space,  
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.  
Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink low,  
Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.  
Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves  
To part us. Every hush of evening brings  
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine;  
And as the farther planet thrills and swerves  
When towards it through the darkness Saturn swings,  
Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

*Ellen Burroughs.*

## A MYSTERY.

THAT sunless day no living shadow swept  
Across the hills, fleet shadow chasing light,  
Twin of the sailing cloud: but mists wool-white,  
Slow-stealing mists, on those heaved shoulders crept,  
And wrought about the strong hills while they slept  
In witches' wise, and rapt their forms from sight.  
Dreams were they — less than dream, the noblest height  
And farthest; and the chilly woodland wept.  
A sunless day and sad: yet all the while  
Within the grave green twilight of the wood,  
Inscrutable, immutable, apart,  
Harkening the brook, whose song she understood,  
The secret birch tree kept her silver smile,  
Strange as the peace that gleams at sorrow's heart.

*Helen Gray Cone.*



THE SERPENT MOUND, SERPENT MOUND PARK, NEAR LOUDEN, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO.

## THE SERPENT MOUND OF OHIO.<sup>1</sup>

**I**N September, 1883, in company with four fellow-archæologists, I started from Hillsborough, in Highland County, Ohio, on an excursion to several ancient earthworks which we had long wished to see. Our plans were so arranged as to take us first of all to the Serpent Mound, thence to Fort Hill, and down Paint Creek to the Scioto, stopping from day to day to visit the most interesting of the many ancient works along the route.

Approaching the "Serpent Cliff" by fording Brush Creek from the west, our attention was suddenly arrested by the rugged overhanging rocks above our heads, and we knew that we were near the object of our search. Leaving the wagon, we scrambled up the steep hillside, and pushing on through bush and brier were soon following the folds of the great serpent along the hilltop. The most singular sensation of awe and admiration overwhelmed me at this sudden realization of my long-cherished desire, for here before me was the mysterious work of an unknown people, whose seemingly most sacred place we had invaded. Was this a symbol of the old serpent faith, here on the western continent, which from the earliest time in the religions of the East held so many peoples enthralled, and formed so important a factor in the development of succeeding religions?

Reclining on one of the huge folds of this gigantic serpent, as the last rays of the sun, glancing from the distant hilltops, cast their long shadows over the valley, I mused on the probabilities of the past; and there seemed to

<sup>1</sup> See also an article in the last number by the same author.

come to me a picture as of a distant time, of a people with strange customs, and with it came the demand for an interpretation of this mystery. The unknown must become known!

This thought took complete possession of me, and on that same evening arrangements were made with Mr. Lovett, the owner of the land, to have the place cleared of underbrush that we might see the great work in its entirety. By noon of the following day the clearing was



THE SERPENT CLIFF AS SEEN FROM BRUSH CREEK.



SUNRISE VIEW OF THE SERPENT MOUND.

roughly made, and the view thus obtained of the serpent and the egg—as the oval work in front of its jaws has been called—led to a still stronger desire to know more, and a resolve to do all in my power to preserve this singular structure, which seemed so strangely transplanted from the mythology of the East.

When Squier and Davis, after their survey in 1846, gave to the world the first account of this earthwork, it was covered with a thick forest, from which many a noble tree has been cut, as indicated by stumps still standing at the time of our visit. Thirteen or fourteen years after their visit a tornado swept its path directly along the serpent hill, and with the exception of a few saplings the forest was laid low. This led to clearing the land, and to the cultivation for a few years of the portion occupied by the serpent. Nature soon covered the scars with a protecting sod, which was followed by a growth of sumach, redbud, and briars.

On my return to the East I took every opportunity of urging the importance of preserving the Serpent Mound, as well as other ancient monuments. In 1885 I again visited the serpent, and finding that its destruction was inevitable unless immediate measures were taken for its preservation, I secured a contract that it should remain intact for a year, and agreed upon a price for its purchase. Returning home I urged anew the importance of its preservation. Yet, although an interest was awakened in the object, I fear it might have come to

naught if Miss Alice C. Fletcher, meeting in Newport a few Boston ladies, had not taken the opportunity to appeal to them for assistance in the work which she knew I had so much at heart, and which was, at the same time, so thoroughly in accordance with her own views. Her earnest presentation of the subject had the desired effect. In the winter of 1886 several of Boston's noble and earnest women issued a private circular which had the indorsement of Mr. Francis Parkman and Mr. Martin Brimmer of the Corporation of Harvard University. Subscriptions were solicited to purchase the Serpent Mound, which was to be given in trust to the Peabody Museum for perpetual preservation, and also to enable me to carry on such explorations of the work and its surroundings as might throw light on its origin and purpose. This appeal was cordially met, and in June, 1886, I was provided with nearly \$6000 with which to buy such land as seemed to be required for the purpose in view, and to take steps for the preservation of the serpent, while at the same time I made such explorations as seemed desirable. The trustees of the Museum, of whom the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop has been chairman since Mr. Peabody founded the Museum, in connection with Harvard University, in 1866, accepted this additional trust, and about sixty acres of land were at once purchased in the name of the trustees. Soon after, several acres of land along the new pike leading from Hillsborough to

Peebles, the nearest railroad stations, were added to the purchase, and the whole was laid out as the Serpent Mound Park, of which Brush Creek forms the western boundary.

Here for three seasons, living in tents, I have carried on the work of protecting the serpent, exploring its surroundings, and laying out the grounds. This beautiful park, with the wonderful stories it tells of the past, is now, thanks to the women of Boston, open to all visitors. In appreciation of what has been done for the State, and also to encourage similar efforts, the park, by a special act of the legislature of Ohio, suggested by Prof. M. C. Reed of Hudson, is exempted from taxation and put under special protection of the laws of the State. Thus the first law for the protection of archæologic monuments in our country has been brought about, and it cannot be long before similar laws will be passed by other States.<sup>1</sup> Congress has lately had under favorable consideration a measure for the preservation of several archæologic monuments on the public lands. This petition was prepared by Miss Fletcher and Mrs. Stevenson, acting as a committee appointed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science.<sup>2</sup> The grand work is thus at last well begun, and we can but believe that it will be continued.

In this connection it should be recalled, with all honor to the pioneers at Marietta acting under the direction of General Rufus Putnam, that in laying out the town several portions of the ancient works were carefully preserved. These efforts, however, were not

wholly respected by a later generation, and the two great embankments, forming an avenue, named by the classical pioneers the Via Sacra, have been destroyed; one having been built upon and partly leveled, and the other made into bricks! Thus the city lost a beautiful avenue leading to the river, deeply regretted now by all its enlightened citizens; and archæologists have been deprived of studying a singular structure over which many have been puzzled as to its purpose. That the present and future citizens will properly guard, as a sacred trust from the old pioneers, the remaining works in the public squares and cemetery, is our most earnest petition.<sup>3</sup>

As will be seen by reference to the map of the Serpent Mound Park, a winding road leads from the pike up the steep hill to the plateau, which it crosses, and then winds down to the little wood of maples, oaks, and other trees in the southeastern corner of the park. Here, on the grassy hillside, under the spreading oaks and maples, is a delightful resort for picnic parties; and here one may find a refreshing draught of clear cold water from the spring bubbling out of the old devonian rocks. Over the spring a substantial house of stone has been built to keep it clean and pure. A little farther along is a sulphur spring, which flows from the rocks on the opposite side of the little ravine, along which runs a brook over a rocky bed.<sup>4</sup>

Following a graveled path winding up the hill from the picnic grove to the plateau, the first point of archæological interest is reached.

<sup>1</sup> With the hope that similar laws will be passed in other States in which are archæologic monuments that should be preserved, the Ohio law, which was passed March 27, 1888, is here given as one well worthy of imitation.

#### AN ACT

#### SUPPLEMENTARY TO SECTION 2732 OF THE REVISED STATUTES OF OHIO.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, That all lands in the State of Ohio on which are situate any prehistoric earthworks, and which have been or may hereafter be purchased by any person, association, or company for the purpose of the preservation of said earthworks, and are not held for profit, but are or shall be dedicated to public uses as prehistoric parks, shall be exempt from taxation.

SECT. 2. The owners of such prehistoric parks may establish all reasonable rules governing access to said parks; and any person willfully violating such rules or injuring said works, or any structure, trees, or plants in said parks, shall be fined in any sum not exceeding fifty dollars, or imprisoned not exceeding sixty days, or both, and shall also be liable to the owners of said parks in a civil action for all damages caused by such person.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

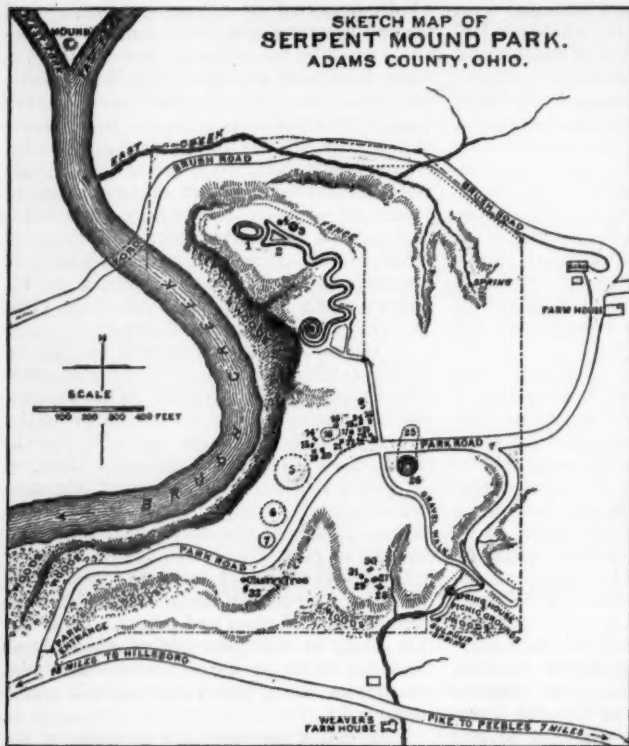
<sup>2</sup> Near the close of the session Congress passed an act for the preservation of the ruin everywhere known as the Casa Grande, and this was brought about by

the special interest taken by Mrs. Mary Hemenway of Boston, who for several years past has been deeply interested in, and a most generous supporter of, archæological work in America.

<sup>3</sup> The great Cahokia Mound in southern Illinois, the largest mound in the United States, should at once be protected by the State of Illinois, as it already has had a narrow escape from being used for ballast on a railway.

<sup>4</sup> While provision is thus made for the comfort of transient visitors and picnic parties from the neighboring towns, it is important to add, for the information of visitors from a distance, that accommodations can be had at some of the farmhouses in the vicinity. It is probable that the increasing number of visitors will soon lead to building a summer hotel on the adjoining farm. The fact that over three thousand persons visited the park last summer is evidence of the need of such a house. The park can be reached by the following routes: Starting from Columbus, early in the morning, over the Scioto Valley Railroad, and changing cars at the Portsmouth junction with the Ohio and Northwestern Railroad for Peebles, reaching there about noon, where a suitable conveyance can be had for a drive of seven miles to the park. Or, leaving Columbus in the afternoon, by the Midland Railway, for Blanchester, changing cars there for Hillsborough, and then driving from Hillsborough to the park, about eighteen miles, over a fine pike. From Cincinnati morning trains over both roads run through to Hillsborough and Peebles, and the park can be easily reached in the afternoon by either route.





1, The Oval Embankment in front of the serpent's mouth. In this inclosure is a small mound of stones.  
2, The Serpent. 3, A low Artificial Mound near the head of the serpent. 4, A very small Artificial Mound just west of 3. 5, 6, 7, Ancient Excavations, appearing like sink-holes. 8, 10, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and in space bordered by 28, 15, 20, 21, are Sites of Ancient Habitations. 9, Burnt Stones on the clay. 10, A recent Indian Grave over two graves. 11, Portions of Three Skeletons in a pile. 12, 13, Skeletons in the clay. 14, Grave with Two Skeletons. 15, Grave with Skeleton, over which was an ash bed. 16, Pieces of a large Clay Pot. 17, Small Burial Mound. 18, Several small Excavations in the clay, filled with dark earth. 19, 24, See above. This Village Site was afterwards found to extend 200 feet east and south. 25, Burnt space under the dark soil extending to the edge of large conical mound. 26, The Conical Mound, a monument over a single body. 27, 28, Cremation Places in the clay under the dark soil. 29, 30, 31, Very Ancient Graves deep in the clay. 32, Small Mound over four ancient graves in the clay.

This is a conical mound nine feet high and seventy feet in diameter (26). Northwest of this, and not far from the serpent, is an old burial-place which was afterwards the site of a village (8, 19), as shown by the ash beds, the many implements in various stages of manufacture, the many thousand chips of flint and other stones foreign to the locality, and the many potsherds and other objects scattered throughout the dark soil. A small mound (17), about a foot high, west of the path leading from the road to the serpent, and a few stones (10) nearer the path, mark the position of the cemetery, and all about there skeletons have been found in the dark soil or in the clay below it.

On the south side of the park road, on one of the projecting points of the plateau, now marked by several piles of stones (27-31) which were taken from around the graves in the clay below the soil, were graves of the first period of occupation. On the knoll west of this, over

which a wild cherry tree now casts its shade, is a low oblong mound (32), a monument over four ancient graves. From this knoll, looking towards the setting sun, there is a grand view of the valley and the hills beyond; and standing on this spot one can readily imagine why it may have been chosen as the burial-place of the honored among a people whose sacred temple was near by.

North of this knoll, on the declivity from the plateau to the cliff, are three circular pits, varying in size; and much of the clay used in building the effigy of the serpent was probably taken from these places.

Following the ridge of the hill northerly to the overhanging rocks, one is forced again to pause and admire the scene before him—the beautiful hill-girt valley with its acres of waving corn; the silvery line of the river with giant sycamores and graceful elms along its banks; and the vistas opening here and there,

where the broader and deeper portions of the river are bordered with dark-green undergrowth, brightened by gleams of rich color.

Turning from this view, and ascending the little knoll behind the ledge, eighty feet from the edge of the cliff is the western end of the oval figure (1) in front of the serpent's jaws. This oval is one hundred and twenty feet long and sixty feet in greatest width, measured from the outer edge of the bank, which is about four feet high and eighteen feet across. Near the center of the inclosed area is a small mound of stones, which was formerly much larger, since it was thrown down over fifty years ago by digging under it in search of supposed hidden treasure, the popular belief which has caused the destruction of many an ancient cairn. Many of the stones show signs of fire, and under the cliff are similar burnt stones which were probably taken from the mound years ago; for I have been informed by an old gentleman, who remembered the stone mound as it was

in his boyhood, that many stones taken from the mound were thrown over the cliff.

This portion of the hill was either leveled off to the clay before the oval work was made, or there was no black soil upon the hill at that time, as none was used in the construction of the embankment, nor left below it. The same is true of the serpent itself. Careful examination of several sections made through the oval and the serpent, as well as laying bare the edge along both sides of the embankments throughout, have shown that both parts of this earthwork were first outlined upon a smooth surface along the ridge of the hill. In some places, particularly at the western end of the oval, and where the serpent approached the steeper portions of the hill, the base was made with stones, as if to prevent its being washed away by heavy rains. In other places clay, often mixed with ashes, was used in making these outlines; and it is evident that the whole structure was most carefully planned, and thoroughly built of lasting material.

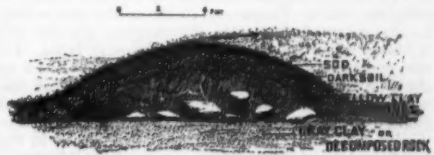
The geological formation of the hill shows first the ledge rock, upon which rests the decayed grayish rock forming the so-called marl of the region, the upper portion of which has by decomposition become a grayish clay. Over this lies the yellow clay of the region, filling in all irregularities, and varying in thickness from one to six feet. Upon this rests the dark soil of recent formation, from five inches to nearly two feet in thickness in different parts of the park. It is necessary to have this formation constantly in mind, as we must, to a certain extent, rely upon it in determining the antiquity of the works and burial-places.

Upon removing the sod within the oval the dark soil in the central portion was found to be nearly a foot in depth, where it must have formed after the oval work was built. How many centuries are required for the formation of a foot of vegetable mold we do not know; but here, on the hard gray clay forming the floor of the oval, was about the same depth of soil as on the level ground near the tail of the serpent, where it has been forming ever since vegetation began to grow upon the spot. The same results were obtained on removing the soil from the triangular space between the serpent's jaws; and that there was about the same amount of soil on the embankments is shown by the fact that the several plowings had not disturbed the underlying clay of which the embankments were constructed. The accompanying section through the western end of the oval illustrates this point.

Nine feet from the eastern end of the oval, and partly inclosing it, is a crescent-shaped bank, seventeen feet wide. From the extremities of this crescent, which are 75 feet apart, begin the

jaws of the serpent, formed by banks 17 feet wide and 61 and 56 feet, respectively, in length, measured on the inside from the point of union with the crescent to their point of meeting, 47 feet from the convex or eastern edge of the crescent. We must here notice that the open jaws are shown as if the serpent's head was turned upon its right side, and the crescent embankment seems to have been designed to express this by uniting the open jaws across the mouth, indicated by the triangular space. This design was also carried out by making the northern or upper jaw the longer of the two. The head of the serpent across the point of union of the jaws is thirty feet wide and five feet high. From this point the neck extends eastward more than one hundred feet, with a slight curve to the north. Then begins what may be called the body of the serpent, making a graceful curve to the south, then winding to the east and north, then again to the south, and westward down the declivity of the central portion of the hill, where another graceful convolution is made up the opposite ascent to nearly the same level as the head; here it folds round in another full convolution, and the tail follows with a long stretch to the southwest, terminating in a triple coil.

The end of the tail points across the deep gully in the hillside to the western end of the oval, which is 496 feet distant in an air-line, but 1348 feet if measured from the western end of the oval to the neck of the serpent, and then along the dorsal ridge to the tip of the tail, thus following all the curves. Measured from the tip of the upper jaw to the end of the tail, the serpent itself is 1254 feet in length. The average width of the body of the serpent is about twenty feet, and its height along the head and body is from four to five feet. From



SECTION THROUGH WEST END OF BANK OF OVAL IN FRONT OF SERPENT MOUND.

the beginning of the tail it gradually decreases in width and height until it terminates in a bank about a foot high and nearly two feet wide.

The graceful curves throughout the whole length of this singular effigy give it a strange, lifelike appearance; as if a huge serpent, slowly uncoiling itself and creeping silently and stealthily along the crest of the hill, was about to seize the oval within its extended jaws. Late in the afternoon, when the lights and shades are brought out in strong relief, the ef-

fect is indeed strange and weird; and this effect is heightened still more when the full moon lights up the scene, and the stillness is broken only by the "whoo-whoo, hoo-hoo" of the unseen bird of night.

That such a work, so carefully designed, and constructed under such difficulties along this narrow ridge terminating in the high rough cliff, was planned and built under some powerful influence, we can but believe. And what other than a religious motive can be conceived? Have we not here the evidence of the former existence of that ancient faith, which, rising probably in the East, ages before historic time, held millions of people under its terrible sway; and, spreading over Asia, Africa, and Europe, has not yet been wholly supplanted, in India and Africa, by later faiths?<sup>1</sup>

That the serpent was prominent in the religious faiths of the Americans is beyond question, and that, to a certain extent, in combination with phallic and solar worship, it extended from Central America to Peru and Mexico, cannot be doubted, whatever its origin. Its existence in Yucatan is shown, as in Cambodia, by sculptures on the ruined buildings which can only be properly designated as temples. We know from history and art that this form of worship existed in Mexico down to the time of the Spanish invasion and conquest, and that it still survives in the rites of the Zûnis and Moquis, and probably other of the Pueblo tribes.

To this southwestern region, with its many Asiatic features of art and faith, we are con-

stantly forced by our investigations as we look for the source of the builders of the older works of the Ohio Valley. With these considerations in mind, and with the knowledge that structures similar to this in Ohio existed in the Old World,<sup>2</sup> where the serpent and other early faiths had their greatest development, will it be forcing the facts to argue—unless all religious symbolism is merely coincident, vague, and meaningless, which seems an absurd position to hold—that in the oval embankment, with its central pile of burnt stones, in combination with the serpent, we have the three symbols everywhere regarded in the Old World as emblems of those primitive faiths? Here we find the *linga-in-yoni* of India, or the reciprocal principles of nature guarded by the serpent; or life, power, knowledge, and eternity. Moreover, its position, east and west, indicates the nourishing source of fertility—the great sun-god whose first rays fall upon the altar of stones in the center of the oval. So that here we have associated the several symbols which in Asia would be accepted without question as showing the place to be a phallo-solar shrine combined with the serpent faith. Its very position<sup>3</sup> on the high cliff terminating in the rough overhanging rocks, washed by the spring torrents, and near the three forks of the river,<sup>4</sup> is to be considered when comparisons are made. This combination of natural features probably could not be found again in any part of the great route along which the people must have journeyed from the Mexican Gulf. Is this all to be taken as mere coincidence in the development of a

<sup>1</sup> Forlong, in his carefully elaborated volumes and wonderful compendium of facts relating to the faiths of man,\* shows the existence of serpent worship in India and Africa to this day; and the survival, in part, of its symbols, together with those of other primitive religious faiths. Fergusson, in his critical and widely known volume,† also states that serpent worship still holds an important place in the religion of India. He also speaks of its great development in Cambodia, at the time when the country was conquered by the Siamese in the last half of the fourteenth century, and Buddhism superseded serpent worship. Fergusson thinks this latter faith was there introduced in the fourth century, and resulted "in some of the most wonderful temples which the world ever saw, and in the most remarkable development of pure serpent worship anywhere to be found." The greatest of these temples, discovered in the jungle only thirty years ago, is that of Nakhon Vat, which is "600 feet square at the base, and rises to a height of 180 feet in the center, of which every part is covered with carvings in stone, generally beautiful in design, and always admirably adapted to their situation, and to tell the story they were meant to convey. . . . Every angle of every roof is adorned

with a grim seven-headed serpent with a magnificent crest of what is apparently intended for feathers, and every cornice of every entablature is adorned with a continuous row of these seven-headed deities, but without crests. The former may be counted by hundreds, the latter by thousands. But it is not only there; every balustrade, every ridge, almost every feature of the building, bears the same impress."

<sup>2</sup> Forlong quotes, Vol. I., p. 287: "Mauretania had mighty dragon temples, avenues, and 'fields' of this faith 'over whose backs' grass was most abundant. Taxiles showed Alexander 'a serpent of five acres' in the Punjab. Strabo describes two somewhat similar ones, and Posidonius saw one in the plains of Macra, in Syria, such 'that two persons on horseback, when they rode on opposite sides, could not see one another; each scale was as big as a shield.'"

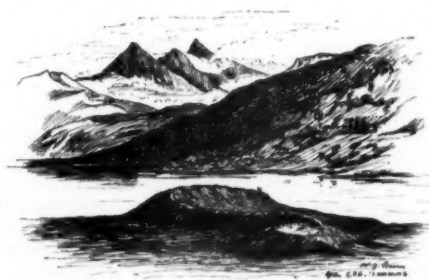
<sup>3</sup> Forlong, on p. 255, refers to this: "As usual, we must carefully study the *topography* of the shrine; for it is always this, and not signs or miracles, from or by the gods, which *first* attracts wise priests. Fitting scenic effect is necessary towards the success of every drama we intend to place before the public, more especially if we wish to inspire an enduring reverence, awe, and worship, with tragic interludes."

<sup>4</sup> In regard to this, Forlong, referring to the Ohio serpent, p. 290, writes: "A spot overlooking three streams being even more sacred than that which looks on to a hill with three cones, as does the serpent of Loch Nell. Three rivers form a Tri-Moorti of 'awful and sublime import.'"

\* "Rivers of Life; or, Sources and Streams of the Faiths of Man in all Lands; showing the Evolutions of Faiths, from the Rudest Symbolisms to the Later Spiritual Developments." By Major General J. S. R. Forlong. London, 1873. 2 vols. 4to, and chart.  
† "Tree and Serpent Worship; or, Illustrations of Mythology, and Art in India in the First and Fourth Centuries after Christ," etc. 2d edition. London, 1873. 1 vol. 4to, with many photographic illustrations.

faith in America and in the Old World? There seems to be too much here to admit of such a theory; and when other facts, in other lines, point in the same direction, it is playing false with our reason to be too skeptical. Agreements, nay, identities, would then mean nothing in science, and comparative studies would be useless. Fergusson, in his "Tree and Serpent Worship," mentions the existence of serpent worship on some of the Pacific islands, and refers to its possible transmission across the Pacific to America, and says if it is proved "that this worship is indigenous in the New World, we are thrown back on the doctrine that human nature is alike everywhere, and that man in like circumstances and with a like degree of civilization does always the same things, and elaborates the same beliefs. It may be so, but I confess it appears to me that at present the evidence preponderates the other way" (p. 39). When this careful author thus expressed his views, he was not acquainted with the details now pointed out in the combinations of the Ohio serpent shrine.

In 1871 Mr. Phené made known his discovery of an interesting mound in Argyleshire, Scotland, a figure and brief description of which is given by Miss Gordon Cumming in "Good Words" for March, 1872. This work has so much in common with the Ohio serpent that Miss Cumming's illustration is here copied



THE SERPENT OF LOCH NELL. (REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF ISBISTER & CO., LIMITED, LONDON.)

for comparison, and I give a brief abstract of her description:

The mound is situated upon a grassy plain. The tail of the serpent rests near the shore of Loch Nell, and the mound gradually rises seventeen to twenty feet in height and is continued for three hundred feet, "forming a double curve like a huge letter S, and wonderfully perfect in anatomical outline. This we perceived the more perfectly on reaching the head, which lies at the western end. . . . The head forms a circular cairn, on which, at the time of Mr. Phené's first visit (several years previous), there still remained some trace of an altar (shown in the figure), which has since wholly disappeared, thanks to the cattle and herd boys." Mr. Phené excavated the circular cairn, or circle of stones, form-

ing the head, and although it had been previously disturbed, he found "three large stones forming a megalithic chamber, which contained burnt bones, charcoal, and burnt hazel-nuts," and an implement of flint was also found during the excavation. "On removing the peat-moss and heather from the ridge of the serpent's back, it was found that the whole length of the spine was carefully constructed, with regularly and symmetrically placed stones, at such an angle as to throw off the rain. . . . The spine is, in fact, a long narrow causeway made of large stones, set like the vertebrae of some huge animal. They form a ridge, sloping off at each side, which is continued downward with an arrangement of smaller stones suggestive of ribs. The mound has been formed in such a position that the worshipers, standing at the altar, would naturally look eastward, directly along the whole length of the great reptile, and across the dark lake to the triple peaks of Ben Cruachan. This position must have been carefully selected, as from no other point are the three peaks visible."

General Forlong, in commenting on this, says:

Here, then, we have an earth-formed snake, emerging in the usual manner from dark water, at the base, as it were, of a triple cone,—Scotland's Mount Hermon,—just as we so frequently meet snakes and their shrines in the East.

Is there not something more than mere coincidence in the resemblances between the Loch Nell and the Ohio serpent, to say nothing of the topography of their respective situations? Each has the head pointing west, and each terminates with a circular inclosure, containing an altar, from which, looking along the most prominent portion of the serpent, the rising sun may be seen. If the serpent of Scotland is the symbol of an ancient faith, surely that of Ohio is the same.

Why lies this mighty serpent here,  
Let him who knoweth tell.

Why lies it here?—not here alone,  
But far to east and west

The wonder-working snake is known,  
A mighty god confessed.<sup>1</sup>

On a preceding page brief mention has been made of mounds and burial-places on the plateau which spreads to the southeast from the coiled tail of the serpent. It is now essential to refer to the discoveries made during the exploration of these places; where, by the aid of the pick and the spade, much of the history of the past has been revealed. Here, under a mound, there, deep down in the clay, and here, again, in the recent soil, were the several pages of the book which we must now read. The language of this book is that of stones, bones, and ashes; and it will tell us anew of the great drama of life.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Stuart Blackie, in "Good Words," March, 1872.





BURIAL-PLACE UNDER VILLAGE SITE, SERPENT MOUND PARK; LARGE CONICAL BURIAL-MOUND ON RIGHT IN MIDDLE DISTANCE. THE STAKE SHOWS POSITION OF SKELETON IN CLAY.

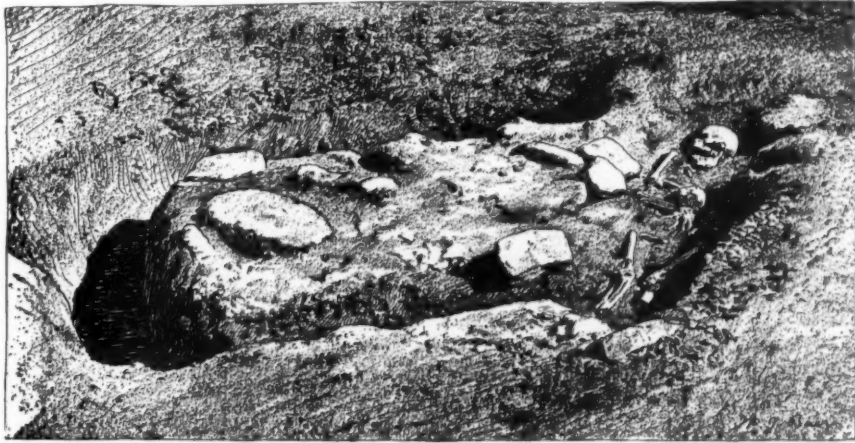
It is said that fifty years ago that part of the plateau which is near the serpent was a foot or two above the level of the rest. Constant cultivation of the soil, and the washing away of the loose earth, has now reduced this portion to the common level, but it is evident from the difference in the color and character of the soil that this part of the plateau has been the dwelling-place of man. Beginning at one edge of this darker soil, it, and the clay below, for a foot in depth, was examined inch by inch, as the men worked forward in a line, throwing the earth behind them. Evidence was thus obtained of the former existence of habitations, shown by the burnt places and ash beds marking the sites of dwellings. In these ash beds and in the soil around them were thousands of chips and flakes of flint and other stones, as well as rough pieces of jasper, quartz, and other rocks, just as they were brought from the gravel bed of the opposite hill, or from other places, to be here worked into implements of various kinds. About the old hearths, and here and there in the earth, hundreds of finished implements were found—hammers which were simple nodules or pebbles of hard stone with abraded edges, or pebbles with pits pecked upon the sides; chisel-shaped implements with a sharp-cutting edge; axes of various sizes; knives of many shapes, some made of long flakes of flint or chalcidony and others beautifully chipped from various kinds of stone, some long and slender and others like long spear-points, which, in fact, they may have been; chipped drills and perforators; and many small chipped points of

different sizes and shapes, some of which were arrow-heads and others the blades of knives or dagger-like implements. Several ornaments made of stone were also found, and in the ashes were bones of deer and of birds, which had been sharpened to a point. Everywhere were pieces of rude pottery, the fragments of cooking and other domestic utensils. In the ash beds were also many bones of fish, turtles, birds, and mammals, the remains of animals used for food. All these things showed beyond question that here had been an ancient village; and although the land had long been subjected to the white man's plow, so that everything near the surface had been thrown out of place, it was still evident that the ash beds and objects found on and in the clay, below the twelve to fifteen inches of dark soil, were older than those near the surface. As our explorations were continued we discovered that here had been dwellings and burials of different times. Some of the graves were only deep enough to reach the clay, while others were in the clay; and over one, at least, a small mound had been raised, of which the plow had left only the base undisturbed.<sup>1</sup> In one place a grave had been made to a slight depth below the soil, and here had been placed portions of the skeletons of three persons. The skulls, with a large part of the long bones and some of the smaller bones of the three skeletons, had apparently been brought to the spot in a bundle and placed in this grave. These bones, while evi-

<sup>1</sup> An elderly gentleman has informed me that he remembers noticing in his youth many small mounds in the woods then covering this spot.

dently of considerable antiquity, were far more recent than several other extended skeletons near them in the clay. Does not this burial of bones show that the spot was revered, either as the home of ancestors, or from its vicinity to the sacred shrine, about which traditions may well have been preserved long after the immediate descendants of its builders had disappeared from the region? Not far from this pile of bones was a grave near the surface, about which stones had been placed on edge. This was in every way like the unquestion-

and was about nine feet long and five wide. A pavement of flat stones was placed over the bottom, and on them, at the south side, compressed into a mass of ashes and charcoal not over an inch in thickness, were the fragments of a skeleton. The pieces of skull found at the southeastern corner of the grave were twice the usual thickness. Over these remains were ninety-six large stones, brought from the creek; and on these stones were found portions of another skeleton. In this instance the body was extended along the eastern edge of the grave,



RECENT INDIAN GRAVE, SHOWING POSITION OF BURIAL OVER AN ANCIENT GRAVE MARKED BY THE STONES.

ably recent Indian graves on the surrounding hills, which are referred to in the note below.<sup>1</sup> This grave was so near the surface that the side stones had been thrown down by the plow, which had made one furrow directly through the skeleton. On the ribs of this skeleton was the shell of a box-turtle, and, near by, a bone from the foot of a deer. The grave had been made, all unwittingly, partly over an ancient grave of particular interest. This older grave had been made about five feet deep in the clay,

with the head to the southwest. Several stones were found over these fragments of bones, and four inches above the stone covering the skull was the bottom of the central portion of the most recent grave, in which the body had been placed with the head to the east. I mention these positions to show that there was no uniformity as to the position in which the bodies were placed. This was the case with all the burials about here. It may be that some peoples and tribes have particular customs in regard

<sup>1</sup> A hundred years ago there were several settlements of Indians in this part of Ohio, and so recently as the year 1800, and for several years after, a small band of Indians were living on the bottom-land near the forks of the river on the opposite side, and not far from the serpent cliff. The sites of the wigwams were pointed out to me by Mr. Hewes, whose grandfather settled on the place and had much to do with the Indians who were living there. On many of the hilltops about the valley I have seen groups of the graves of these recent Indians. The graves are only a foot or two in depth, and wide and long enough for the body to be placed, at full length, between rough stones set on edge around the body and projecting above the ground. Occasionally these graves are covered with flat stones. So far as my experience goes, very few objects are found with the skeletons in such graves.

These recent graves, found in Kentucky, Ohio, and to the westward, have often been described and discussed as having the same character as the carefully constructed stone graves of the Cumberland Valley in Tennessee. But there is in reality only a very general resemblance between them, and neither by their structure nor by their contents do they indicate one and the same people, but on the contrary they show marked differences; and the great antiquity of the Tennessee stone graves as a whole is in marked contrast with these recent graves on the hills along Brush Creek Valley. On the points of the hills are also many stone mounds, with an occasional earth mound, which are monuments over graves of far more recent times than the building of the serpent and other great earth structures of the Ohio Valley.

to this point, but our explorations have shown that no uniform rule was followed, in ancient times, in many parts of America.<sup>1</sup>

Pages could be filled with instructive details relating to this burial-place and village site, with its fireplaces and graves, and little refuse piles containing animal bones and various objects upon the clay; showing that at one time either the dark soil had been cleared away and fires built upon the clay, or, as I consider by far the more probable, only a few inches of soil had formed at that period.

We must now turn our attention to the conical mound (26 on map), on the southeastern portion of the plateau, which is shown in a preceding illustration. This proved to be a monument over the body of a man who was buried in connection with important ceremonies.

First an area seventy by seventy-one feet in diameter was cleared of all the dark soil, and the clay was also removed for several inches

ally placed in them, shows that they were made for a purpose. It was evident from their character that they were not places where posts had stood, forming part of a wooden structure.<sup>1</sup> Over this cleared area, and of course covering all these holes and the trench, clay was placed, forming a level platform eighteen inches high. In the central portion of this platform, covering a space thirty by thirty-five feet in diameter, a fire had been kindled and kept burning until a bed of ashes a few inches in thickness was made, to which may have been added ashes brought from other places, perhaps in great part from the burnt area extending for nearly one hundred feet north of the mound as indicated by the dotted lines at 25 on the map. In this ash bed were found many small bits of pottery, pieces of burnt bone, and many stone chips; several broken stone implements and about a dozen perfect ones; also pieces of the shells of fresh-water



SKELTON ON ASH BED AT BOTTOM OF CONICAL MOUND.

in depth, making a clear, level floor. Eleven feet northwest of the center a trench was dug, 14 inches deep, 2 feet wide, and 5 feet long, and again filled with loose clay, in which were a few small stones and several broken bones of animals. On the south side, from 6 to 11 feet from the center, and from 1 to 5 feet apart, were four small holes in the clay, and 14 inches southeast of the center was another. Each contained stones or a few animal bones or ashes. On the north side, from two to six feet from the center, were four more of these holes, in which were small stones and animal bones. These holes varied from a few inches to over a foot in depth, and from two feet to nearly seven feet in diameter. Their position, and the fact that they each contained something intention-

clams; all of which is suggestive of scraping up ashes from various hearths and depositing all upon the heap. That a large part of the ashes was made on the spot was evident from the burnt clay below, and from the several continuous masses of charcoal, the remains of logs from two to four inches in diameter. When this ceremony was finished and enough ashes for the desired purpose had been obtained, the body of an adult man, nearly six feet tall, was placed, with the head to the east, at full length upon the hot ashes, and at once covered with clay, smothering the still smoldering logs and changing the embers to charcoal. Objects of a lasting nature do not seem to have been placed with the body, unless some of the chipped flint points found near

<sup>1</sup> I have recently explored a burial-place of the Massachusetts Indians at Winthrop, near Boston. Of eight skeletons found here all had their heads to the south, and of five adults and one child all but one faced the east, one adult facing the west. Two infants were in the same grave, resting upon their backs, between the

skeletons of a man and a woman, placed on their sides, facing the east.

<sup>2</sup> Post-holes, regularly placed, are often found under burial-mounds, but any one familiar with such holes would not mistake these strange little pits for them.



SECTION OF CONICAL MOUND, SHOWING INTRUSIVE BURIALS.

it in the ashes may be so considered. It may be asked if this was not an unsuccessful case of cremation, but I think that question may be answered in the negative; for while cremation was often practiced, as I have found on other occasions, it was by different methods, and the ashes and calcined bones were afterwards gathered up for burial, or buried in a peculiar manner at the place of burning.

Several peculiarities of this skeleton are worthy of notice. It was that of a well-developed man of ordinary size. The skull was crushed by the weight of the earth above, as shown in the photograph here reproduced. While this man was fully grown and probably about twenty-five or thirty years of age, he never had any wisdom teeth, and a search in the maxillary bone of one side showed that there was no wisdom tooth forming in the jaw.<sup>1</sup> With this exception he had a fine set of teeth, and still embedded in the premaxillary bone is a partly formed left incisor tooth. No corresponding formation can be seen on the opposite side of the suture, and this is probably a supernumerary tooth, although the small size of the lateral incisors is suggestive of their being persistent first teeth. As is often the case in skulls of this race, the crowns of the incisors are dis-

tinctly folded. All the sutures of this brachycephalic skull are unusually open and denticulated. Along the suture uniting the occipital bone with the posterior part of the two parietal bones there are several intercalated pieces, or "Wormian bones." Such bones are more common in the American brachycephalic skulls than in the dolichocephalic, and in this skull they are so numerous as to cause the division of the upper portion of the occipital bone into several small pieces.<sup>2</sup> At the time of birth the frontal bone in man is still in two pieces, which gradually close by a central suture. Normally this frontal suture is obliterated in a few years and the frontal becomes a single bone. Occasionally this suture persists through life, and such crania are called metopic. This occurs more often in the white race than in any other, and seldom in the lower races. It is therefore of interest to note the existence of this anatomical feature in an individual at whose burial so considerable a ceremony took place, and over whose body such an imposing monument was erected.

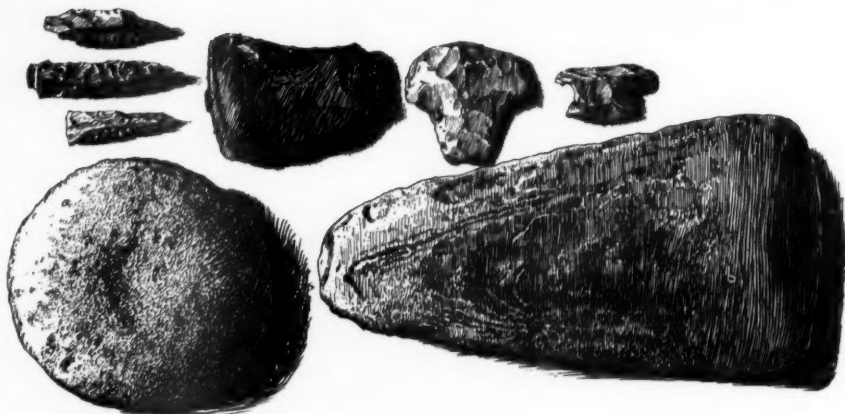
After the immediate covering of the body with clay, the mound was raised, a symmetrical conical heap of clay, to the height of ten or twelve feet.<sup>3</sup> Some time subsequent to the leaving a triangular bone between the parietals, to which the name "Inca bone" was given. The large number of skulls of brachycephalic Americans now brought together in the Peabody Museum shows that this tendency to subdivision of the occipital is common to the race, and occurs in the short skulls from Ohio as well as in those of Peru and all the intermediate regions.

<sup>3</sup> Previously to the time of my first visit the mound had been plowed and cultivated for several years, thus reducing its highest point to nine feet, to which height I restored the mound after the exploration.

<sup>1</sup> The late development of the third molars, or "wisdom teeth," in the ancient brachycephalic skulls of Ohio seems to be a decidedly marked characteristic of this people, and in this instance there was none forming. It has been remarked that among the Hindus a large proportion never have wisdom teeth.

<sup>2</sup> The frequent occurrence of these subdivisions of the occipital bone in the short-headed race of the south is a marked characteristic of the race. It was long ago pointed out that in the skulls of the ancient Peruvians (short-heads) there was often a suture across the upper portion of the occipital bone, thus



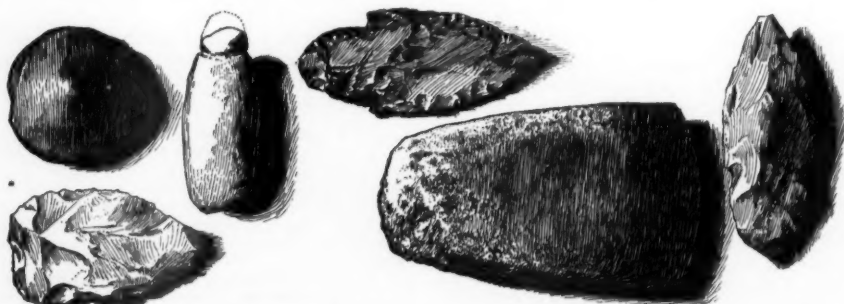


STONE IMPLEMENTS (HALF SIZE), FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF CONICAL MOUND.  
(NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

building of the mound, and after the clay had settled into a compact mass, graves were dug upon its sides and top, and nine burials had taken place. Some of the intrusive graves were so near the surface that in plowing over the mound the bones had been disturbed, while others were much deeper. One skeleton was found on the eastern side of the mound, and four feet from the exterior. As shown in the illustration, the skeleton was extended at full length nearly north and south. At a little greater depth from the top of the mound another skeleton was found, extended nearly east and west. Woodchucks had made their burrows in this part of the mound and had thrown out portions of the skull and other parts of this skeleton, among the bones of which they had made their nest. The stones seen in the illustration, near the surface of the mound, mark another grave over which the four stones had been placed. The bones in this and in the six other graves near the surface of the mound were much decayed, and only fragments of the skeletons could be traced. In one instance

only was anything found with the skeleton, and that was a fine stone hatchet resting, with its edge outward, on the bones of the left forearm, as if the handle had been placed along the arm and held in the hand. This implement is shown, with others from the mound, in the illustration above, all of which are represented of half size.

During the exploration of the mound a number of stone implements were found, principally near the bottom on a level with the ash bed, but several chipped points, or "arrow-heads," were also discovered at various depths in the clay, as if they had been lost during the erection of the mound. Among the objects of special interest found in or near the ash bed, and thus associated with the first burial, were a hemisphere of hematite, a plummet-shaped implement, a small hatchet, and several perfect points chipped from flint. Two finely finished and polished stone axes with straight backs, and grooves around them for holding the withes by which they were fastened to handles, were also found at the bottom of the mound. A

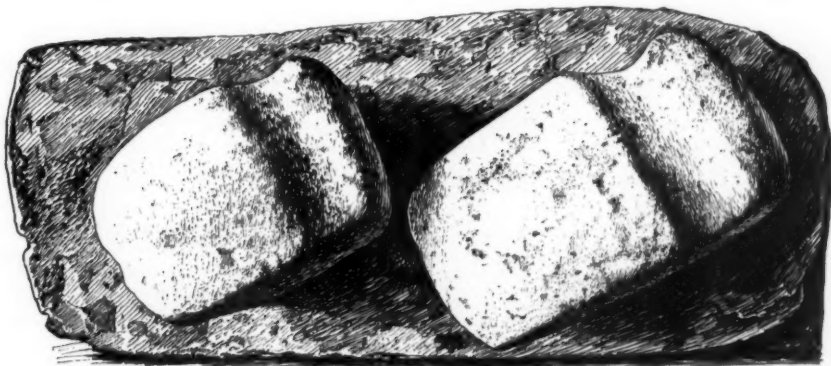


HEMATITE HEMISPHERE, GROOVED STONE IMPLEMENT, HATCHET, AND FLINT KNIVES (HALF SIZE), FOUND ON OR NEAR ASH BED IN CONICAL MOUND. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

few points made of splinters of bone were found in the ashes; and near the edge of the ashes, but not in it, was a plate of copper, slightly irregular in outline, nine and a half inches long, three and a half to four inches wide, and one-eighth to nearly one-quarter of an inch thick, unquestionably hammered out of a mass of native copper.<sup>1</sup>

At the southwestern portion of the plateau, on a knoll now shaded by a wild cherry tree, and to which reference has previously been made (32 of map), there is now a small low mound which has recently been restored, having been nearly plowed down years ago. Its site was noticed by Dr. Metz while examining the plateau with me, three years ago. The year

In leveling the mound and plowing over the spot many of these stones had been turned out and thrown down the hill; but a few still remained, near which we started the preliminary trench. About a foot below the natural surface of the clay we found other stones, irregularly placed over an area about seven feet long east and west and four feet wide north and south, resting upon a bed of ashes nearly a foot thick; and under this ash bed were three more irregular groups, which proved to be graves—one under the eastern corner of the ash bed, one under the southeastern, and the other under the northwestern portion. In each of these graves were the remains of human skeletons, lying in the clay, and covered with



COPPERPLATE AND STONE AXES (HALF SIZE), FROM BOTTOM OF CONICAL MOUND. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

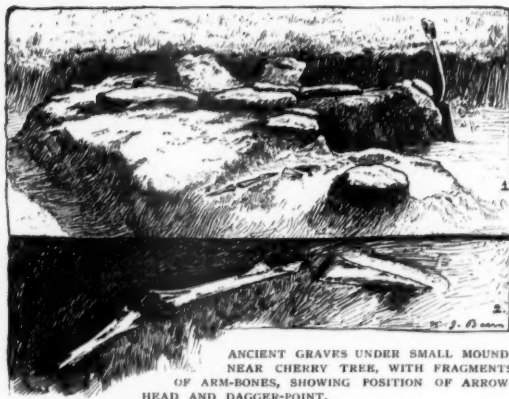
following I explored the place and here found the first burials, which have an antiquity as great as that of the serpent itself, and we have every reason to believe that the bodies buried at this spot were of the people who worshiped at the serpent shrine.

On the clay of the knoll a number of large stones had been placed, and over these had been raised a small mound, oblong in shape, and probably not over two or three feet high.

<sup>1</sup> Similar plates, but having two holes, probably for suspending them from the neck, have been found in other mounds and with skeletons. In one case we found such a plate lying upon the breast-bone of a skeleton in a mound in the Scioto Valley. In several instances we have found them covered on one side with cloth, which was preserved by the copper salts, thus enabling us to study the method of weaving the cloth made from twisted vegetable fiber. One of these plates is figured in the "Eighteenth Report" of the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, 1886. On this plate a lock of hair has been preserved by the copper. I have recently seen a remarkable instance of the preservation of tissues by the salts of copper, in the skull of a Massachusetts Indian, found at Winthrop, and given to the Museum by Mr. Charles A. Hammond of Lynn. This Indian had been buried with a broad thin plate of copper fastened as an ornament over the forehead. Over this

ashes containing considerable charcoal; and here again, below these graves, were half a dozen boulders, from one to two feet in diameter, and around them the edges of other stones, some of which were rounded boulders and others pieces of ledge rock, about four inches thick and a foot or two long, which marked another grave seven feet long and two feet wide. Here, too, were found the remains of a skeleton, extending from the southeast to

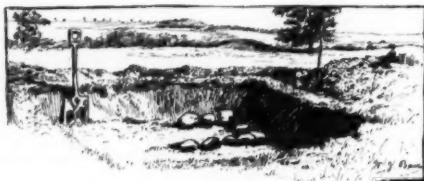
had been placed a piece of woven native cloth, over which at the time of burial a mat of braided cedar bark had been laid. The action of the copper, which was very much oxidized and decomposed, had preserved portions of each of these fabrics, as well as the hair and scalp on one side of the head, and the skin of a large part of the face. The bones below, even including half of the under jaw, were colored green by the carbonate of copper that had penetrated through the cells to the inner table of the skull, which was also colored green; and portions of the brain, or at least its surrounding tissues, now exist as a hard dark mass in the cavity of the skull. We have historical evidence that this Indian must have been buried as early as 1650; but probably it was before that time, and in its present condition there is every reason to believe that the skull would have lasted for centuries to come.



1. Position of stones covering ash bed and graves in mound. 2. Enlarged drawing of arrow-point on upper part of right arm and dagger-point on right chest; original objects now in Peabody Museum.

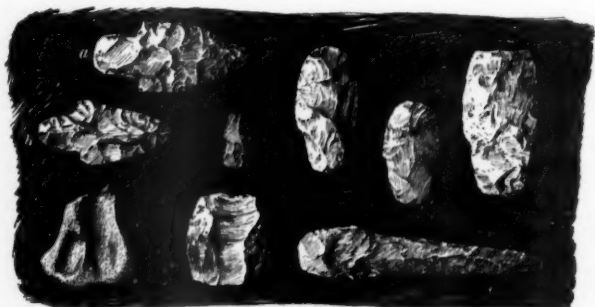
the northwest, and resting upon flat stones. This grave, of course, contained the first burial of the four that had taken place at this spot, and was made two feet below the bottom of the uppermost layer of stones covering all the graves. The great weight from above had crushed the skull and other portions of the skeleton, and the fragments were firmly embedded in the hard yellow clay which had silted into the grave, mixed with ashes which had been thrown over the body. This mass had become so hard and compact that it seemed more like taking fossils from a clay rock than human bones from a grave. The clay immediately under the bottom stones was filled with bog iron, which had been deposited by water percolating among the stones, and the iron had also penetrated the bones. Several flint-flakes and a rude flint implement

already stated, were much decayed and reduced to fragments, and the skulls were crushed by the settling of the stones and clay. The illustration shows one of these graves, with a portion of the bones of the right arm in the central lower part of the picture. Resting against the humerus, a few inches above the elbow joint, is a small flint arrow-head with the point towards the bone, as if the arrow had been shot into the fleshy part of the arm; and just above it is a long slender point of flint, with the base near the arm and its point slanting upwards, in a position as if it had been thrust into the right side of the chest. It may be that both these points were placed with the body at the time of burial, but their position is certainly very suggestive of having been in the flesh at that time. A piece of flint which had been slightly chipped to a rude point was found in the clay near the decayed ribs, but this seems too rude



CREMATION PLACE ON CLAY BELOW THE DARK SOIL.

an object to be called a weapon, and was probably placed in the grave. No other objects of any kind were found in this grave or in either of the other two. The fragments of bones, in all the graves, showed that all four skeletons were those of fully grown persons, and probably all men. With the knowledge obtained from the exploration of thousands of graves, under many and varied conditions of burial, in various parts of the country, during nearly a quarter of a century of active field-work, I am able to state that all the conditions relating to these graves, and to those next to be described, are confirmatory of their great antiquity; indeed, I have seldom found more conclusive comparative



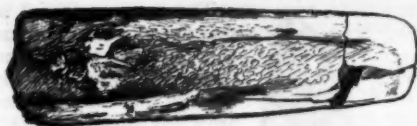
CHIPPED FLINT IMPLEMENTS AND SHARPENING STONE (REDUCED TO ONE-THIRD SIZE) FOUND NEAR LEFT SHOULDER OF SKELETON. *a*, FLINT KNIFE FROM MASS OF RED OCHER WITH SKELETON; *b*, FLINT KNIFE FROM BETWEEN THE KNEES OF SKELETON. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

were found between the lower end of the humerus and the ribs.

The bones in the three graves above, as

evidence of antiquity of graves than in those now under consideration.

East of the "cherry tree knoll" is another



CHISEL-LIKE IMPLEMENT MADE OF ANTLER (LITTLE LESS THAN HALF SIZE) FROM GRAVE. (NOW IN PEABODY MUSEUM.)

point extending southward from the main plateau. The underlying rock of this knoll is probably a continuation of the limestone of which the outcrop is seen along the border of Brush Creek. On the southern slope of this point are many boulders derived from the breaking up of the devonian rock, and over them is a deposit of yellow clay like that covering the whole plateau. Over the clay at this point there are from six to ten inches of dark soil. Upon removing this soil five irregular groups of stones were found (27-31 on map); the three to the west covered graves, and the two to the east were ancient fireplaces. It is evident that these stones were placed upon the surface of the clay, and it seems probable that the loose and dark soil had formed over them as a natural deposit. The fireplace farthest east was formed by five small boulders in a line, four feet long on the southern side; and two feet from the eastern end of this row, three other stones, placed side by side, made a row nearly two feet long; between the two rows was a single small stone at the eastern end. All the stones and the clay between them showed signs of burning. In the crevices between these stones some ashes had been left when the rest was scraped up, and there were a few pieces of burnt bones, splinters of flint implements, flint chips, a broken hemisphere of hematite, several tubes or handles made of the leg-bones of deer, and a chisel-shaped implement carved from a piece of deer's antler, which, from being burnt, had the appearance of a piece of cannel coal. An excavation was made to the boulders below, but no signs of burial were found.

The second fireplace was four feet southwest of the first, and was made of much larger stones, ten in number, which rested directly upon the boulders, from among which the stones had evidently been taken. There was no regularity in their arrangement, and the fire had been built upon them. Among them a small amount of charcoal, made by burning twigs and grass, was scraped up, but the place had evidently been carefully cleared of its ashes.

About four feet north of the west end of this fireplace was the first grave, which was nearly three feet deep, and had been dug down to the boulders, between which a few stones had been placed to make an even bottom, upon which the body had been extended at full length, with the head at the eastern end of the grave.

The bones were much decayed, and the portions preserved were deeply stained with iron. The skull was crushed, but so firmly impacted in clay that nearly all of it was secured in small pieces. There were neither ashes nor implements nor objects of any kind in the grave.

Sixteen feet westward was a grave which proved to be of great interest. The twenty to thirty stones marking this grave were removed, and two feet below them, covered with clay, were two masses of burnt bones, ashes, charcoal, pieces of many points made from the leg-bones of deer, a chisel-shaped implement made of antler, and pieces of others, a number of chipped flint implements in various forms of knives, long points, and arrow-heads. One of the masses of burnt material was near the center of the grave and the other was at the southern end. Under them were two skeletons extended at full length side by side, with the shoulders against the hard clay at the northeastern edge of the grave. Remains of the clavicles and of the scapula bones were in place, but not a trace of the upper cervical vertebrae or of the skulls could be found, although for hours a careful search was made in all parts of the grave, and for two feet beyond all signs of former disturbance of the clay; and it was evident beyond all question that these two bodies had been decapitated before they were placed in the grave. These skeletons were lying in the clay eight inches above the boulders. The portions of the bones remaining, while thoroughly impregnated with iron, were much decayed, and only the more solid portions of the arm and leg bones held together, though the outlines or casts of nearly all the bones could be traced in the clay as it was carefully removed.

The largest number of objects I have ever seen in a single grave was found with these skeletons. Lying on the left shoulder and chest of the skeleton on the east side of the grave was a long point, beautifully chipped from a blue flint, and under this were five flint knives, two chipped pieces of flint, and a small piece of sandstone with several grooves, which was evidently a stone used for sharpening points of bone and other implements. Near the outside of the left knee of this skeleton were twenty-three implements chipped from flint,—knives, points, etc.,—and pieces of several long bone points made from the leg-bones of deer. A few inches outside of these were two large stone celts or hatchets, one of which was made from a



TUBE OR HANDLE (LITTLE LESS THAN HALF SIZE) MADE FROM LEG-BONE OF A DEER, FROM ASHES IN CREMATION PLACE. (NOW IN PEABODY MUSEUM.)





STONE HATCHET AND KNIVES OF FLINT (LESS THAN HALF SIZE) FOUND NEAR LEFT KNEE OF SKELETON. (NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

green slaty rock, which had decomposed and split into several pieces since it was placed in the grave, as was shown by the fact that all the particles were in place. Several of these knives and one of the hatchets are shown, of a little less than half size, in the illustration above. Between the knees was another flint point, and near the left foot was a mass of red ochre in which was a finely made flint point and a point of bone. These points or knives are shown, of one-third size, as *a* and *b* of the illustration on page 884.

On the outside of the right hip and along the leg of the other skeleton were twelve flint knives and points and a long bone point. On the inside of the right humerus of this skeleton were another flint knife and three flint flakes; and at the lower end of the humerus, with the flat surface resting against the bone, was an ornament cut out of a crystal of galena (lead). This ornament has two holes through it, evidently for the purpose of fastening it to some object or to the person. Similar ornaments of galena and of stone have been found in other graves and in mounds. Those of galena are very rare; probably not a dozen are known, this one being the third placed in the Peabody Museum.

The burnt material in this grave is of the same character as that found on the first fireplace, and among the burnt bones are many fragments which can be identified as human. Not only this, but there was also found in the grave another piece of the implement made of antler. This has a jagged edge exactly fitting the corresponding edge of the piece from the fireplace, and it cannot be questioned that they originally formed a single piece of a chisel-like implement. We therefore have reason to believe that at the time when the two headless bodies were buried the body of another person was burnt near by, and that the ashes containing the burnt bones, and various objects burnt with the body, were placed over the two individuals in the grave, partly over the legs and feet of one skeleton and partly over the right hip and leg of the other skeleton. Be-

sides the fragment of the implement which matches the other piece from the fireplace, the burnt mass in the grave contained a piece of a sharpening stone, forty flint flakes and chipped pieces of stone, eighteen chipped implements of various kinds, several of which were splintered by the heat, a number of pieces of implements made of deer antler, the bones of animals, and four natural pieces of lead ore (galena). Resting on the burnt mass, but evidently put in afterwards, was a little red ochre in which was a much decayed point made from the metacarpal bone of a deer; and near by were the remains of several other bone implements of the same character, and a chisel-like implement made of antler. In the clay filling the grave above the ashes were two chipped implements of flint.

Was this ceremony, and the depositing so many objects in the grave, a sacrifice and propitiatory offering to the two individuals, who perhaps had been beheaded



IMPLEMENT MADE OF ANTLER (LITTLE LESS THAN HALF SIZE) FROM GRAVE; THE SMALL PIECE FROM THE ASHES OF CREMATION PLACE. (NOW IN PEABODY MUSEUM.)

by their enemies after some valiant deed,<sup>1</sup> and whose bodies were afterward recovered and buried with extraordinary rites?

Six feet farther to the west stones were scattered here and there on the surface of the clay, over an area of about four by eight feet, partly covering three closely adjoining graves, all of which had been dug down to the large boulders, a depth of three feet. At the bottom of one of these graves were several large flat stones resting on the boulders. The body had then been placed at full length in the grave, with the head at the eastern end; ashes containing considerable charcoal had been placed over the body, and over this about a foot of clay. The grave was then filled with stones, some measuring a foot or more in diameter, but the greater part much smaller. Two rows of stones, about seven feet long and two feet apart, marked the grave on the surface. There was nothing in the grave except the bones of the skeleton, very much decayed, the fragments of which were impregnated with iron. A stone had been placed over the head, which, while it had crushed the skull into many pieces, had so protected the cranial bones that they had become thoroughly charged with iron and were thus preserved.

Adjoining this grave, to the south, was another, the bottom of which was clay, resting on the boulders. In this instance the body had been covered with clay. The enamel of a full set of teeth lay in the clay in their natural position, even to the wisdom teeth of the upper jaw, which were slightly above the line of the others, showing that they were just cutting through the bone at the time of death. The outline of the skull and of many of the bones of the skeleton could be traced in the clay, but only as minute particles of bone, the cells of which were filled with iron. Nothing more was found in this very ancient grave.

West of this, and at the same depth, was another grave, about four feet long, in which were found only iron-stained fragments of a tibia and fibula and several of the bones of a foot. No other fragment of the skeleton could be discovered, not even bone particles in the clay; but just beyond these fragments was a mass of light gray ashes containing many small pieces of calcined bones, which proved to be human by the identification of the crown of one molar tooth, a small piece of occipital bone, and two small pieces of the under jaw. With these burnt remains were a few flint chips and

small flakes, but nothing more. The surface stones did not cover the extreme western point, thirty-eight feet from the first fireplace, where these ashes were buried.

There is still much to be done in exploring other spots in the immediate vicinity of the serpent before we shall know all that the earth has hidden of the past relating to this old monument. But the outlines of a picture have been traced out, which can be filled in as individual fancy may dictate, or as discoveries here and elsewhere may determine. It is evident that written history will be of little aid, although the customs of some of the many tribes or peoples who have passed to and fro over the land may give us a hint, here and there, to the better understanding of some things which have been revealed. History, however, has its limits, and any attempt to make it apply to a time anterior to those limits, and from vague general resemblances to draw conclusions, is unwarranted. Let the archaeologist work on with greater care than ever before. Let him, if possible, start with the earliest traces of man, and, step by step, follow his record in the past down to the dawn of history, when language, myths, and legends open the door to the historian, who then takes the place of the archaeologist.

To work in the other direction, with the idea that language and history can tell us of the relations of mankind in early times, is starting with the assumption that man has everywhere, and in all past times, been as now; that there has been no development within a race, no diversity of races, no migrations of peoples, except in recent times, and no change in the innumerable languages now spoken. The origin of any one of these languages is not as yet actually known and probably never can be known, from the fact that archaeology leads us to believe that man existed so long ago that the thousands of years since man in America hunted at the foot of the glaciers are but as yesterday compared with his probable but still unknown origin. What languages were spoken throughout all this time? We only know that the skulls of earliest man yet discovered are as perfectly those of man as are our own, and of man with a brain capacity and muscular and bony structure indicating powers equal to those of races existing to-day. Some races have developed these powers more rapidly than others. Who is yet able to state where man originated? and who but the archaeologist,

<sup>1</sup> That the skulls of individuals were considered important objects, perhaps trophies, as with the Dyaks, is evident from a singular burial which we discovered in a mound in the Little Miami Valley, where the skeleton of a man and that of a woman were found buried at full length in ashes, and surrounded by sixteen

skulls, which showed by the scratches upon them that the flesh had been removed by scraping. Six of these skulls had small holes bored in them as if for the purpose of decoration, and at least two of them had also been partly painted red.

with the aid of the geologist, can take up the snarled skein with any hope of unraveling the great mystery of man's origin?

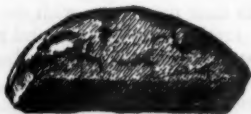
What light is thrown back over one brief period of the past by this study of the Serpent Mound and its surroundings, this singular structure in the midst of many other strange earthworks in the Ohio Valley! If history can now lend its aid and bring out some points with clearness, much will be gained. But it must be critical and trustworthy history, and not the simple patchwork of vague generalities.

Here, on this commanding point of land, in many ways adapted to what we know of the ancient faiths of man, is an imposing structure in the form of a huge serpent guarding an oval inclosure within which is a mound of burnt stones; all essential points in the fulfilment of special religious rites connected with the older faiths, which, so far as we know, had their greatest development in Asia, which is the land, more than any other, that we have reason to consider as the original home of the brachycephali, one of the early peoples of America. Exploration has shown us that this serpent was made many centuries ago, and it is evident that a structure of such magnitude, so carefully planned and executed, was intended for some great purpose deeply affecting the people who made it. Again let me ask, what other than a religious motive could have

been sufficient? Assuming this to be the case, we naturally give it the meaning of a religious shrine to which the people came at specified times to worship their gods. It is evident that there was never a very large community living on the plateau near the shrine, and the probability is that it was more a place of habitation in after than in early times. Here, near this sacred shrine, ceremonies of great import have taken place; individuals of importance have been buried in connection with ceremonies of fire, and in two instances, at least, accompanied by the burning of human bodies—possibly human sacrifice, that constant accessory of many ancient faiths. In later times the shrine was still a place of resort, possibly as one held sacred in myths and legends; and finally a few of the scattered bands of the last century made their habitation on the spot, probably without any legendary knowledge or thought of the earlier worshippers at the shrine, overgrown and half hidden by a forest which seventy years ago was of the same character as that on all the hills about.

Now another race has come, and the old shrine, cleared of rubbish, is again held sacred; not for ancient and awful rites, but for the study of future generations, when a wider knowledge of the past in other countries shall lead to a better knowledge of that of our own.

*F. W. Putnam.*



ORNAMENT CUT FROM CRYSTAL OF GALENA FOUND IN GRAVE.  
(NOW IN THE PEABODY MUSEUM.)

## THE LATEST SIBERIAN TRAGEDY.

THE "New York Tribune" of Sunday, January 19, contains the following letter from "An Occasional Correspondent" in St. Petersburg, in regard to the recent massacre of Russian political exiles in the East Siberian town of Yakutsk:

ST. PETERSBURG, JANUARY 1.

The account contained in the London "Times" of a massacre of political exiles which is alleged to have taken place last autumn at Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia, has created a considerable sensation here. Under ordinary circumstances the Imperial Government disdains to take any notice of the British "Thunderer," being aware of the position which the slayer of the Chief of Police, General Mezentseff, and nihilist leader, Katschefsky, better known by his pen-name of "Stepniak," has for several years past held on the editorial staff of the "Times." In the present case, however, the latter's story of

the alleged Yakutsk massacre has received such wide publicity, and has excited such a hurricane of indignation throughout the continental press, that the Tsar's government has considered it advisable to abandon its customary policy of contemptuous silence, and to vouchsafe an official explanation of the incident. It denies the massacre, but admits that two sanguinary affrays took place at Yakutsk under the following circumstances:

"About a year ago the secret police department here received information to the effect that most of the nihilistic pamphlets, proclamations, and other revolutionary publications were not only written but also printed in Siberia. At first sight this appeared almost incredible, in view of the close supervision to which both prisoners and exiles are subjected in the Tsar's great penal colony. However, it was deemed prudent to make inquiries into the matter, and accordingly Captain Russanow, one of the cleverest members of the Third Section of the Impe-

rial Chancellerie, was despatched to Siberia for the purpose. After much careful and patient investigation, he succeeded in discovering the existence of a most elaborately equipped secret printing establishment at Yakutsk. The latter is about the last place on earth where one would have imagined the nihilists to have established their presses, for only the most dangerous and desperate prisoners and exiles are interned at Yakutsk. Their names are not even known to the local authorities, since from the moment that they leave Tomsk they are deprived for the remainder of their days of their patronymics, and are designated by numerals only. By reason of their dangerous character they are supposed to be under specially strict surveillance.

"Captain Russanow, however, found that by means of heavy bribes they had succeeded in corrupting the Baikal Cossacks appointed to guard them, and that the latter actually helped them to forward their missives to Russia. Having made his preparations, he caused the building in which the nihilist presses were located to be surrounded one night by a detachment of police and soldiers, and after a sanguinary affray, during which several of the police as well as the conspirators were severely wounded by revolver-bullets and saber-cuts, the occupants of the premises were seized and thrown into prison. A few weeks later they were brought up for trial, and, with a moderation unusual under the circumstances, the judges contented themselves with sentencing them to deportation to various still more distant and severe penal settlements. The object of the court was to disperse the band and to scatter them to great distances from one another, so as to put at an end all communication between them. The official statement adds that when leaving the court-room, after the delivery of their sentence, they suddenly attacked their escort, and several of them having revolvers concealed about their persons began to use them against the police officers who were present. Troops hurried to the rescue of the latter, and before the revolt of the prisoners could be quelled it was necessary to shoot down and to bayonet several of their number. Three of the survivors were subsequently hanged, and the others were condemned to penal servitude in the mines instead of to mere deportation."

The explanation thus vouchsafed by the Government obtains universal credence here.

It is gratifying to see even such evidence as this that the Tsar's ministers are not wholly indifferent to the opinion of the civilized world, and that they can be forced into an explanation—even although it be a shamelessly false explanation—of some of their extraordinary acts. Looking at the question, however, from the point of view of expediency, it would have been better, I think, for the Russian Government to have ignored altogether the charges of cruelty and barbarity made against it by the London "Times" than to have met them with a series of statements that are not only false, but absurdly and grotesquely false.

The massacre of the political exiles in Yakutsk occurred last March—twelve months ago. Even in a country where cruelty and

violence are common, such an event as the Yakutsk affair—the shooting of fifteen or twenty almost defenseless political prisoners, the bayoneting to death of an unarmed woman, the hanging of three of the survivors, and the condemnation of all the others to penal servitude—is an event that would attract the attention of the most careless and indifferent press. It is an event of capital importance, no matter what view be taken of the circumstances. The most careful reader of Russian periodical literature, however, would have searched the pages of Russian newspapers and magazines in vain for even the briefest reference or allusion to this wholesale slaughter of educated men and women in Eastern Siberia. For ten months the whole Russian press has been profoundly silent in regard to it; not because the Russian editors were ignorant of it, not because they regarded the shooting of defenseless men and the bayoneting of innocent women with indifference, but because their mouths were stopped by the gag of the press censor. I myself take and read constantly four or five Russian periodicals, including the daily "Russian Gazette" of Moscow, the "Viestnik Europa," and the "Oriental Review" of Irkutsk, which is published in the capital of Eastern Siberia, only a short distance, as Siberian distances go, from the scene of the Yakutsk tragedy. Not one word has appeared in any of the above-named periodicals in regard to this most aggravated case of cruel and unprovoked murder. The Government apparently dared not submit to its people even its own version of the facts. If it had a good case or a valid defense, why did it not say simply in the beginning that the political exiles in Yakutsk were arrested and tried upon the charge of maintaining a secret revolutionary printing establishment; that, while leaving the court-room, they made an armed assault upon their guards; and that it became necessary to put down the revolt, even at the cost of serious bloodshed and loss of life? The only reason why it did not take this course was that it dared not provoke inquiry and comment. It hoped to keep the whole Russian people in ignorance not only of the circumstances of the massacre, but even of the bare fact that a massacre had occurred.

My first information in regard to the Yakutsk tragedy came to me in a private letter from Siberia last summer. Since that time I have received *eight* separate and independent accounts in manuscript of the whole series of events, with copies of the official documents relating to the case; plans of the house and courtyard where the massacre occurred; the names of all the officials and exiles concerned; the full text of the sentence of the court martial



that tried the survivors; the last letters of the three men who were hanged; and all the minute details that are essential to a complete understanding of the situation and the circumstances. These accounts, if translated and published, would fill two whole numbers of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, and they have come to me from eight different individuals—not all of them exiles—and from half a dozen different parts of the Russian Empire. With some of the writers I am personally acquainted, and I know them to be men of the highest integrity and honor—men who are absolutely incapable of willful misrepresentation, even for the attainment of the best of ends. Besides this, they are separated one from another by thousands of miles of Siberian steppe and forest; they could not possibly fix up a collusive story to deceive me, even if they wished to do so; and not one of them knows that any of the others have written to me. It is hardly necessary to say that evidence obtained in this way, from eight independent sources, and duly authenticated by names, dates, diagrams, and copies of official documents, is worthy of full credence. It is evidence that would carry conviction to the minds of any unprejudiced jury; and I am confident that, when published in full, it will convince the American people not only of the cruelty, but of the shameless mendacity of a government that is capable of such acts and such explanations.

The officials quoted by the "Tribune's" correspondent attempt to discredit the account of the massacre printed in the London "Times," first by attributing it to the well-known Russian author Stepniak, and then by blackening the latter's personal character. This is a characteristic Russian method of dealing with damaging facts. To attribute arbitrarily an unpleasant disclosure to an enemy, and then to call that enemy an assassin, is the Russian bureaucrat's highest idea of strategy. I do not think it necessary to defend Stepniak, since he is quite able to defend himself. I do not even know whether he is the London "Times's" correspondent; but I do know that the account of the Yakutsk massacre that the "Times" has published is, in every essential detail, absolutely true; and that, although expressed in different words, it is in complete harmony with the eight independent manuscript accounts that I have received from Russia and Siberia. The narratives sent to me are longer and contain more details, but they confirm every material circumstance set forth in the "Times" story.

The Russian officials in St. Petersburg, as quoted by the "New York Tribune's" correspondent, say that the Siberian tragedy was indirectly the result of the discovery in Ya-

kutsk, by Captain Rusinof, of a complete "nihilistic" printing establishment. This is false in every particular. General—not Captain—Rusinof went to Siberia, ostensibly to investigate the life and circumstances of the political exiles, nearly two years ago; but he did not visit Yakutsk, and he long since returned, I believe, to St. Petersburg. His most noteworthy exploits were, first, the suppression of the Tomsk liberal newspaper, the "Siberian Gazette," for giving employment to political offenders and for publishing an obituary notice of one of them; and, secondly, the erasure of all inscriptions from the tombstones of dead political exiles in the Tomsk burying-ground. Among the inscriptions thus erased under his personal supervision were: "A—B—, died in solitary confinement in the Tomsk prison, —th, 188—," and "B—C—, died in Tomsk, —th, 188—, in the —th year of his age." To the latter record were appended the words of Christ, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." These words were expunged.

I presume that an officer who is capable of pursuing political offenders into their graves and erasing the words of Christ from their tombstones is capable also of discovering a "nihilistic" printing office in a city that he never visited; but, if so, why did he not seize and break up that printing office while he was in Siberia? It is now almost two years since I read in my Siberian newspapers notices of his movements in the places that he visited.

To a person who knows the town of Yakutsk as I know it, the story of the discovery there of a secret "nihilistic" printing establishment is incredible on its face. Printing presses do not grow in Russia on every bush. They are regarded by the Government as more dangerous than dynamite, and they are surreptitiously procured, even in the great cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, with the utmost difficulty and at a terrible risk. How could a handful of political exiles, living under the strictest police supervision and almost destitute of money, obtain a printing press in the far-away town of Yakutsk? There is no newspaper in the place, and, so far as I know, there is not a printing press within a thousand miles of it. But, waiving that consideration, what effective use could the political exiles hope to make of a printing press *there*, even if they miraculously could obtain possession of one? Yakutsk is only an overgrown log village of six thousand inhabitants; every one of its citizens is known both to the post-office authorities and to the police; and the correspondence of the political exiles is under the strictest "control." How could they forward

"nihilistic" literature in any considerable quantity to European Russia, four thousand miles distant, even if they had the means of printing it?

The St. Petersburg officials, as quoted by the "Tribune" correspondent, say, furthermore, that "only the most dangerous and desperate prisoners and exiles are interned at Yakutsk. Their names are not even known to the local authorities, since from the moment that they leave Tomsk they are deprived for the remainder of their days of their patronymics, and are designated by numerals only." Both of these statements are false, and the latter is absurd. Fully half of the political exiles in Yakutsk were sent to Siberia by administrative process without trial. There was not proof enough against them to secure their conviction even in a Russian court, and they were banished by virtue of a simple order from the Minister of the Interior. If they were "dangerous and desperate," why did not the Government prove their criminal character in a court of justice?

The assertion that political exiles or convicts are deprived of their names when they pass Tomsk, and are known thereafter by numbers, is so far from the truth as even to throw doubt upon the origin of the "Tribune" correspondent's story. Both common criminals and political offenders are known by their names in all parts of Siberia—even at the mines. The names are sometimes assumed, but the use of numbers to designate convicts in Siberia is practically unknown. Only one instance of the kind ever came to my knowledge, and in that case the convict succeeded in concealing his name and personal identity, and was sent to the mines as "Number Two" simply because the Government did not know who he was.

The St. Petersburg officials, as quoted by the "Tribune's" correspondent, say, furthermore, in explanation of the Yakutsk massacre, that when the "dangerous and desperate" political exiles were leaving the court-room, after they had been tried upon the charge of maintaining a secret "nihilistic" printing office, they suddenly attacked their guards with loaded revolvers, and it became necessary to shoot and bayonet them in order to quell the revolt.

The exiles seem to have obtained their loaded revolvers in the same miraculous way that they obtained their printing press. Every one who is at all acquainted with Russian prisons and courts must be aware that a criminal is always searched before being committed to a cell, and that he is still more carefully and thoroughly searched before being conducted into a court-room. It is utterly impossible and incredible that "dangerous and desperate"

political offenders should have been allowed to take loaded revolvers into their cells when they were arrested and imprisoned, and still more incredible that they should have been permitted to carry such deadly weapons in their pockets to the very court-room where they were to be tried. Russian police officers may be stupid, but they are not stupid enough to bring "dangerous and desperate" prisoners before a court with their pockets full of loaded revolvers.

The whole story bears every mark of a clumsy invention, intended to break the force of the real facts and to deceive readers who are not acquainted with the conditions of exile life. The affray in Yakutsk was not the result of the discovery of a secret "nihilistic" printing office, nor of an attack made by "desperate and dangerous" men upon their guards. It was the direct result of official stupidity and brutality, and the indirect result of a cruel and unnecessary order issued by the acting governor of the province of Yakutsk, General Ostashkin (Os-tash'kin). That officer proposed to send twenty or thirty *administrative* exiles into the arctic regions, without proper equipment, and in parties so large that they would almost inevitably starve to death on the road, owing to the impossibility of procuring food. I know that region thoroughly. I traversed a part of it on dog-sledges in the winter of 1867-68, and I remember that, for a whole week, my thermometer indicated temperatures ranging from forty to fifty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. I nearly lost one of my men who came into camp at night, insensible from cold; and well fed and perfectly equipped as I was, I suffered intensely from incessant hardship and exposure. Into this polar wilderness, which I traversed with the utmost difficulty on dog-sledges in 1867, Governor Ostashkin proposed to send twenty or thirty political exiles—two or three of them young girls—without an adequate supply of food, without proper equipment, and in parties so large that, in all probability, the half-wild Yakut drivers at the widely separated stations could neither feed them nor furnish them with transportation. When the exiles sent respectful petitions to Governor Ostashkin, asking merely that they be forwarded to their destinations, as they had previously been forwarded, in parties of two, a week apart, and with proper food and equipment, the governor sent a company of Cossacks, with loaded rifles, to the house where the petitioners had assembled to await his answer, and directed the officers in command to take them to the police station. The Cossacks attempted to drive the bewildered exiles out of the house by pricking them with their bayonets and striking them with the butt-ends of their guns. Resistance

was offered by a few, who did not understand the meaning of this unexpected reply to their petition, and then followed the butchery that the London "Times" correspondent has described. Six of the politicals were killed outright, including one young woman bayoneted to death, nine were severely wounded, and all of the others were brutally beaten and maltreated.

The London "Times," in a leading editorial upon this terrible tragedy, asks the pertinent questions, "Is it possible that these things can be done with the knowledge of the Tsar, who passes for a humane man? Is he so blinded by absolutist theories as to harden his heart against all these tales of suffering, of stupid repression, and of the cruelty which infuriates the class against which it is directed? If not, he has a magnificent opportunity of, once for all, putting a stop to scenes and systems which disgrace his government and his religion."

Such outrages do not repress, they merely exasperate; and thus increase the evil that they are intended to remedy.

The survivors of the Yakutsk massacre were tried by court martial, without benefit of counsel, upon the charge of armed resistance to the authorities, and all were found guilty. Three of them were hanged; fourteen, including four women, were condemned to penal servitude for life; five, including two women, were

sent to the mines for fifteen years; four boys and girls less than twenty-one years of age were condemned to penal servitude for ten years, and two others were sent as forced colonists to the arctic villages of Verkhoyansk and Sredni Kolynsk, in "the remotest part of the province of Yakutsk." And this sentence, the St. Petersburg officials say, is an evidence of the "unusual moderation" of the judges who composed the court martial! A further proof of this "unusual moderation" is furnished by the fact that the political exile Kohan-Bernstein, after receiving four severe bullet-wounds at the time of the massacre, and after lying nearly five months in a prison hospital, was carried to the scaffold on a cot bed and hanged by putting the noose around his neck and dragging the bed out from under him. If this is Russian "moderation," one might well pray to be delivered from Russian severity.

One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades, in which he said, "We are not afraid to die, but try—you—to make our deaths count for something—write all this to Kennan."

The appeal to me shall not be in vain. If I live, the whole English-speaking world, at least, shall know all the details of this most atrocious crime.

*George Kennan.*



## DAFFODILS.

**F**ATHERED by March, the daffodils are here.

First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,  
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray  
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,  
Fluted the last unto the budding year;  
Now, that the wind lets loose from orchard spray  
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,  
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.  
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass  
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,  
Long-stemmed one flames behind the palings bare,  
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.  
Scarce here, soon will it be—oh, sweet and fleet!—  
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

## THE OLD POETIC GUILD IN IRELAND.



A BAGPIPER.  
(FROM THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY.)

FRIEND and foe of the Irish agree to allow them preëminence in two matters — poetry and music. Welsh history states that music came to Wales from Ireland, and nowhere do we find records of a poetic guild so abundant and minute as in the literature of Ireland gradually being brought to the notice of the world. A sketch of this caste is all that can be given at present.

The guild of poets has been as elaborately subdivided in Ireland as in Wales, where the common term is "bard," while in Ireland that word is either not at home or at some period sunk in the social scale, "filé" being the proper word. But without doubt the arrangement of the profession conformed to the political fashion of the day. We hear of Ollaves or Doctors of Poetry, with an Ard-Ollave at their head; of Anruiths or Masters, who formed the next rank; of Clis, and so on. The corporation was called the Fíli-decht, and seems to have reached importance between the fall of Druidism and the time when Columbkille, the saint of royal Irish blood, established thoroughly the supremacy of the Church as St. Patrick understood it, by eloquence, by mortification of the flesh, by political moves, and even by the sword. Before his time the guild was a great nuisance to chiefs and people, owing to the religious or superstitious awe with which the poets were regarded. Outwardly Christian, filés were merely Druids deprived of some of the terrors which pertained to them. The old histories refer to several occasions when the exactions of the poets caused their banishment; but only with the age of St. Columbkille do we get anything that affords a firm basis. In A. D. 574 the saint came back from the island of I to Drom-Ceata, not far from Derry, at the invitation of Aedh, son of Ainmiré, who wished to drive all the troublesome singing and piping gentry out of Ireland. "I do not wish to continue to maintain the Fíledha," answered Aedh when the saint begged him not to expel the poets, "so extreme is their insolence, and so great are their numbers; for the ollave has an attendant train of thirty followers, and the anruith has a train of fifteen; so of the other members of that order downwards, each per-

son has his special number of attendants allotted to him according to his rank, so that now almost one-third of the men of Ireland are members of the order."

In reward for conforming at least outwardly to Christianity the filés were so well defended by Columbkille that the chief king retained his chief ollave, subordinate kings their particular ollaves, and filés were allowed to chieftains. We find in the Highlands of Scotland the piper attached to the person of each chief of note. It is probable that the custom there represents a very primitive and simple form of entertainment common to all parts of Europe, not excluding Rome, in which the performer was a bagpiper, a flute player, or a harper. Wherever instruments were introduced which do not require the breath, the voice of the performers became important. Yet the name originally signifying the instrument would come to mean the person. Filé may be considered equivalent to piper in its origin, but in



MOORE'S HARP, DUBLIN MUSEUM.





LARGE BRONZE CALDRON.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)

Ireland it was of such old standing to signify a person of higher rank than a performer on flute or bagpipe, that its first meaning was entirely unknown to the Irish speakers of Gaelic.<sup>1</sup>

The difference between the Welsh bard and the Irish *filé* appears to be merely in name, and springs from the difference in the instrument used at different epochs. Welsh history records that music was revived in Wales from Irish examples not long before the Norman conquest; with that revival we may consider that the term of "bard" came in. But the word bard refers to the "burden" (French *bourdon*), the humming sound of a stringed instrument; while "*filé*" arose from the shrill sound of the flute or pipes—earlier and more primitive instruments than the harp. We may consider, then, that the revival of music in Wales in the Middle Ages by Irish minstrels brought back the harp to Britain; but in Caledonia the early colonists from Ireland introduced the bagpipes, if not already the favorite instrument there. In the twelfth century Giraldus de Barry draws these distinctions between the three countries: "Ireland only uses and delights in two instruments, the harp and the tabor. Scotland has three, the harp, the tabor, and the crowth, or crowd; and Wales the harp, the pipes, and the crowd." So that we find the bagpipes even in Wales according to this Welsh authority, but may well doubt whether the remote parts of Ireland, into which he never penetrated, could have lacked the bagpipes, and can be quite sure that he omitted them in error from the musical instruments of Scotland.

That Ireland and Caledonia had the tabor, or small drum, we may well believe, for that is the special instrument for summoning spirits; but as such the tabor was disliked by Christians, since its monotonous noise was used while the Druid or poet went into a trance. The process by which a poet threw himself into an ecstasy is very similar to that found

by Castrèn among the Lapps and Samoyeds of Siberia, even to the eating of dog's flesh as a preliminary. A curious story of the pursuit of the Fomori by the Dagdé, or "good god," has an invocation of a captured harp, in which the Dagdé cries: "Come summer, come winter, from the mouths of harps and bags and pipes!" And a later legend, containing in verse an adventure of Fion, says:

The household harp was one of three strings,  
Methinks it was a pleasant jewel:  
A string of iron, a string of noble bronze,  
And a string of entire silver.

The initial shows a bagpipe common to the British Isles. Minstrels of Finland still employ a harp when singing the long runes of the Kalewala; the latter resembles a large zither. A harp like this must have existed in Ireland down to the Middle Ages, when the small upright harp as it appears on the coins of Ireland and on the flag became the fashion. The harp in Dublin Museum called the harp of Brian of the Tribute, but probably an instrument of the fourteenth or the fifteenth century, not the eleventh, is the modern type. The harp of Tom Moore is given in order to show the most modern form of this harp. It belongs to a revival of harpistry at the close of the last century, when very fine harps were made for some years in Dublin.

The poetic guild suffered during the later Middle Ages from the bad character of many of its members, who became degraded into strolling adventurers ready to commit depredations; they became bad "*fellows*" in England and *filous* in France. The Bulgarians called certain fairies or elemental spirits *viias*. In Ireland they had bad and good characteristics very sharply expressed long before the Middle Ages. The laureate, or official poet, of Ireland, who had shown himself the possessor of a wonderful memory, was distinguished by a seat at banquets and public ceremonies, a certain arrangement of his hair, and a special cloak decorated with the feathers of song birds. In the last point, and in the superstition that his satires could produce disfigurement or blemishes on persons satirized, the Irish *filé* again recalls to the wizards of the medieval Finns and modern Samoyeds. Another very ancient musical instrument was a stand of crotals, or small bronze bells, now used only on animals. The cut shows these adapted for young girls, children, and pets.

The dread of satire is yet alive in Ireland. Within the last decade a local bard of Lim-

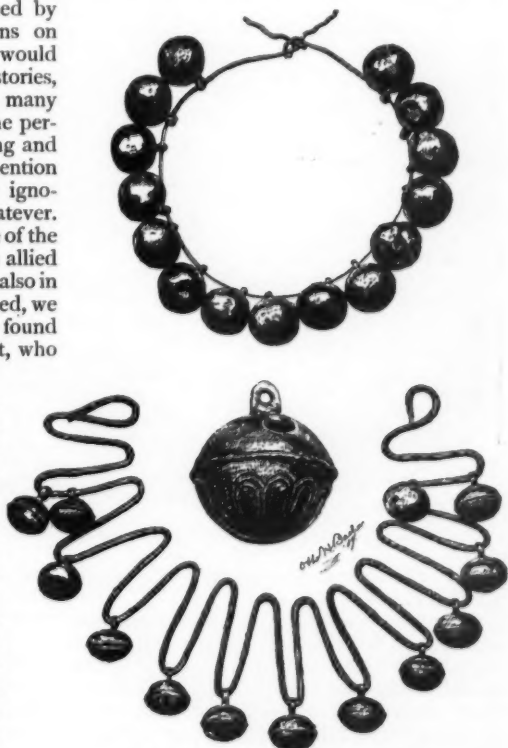
<sup>1</sup> Through Celtic *F*, for Finno-Ugrian *P*, this word is traced in Finnish and Estonian *pilli*, Estonian *wile*, a pipe, a bagpipe, a flute. Proscription of min-

strely brought the *filés* so low that *filou* was degraded in French to the meaning of thief, and *gwiliad* in Welsh to that of stroller, vagabond.

erick is said to have procured for himself an office by satirizing in verse the town council. Aenghus O'Daly, one of a famous family of bards, who is supposed to have lived about A. D. 1600, has left a most venomous satire on the Irish sept of his day, which has been published by John O'Donovan under the title of "The Tribes of Ireland." Edmund Spenser was concerned at the number of "carooghs, bards, jesters, and such like" who straggled up and down Ireland, or "miche in corners amongst theyr frendes idlye." Yet the great poet, while reproving their tendency to laud the greatest robbers of the country, remarked of their songs: "I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of theyr owne naturall devise which gave good grace and comeliness unto them." Had Spenser been able to read Gaelic; had he learned the language and made himself one with the people whom he helped to oppress,—and who destroyed his castle at Kilcolman after all,—what a difference there would have been in the estimate placed by English grammarians, poets, politicians on matters relating to the Gaels! Spenser would have brought to light not only the histories, legends, and poems we now have, but many others which have disappeared under the persecutions from which the Gaelic-speaking and Catholic natives have suffered, not to mention the loss of manuscripts through sheer ignorance that they possessed any value whatever.

That vileness which was the dark side of the Druid, and which reflects itself in words allied to the same root in many languages, was also in some degree part of the early *filé*. Indeed, we have notice of the period when it was found necessary to define the duties of a poet, who among other things was at one time very much the same as an advocate at law, while his magical verses made him a physician, or caused him to be feared like a Druid. At the foundation of the tripartite rule, or rule in succession, of three kings at the Navan, near Armagh, the compact was witnessed by Druids, poets, and champions—"the seven Druids to crush them by their incantations, the seven *filés* to lacerate them by their satires, and the seven young champions to slay and burn them, should the proper man not receive the sovereignty at the end of each seventh year." We have also an amusing instance of the obscurity of phrases used by two great poets in a contest of words. This reached such a pitch that the court re-

volted and the guild of poets was deprived of some of its privileges. The Druidic side is shown in the famous circuit made by Aithirné the Importunate, a poet whose virulence was such that no one dared say him nay, and whose greed and luxury finally brought many chiefs to death. His purpose was to stir up strife and give a chance for champions to collect human heads and acquire fame. Secure in his privilege, he asked whatever the chiefs most objected to part with, not excluding their wives, of whom he collected a troop and marched them off into slavery. The prophetic powers of a poet are shown on this circuit. A clod of earth containing a big brooch having fallen into the lap of a king, flung there from the hoof-stroke of a horse, Aithirné not only explained what was in the clod, but told exactly who had buried the brooch. On the hill of Howth, near Dublin, are the remains of an earthwork which is said to be the fort into which Aithirné fled when his insolence finally overcame the fears and hospitality of the men of Leinster. There he ward off their attacks under circumstances in which he showed bar-



BRONZE CROTALS IN THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)



SEA-CAVE NEAR GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, NORTH OF IRELAND.

barity to his own men of Ulster who were defending him.

The extortions of the poets were conducted with a good deal of system. They were at times supported by the people; but it was difficult for them to collect tithes from the folk, or to get pay from chiefs whom they eulogized and whose genealogy and tributes they knew by heart. Often they went in bands, attended as fully as they could afford, and carried with them a

large pot, or caldron, called "The Pot of Avarice." This was presumably the sign of an intention on their part to claim food from the chief they visited, though in the legend it was meant for the gold and silver they expected as perquisites. Caldrons of ancient make are found in the Dublin Museum, and one of bronze is figured on page 894. "The Pot of Avarice" was swung from the points of nine spears by nine chains, and was said to be made of silver. When they approached a house the leader of one of these parties, at one end of the line of minstrels, would begin with a verse. The second verse would be recited by the poet at the other end, and the third by the one next the leader. Thus the song jumped from one end of the line to the other. We have inferred that at one time the *filé* was no other than a piper and that the poet became also the singer, after a change of instrument left his mouth free for vocal music. But the separation of *Filé* from *Cruitiné*, or harper, must have been very ancient, for the Psalter of Cashel makes a distinction between northern and southern Ireland on this very point, giving the finest music to the south, the greatest poetry to the north.

The sweetness of string music,  
blandness, valor,  
In the south, in the south of  
Erinn are found,  
It so shall be to the end of time  
With the illustrious race of  
Eimher.

There fell to the share of the northern man  
The professor of poetry with his noble gifts.  
It is a matter of boast with the north that with  
them has remained  
Excellence in poetry and its chief abode.

The native brought up to speak Gaelic rarely obtained sufficient ease and mastery of the English language to achieve greatness as a poet. If he devoted himself to the tongue through which he might hope for some



OLD DRINKING VESSELS OF WOOD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)

of the prizes offered by the wealthier nation and the English-speaking settlers in Ireland, he lost his hold on his own fine language. Talents of the highest order have been stifled in Ireland owing to this unlucky situation, for the land was too impoverished by bad government to allow of a modern literature in Gaelic.

The *filés* who wrote and sung their ballads in Irish, how shall they be estimated fairly? It is a task that cannot be undertaken with any hope of useful conclusions until far more of the old ballads and legends shall be translated and their age, their historical elements, and their allusions explained. Almost everything is still to be done before the old literature of Ireland is sifted and annotated to the point where it can be compared with that of other lands. A beginning has been made by Professor Arbois de Jubainville of the Collège de France, for whose "*Essai d'un Catalogue de la Littérature Épique de l'Irlande*" and his two volumes of "*Cours de Littérature Celtique*" all Irishmen, and all who hope to learn something of primitive Europe through the remains of Irish literature, must be profoundly grateful. Very thorough studies of the music and musical instruments are found in Eugene O'Curry's "*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*," with an introductory volume by W. K. Sullivan.

The apparently complete independence of Irish literature of the early writings by Britons is a constant surprise, and the professors of poetry among the Irish have no parallels in England. One must go to the Gaelic Highlands, to the bards from whom Macpherson obtained very late variants on many of the old stories and legends common to both countries, before a correspondence is discovered. In Iceland, on the other hand, we get figures among the scalds which are practically identical, and some of them bear Irish names. But we must give up the idea long cherished

by students of Norse that the Icelandic literature antedates the Irish. Everything points the other way. The Icelanders appear to have had political as well as commercial reasons for knowing more about Ireland than about Norway, for their natural neighbors were the Faroe, Shetland, and other islanders who are connected by blood as well as by language with the Kelts. Their scalds found it easier and more profitable to study in Ireland and Great Britain than in the countries about the Baltic. Viollet-le-Duc says that in the Middle Ages the best harpers came from Brittany and Ireland.

In the later centuries there is apparent among the *filés* a tendency to be lavish of adjectives, florid in narration, given to the grotesque and absurd. In the more ancient lays there are grotesque and far-fetched things, but these appear to come from some root of cosmology, mythology, legend; not from that striving after novelty which destroys literature in the eyes of judges. The effect of the Norman conquest is very clear in many of the later stories. This could hardly fail to be the case

GROUP OF MEDIEVAL HARPERS. (FROM VIOULET-LE-DUC'S "*DICTIONNAIRE DU MOBILIER FRANÇAIS*.")





APPROACH TO GLENGARIFF, RENTRY BAY, KERRY.

if, as we may be pretty sure, the fashion of writing down and reading off pieces, instead of reciting them from memory, only began to be general after the Normans arrived. Yet the wildest, most turgid Irish poem can hardly be said to contain comparisons so far-fetched as a large number of the Icelandic sagas, though written down about the same time, say from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. Alliteration, which is the chief artifice in the Kalewala of the Finns, and only less popular with the Saxon poets of England and Norse poets of Iceland, is used with the utmost discretion, so that even in those poems where it is the rule it does not force itself on the ear. The ordinary or end rhyme is common to Irish verse and has been thought to have driven alliteration out of English. The memorized tariff of tributes preserved in the "Book of Rights" has a good deal of rude rhyme; but so far as the present writer has observed, rhyme never became in Irish so fixed and artificial as it now appears in English and French poetry.

A mediæval version of the battle of Magh Rath (Moyrà), which retains the metrical parts of an older version scattered through a prose account, after a fashion usual with Irish bards, shows slight traces of alliteration except in the lists of names of heroes, and hardly any of rhyme proper—at the most one may say of assonant rhyme. The battle was fought A. D. 637,

between Domnall, the chief king of Ireland, and Congall Claen, a fugitive prince of Ulster, assisted by a large army composed of Highlanders, Picts, and Saxons.

Congall had exiled himself because he took it as an insult at the banquet of the king that poor food was set before him. The king sends a band of monks after him. When Congall sees them he is so fierce that they run away, but do not fail to curse him with bell and book. Then the king sends the poets of Erin after him, when Congall exclaims: "The munificent character of Ulster is tarnished forever, for we gave the poets no presents at the banqueting house, and they are following us to upbraid us." So that the man who is depicted as crazily fierce and violent, a ruthless, insufferable tyrant, receives the poets well and gives them presents according to custom.

On reaching Scotland in his flight, Congall is met by the four sons of the king of Scotland with a demand from each that he shall make his stay with him. But each wants a certain caldron belonging to his father which has very convenient traits. "Why was it called Caire Ainsicen?" asks the writer. "It is not difficult. It was the *caire*, or caldron, which was used to return his own proper share to each, and no party ever went away from it unsatisfied; for whatever quantity was put into it, there was never boiled of it but what was sufficient for the company according to their

grade and rank." From a caldron like the one in the illustration, king, poet, and hero obtained their porridge, their boiled beef and mutton, and their venison. They ate flesh without forks, using their short skeans and their fingers to tear the meat. Their drink was ale or milk, kept in large receptacles like vats and served in wooden *methers*, or mead-cups, like those figured on page 897. The wooden mether was of course copied in metals or overlaid with thin shells of metal, but the great bulk of the people used those of wood. They are found from time to time in the bogs where they were concealed and forgotten, sometimes full of a curious substance which is supposed to be petrified butter.

The Druid of the exile's camp, going out to view this king and his army, returns and, to the great fury of Congall Claen, makes a magniloquent report of their appearance. As to Domnall himself:

Oh the size of the expert blue sword  
Which is in his valiant right hand!  
And the size of his great shield beside it!  
The size of his broad green spear!

There are three clouds over his head—  
A blue cloud, a black cloud, a white cloud;  
The blue cloud of fine bright valor  
And the white cloud of truth.

Families in Ireland, as in Scotland, maintained their harpers to celebrate the deeds of



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, NORTH OF IRELAND.

The Battle of Moyrâ is a very curious and beautiful medieval poem, containing later as well as ancient traits, some primitive pagan, others old Keltic, and not a few Norman. The night before the battle Domnall did not sleep, though some, remarks the poet, may have slept soundly to the "thrilling, agreeable, and symphonious musical strings," and to the "low, mournful, soft strains of minstrels." When addressing his army Domnall compares himself to the sledge that drives the nail home, and his five sons to sparks driven from an anvil.

My own five sons of ruddy aspects—  
Fergus, Aengus of troops,  
Ailel and Colgu not penurious,  
And the fifth Conall.

These are the sparks of my body,  
The safety of all lies in their attack,  
Ready in each road, furious their action  
When coming against foreigners.

ancestors and of the living, and we have most tragical instances of their devotion to such patrons, like the story of Loyal Ronins in Japan. But all is not tragic with them.

Craftiné the harpist was an early prototype of the crowders and blind harpers now vanished from Ireland, but still found in Finland, and in other countries even less popular with the tourist. Of him the pleasing tale is told how he outwitted the parents of a princess who fell in love with his young master. Cobhtach, by a crime the king of the greater part of Ireland,—for he had killed his elder brother and poisoned his nephew, the chief of Leinster,—sought at first to keep his grandnephew Maen an idiot, since Maen was dumb from his birth and could not be chosen king. But Maen destroyed these hopes by suddenly developing the power of speech in an altercation with a schoolmate on the play-ground. As this made him eligible to the throne, Cobhtach banished him and his



WITCH'S STAIRCASE, BLARNEY CASTLE, CORK.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. G. MOORE.)

tutor Craftiné on the first good excuse; whereupon they took refuge with a powerful chief near Bantry Bay, Kerry. Here Maen fell desperately in love with the daughter of his host, but without the aid of his harper would have failed, as all previous lovers had, because a watch was kept on the girl by night and day, her parents themselves taking turns.

Craftiné chose the hour of banquet as the time when people were least on their guard; he called for his harp and played with such expression and skill that all eyes were fixed on him. The lovers stole away from the hall, and then Craftiné began a measure which lulled the court into a slumber or state of trance, during which the prince and princess had time to exchange pledges of eternal affection. As soon as they

returned to their seats the harper changed from the *Suantraighe*, or sweet measure, to the *Geantraighe*, or lively measure, the effects of which were not only to awaken people from their trance, but to throw them into the happiest mood. Perhaps he changed again to a third measure generally mentioned in turn—the *Goltraighe*, or lament. At any rate the mother of the lovely Moriath heard the sound of sighs, which the maiden was too artless to suppress, and managed to extract from her the unwelcome news that she had pledged her troth to the exile. As the princess was inflexible, Maen obtained Moriath for his wife.

The poets of Ireland have been the men who collected the legends of Finno-Ugrian and Kelt and fused them into early songs out of which a later generation composed the literary treasures extant. They took the cosmological ideas common to each of these two races, made them more human, brought the gods from their sublime or malicious positions into flesh and

blood, and made history serve as a framework on which to hang the curious, stirring, sometimes beautiful thoughts of the past races. The poets recorded the actual warfare between the fierce pagan Finns still lingering on the islands off Ireland and Scotland, and the mixed Keltic-Ugrian tribes of Erin and Caledonia. But to make it interesting they identified the Finns with the autumn or winter, and with night, calling them *Fomoraigh* (Fowri), and attributing to them complexions unnaturally dark, and magical powers of great virulence, as noted in "Early Heroes of Ireland" in the *JUNE CENTURY*. The Finns treat the Lapps in the same way.

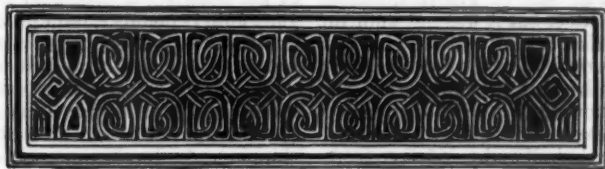
Whether as giants or as magicians who turn into seals, these men are still remembered on

the north coast. To coast-dwellers the Giant's Causeway is nothing but the remains of a line of stepping-stones joining Britain with Ireland, once used by the Fomoraigh. The basaltic columnar groups of rock are called *clochan na-bh Fomoraigh*, and the sea-caves thereabouts are thought to be haunted. Everything related is on a scale suited to giants, so that it is plain that the historical element in the tradition is faint compared with the mythological. The poet, as well as the tale-teller who does not compose in verse but uses prose, has preserved all these ideas after a fashion, so that one may still hear how Fion mac Cumhal met a giant who came across the sea by this causeway, and how he fought or did not dare to fight him. The old myths, developed by the more learned poets into tragedies and comedies fitted for the listeners of their age, have retained in some places their early bigness and vagueness, and are merely nursery tales. In the grounds at Blarney Castle is a small flight of steps under a rock which has been seized by the imaginative in the same way, though apparently quite modern, and dubbed the "Witch's Staircase." But the great number of past *filés* has given to all the landmarks of Ireland a wealth of legend which can hardly be exhausted for many years, let ever so many volumes be published. Nearly

every lake has its story of a city overwhelmed for the sins of its inhabitants, or its dragon slain by Fion mac Cumhal, St. Patrick, or some other favorite of the people.

The long training of the people in verse-composing and verse-reciting predisposes them to the composition of poetry of some degree of excellence. Irishmen and Irishwomen as a rule have a knack at writing if they receive any education at all, and are natural journalists and writers at an early age. The last remarkable poet of the *filé* kind known in Ireland was Carolan, the blind bard of the last century, whose portrait, and some of whose verses, translated and in the original, were published by James Hardiman. He was as peripatetic as Homer is said to have been, blind also, and certainly a fine if not a great poet. Though the race is not extinct, little except the most ordinary verse is published in Irish to-day, the audience being too small to tempt the most ardent patriot. With all its inherited shortcomings, and with the evils that befell it owing to circumstances, the poetic guild of ancient Ireland did the world a great service in keeping from destruction historical and national data lost from other parts of Europe. It also added not a little to the world's stock of tragic, of noble, and of comic fiction.

Charles de Kay.



## ROBERT BROWNING.

**M**OURN, Italy, with England mourn, for both  
 He sang with song's discriminating love,  
 Thy towers that flash the wooded crag above;  
 Thy trellised vineyard's purple overgrowth;  
 Thy matin balm; thy noontide's pleasing sloth;  
 Thy convent bell, dim lake, and homeward dove;  
 Thine evening star, that through the bowered alcove  
 Silvers the white flight of the circling moth.  
 He sang thy best and worst — false love, fierce war,  
 Renaissance craft, child graces, saintly art,  
 Old poms from "Casa Guidi Windows" seen.  
 There dwelt he happy; there that minstrel queen,  
 Who shared his poet crown but gladdened more  
 To hold, unshared, her poet's manly heart.

Aubrey de Vere.



## ON THE FUR SEAL ISLANDS.

BY THE FIRST SPECIAL TREASURY AGENT.



**S**HORTLY after the cession of Russian America to the United States, the latter government began to take active measures for the protection of the few fisheries of the islands of the ceded territory, and thus it happened that I, as one who had had eighteen years' experience as a whaler in the North Pacific, became a factor in the plans for protection. My knowledge of the natural history, conditions of life, and currents of the North Pacific had brought me into communication with Professor Louis Agassiz and with Professor Benjamin Peirce, who was at the time Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and at their instance I was appointed by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, first to report on the fur-seal fisheries and then to organize a system by which the interest of the islanders could be guarded and the seals protected against unnecessary destruction. The system established by me is still in active force. I reached the Fur Seal, or Pribyloff, Islands early in March, 1869, but it was not until the spring of 1871 that order was finally brought out of the confusion into which the fisheries had been thrown by the change in ownership, and we began operations under the lease granted to the Alaska Commercial Company. I had found the natives disorganized and terrified concerning their future, as the irregularities practiced by the various parties who had raided the islands for seals in the previous year had threatened extermination both to islanders and to seals; and the plan of fishing finally adopted was grafted on the general method which the Russians had observed, and in which the natives, who knew it, would therefore be likely to have confidence.

The Russians had maintained a head agent on the islands, with whom had been associated two creole subordinates who had been sufficiently educated in the counting-houses of Sitka to keep the accounts with the natives and to direct them in killing the seals and preparing the skins. A certain sum was allowed the islanders for compensation. The head agent employed three or four of the most capable men to direct parties at work, and the driving and killing of the seals had been left mainly to these. Their method had been to drive the

seals as near as possible to the salting-houses, in order that the labor of carrying the skins might be made as light as possible; and they had become sufficiently expert in their work to understand that by killing the smaller seals the work would be lighter, though no discrimination was made as to the quality of the skins in the animals killed. The number of skins taken annually had varied from forty thousand to sixty thousand.

That the Government agent in charge of the islands might have full power to enforce and supervise all operations, it seemed best to leave to some responsible company the right to take a stated number of seals under restrictions and regulations that would best subserve the interests of the United States and of the natives themselves, who were to have the exclusive right to kill the seals and salt the skins.

When the sealing began in the spring of 1871, it soon became evident that the clumsy methods in vogue were open to very great improvement. To take the necessary number of seals to fill out the annual catch, the whole working force of the islands was kept busy from the 1st of June until September, the women helping, particularly in carrying the skins to the salting-houses. These had been built too far from the landing, and as soon as possible they were moved nearer to the beach, in order to facilitate the transfer of the skins to the boats on shipping. As the skins prepared for shipment, and all the salt necessary for curing them, had to be carried on the backs of the natives across a broad beach of soft sand and through the shallow water to and from boats, a railway of light iron rails was eventually built, to be laid in movable sections, with high-wheeled flat-cars. Mules, carts, and harnesses were brought to the islands, and whenever the skins were to be carried to the salting-houses from the slaughter-grounds the boys and girls, for the sake of the ride back in the empty carts, were ready to load them. This relieved the women of the necessity of all outdoor work in sealing time, except occasional journeys for the necessary supply of seal flesh for food. Later, when we had taught them to make bread and had introduced various articles of food, seal flesh and blubber, which had been formerly almost the sole means of sustenance, were used much less frequently. Under the lease held by the Alaska Commercial Company the number

of seals to be killed annually was limited to 100,000; and at 40 cents a skin, the sum allowed the natives for each skin brought in, \$40,000 was annually divided among the islanders employed in the killing of seals. We learned when the returns for the first season's catch were made that the skins were assorted into fourteen or fifteen classes. A small number—less than ten per cent.—ranked as first-class, at \$14 a skin; about the same per cent. fell to less than \$2.50 each, while the general average was about \$5.87. This discrepancy in the value of the skins called attention at once to the question of what constituted the difference in quality between a skin worth \$14 and one worth only \$2.50. An agent of the Company was sent to London to examine the skins as they were classified for the market: the result of his examination revealed the fact that the fur of a seal was most valuable when the animal was three years old, the proportion being that at present prices a two-year-old seal would be worth \$15 or \$16, a three-year-old \$16 or \$19, a four-year-old \$16, and a five-year-old only \$2.50. As the agent had the opportunity of selecting the animals before killing, he aimed to take as many three-year-old seals as possible, making out the one hundred thousand from those two or four years old. This trebled the value of the annual catch at once. Again, it being desirable to secure the quantity with the least possible loss of life, a careful supervision of the manner of driving the seals to the slaughter-ground was instituted. Very fat seals often become overheated in driving, and die from convulsions, rendering their fur valueless for the market. In consequence of this difficulty each driver is required to carry a club and a knife, that any seal showing indications of an overheated condition may be killed immediately and skinned. These skins are collected after the herd is cared for, and are usually equal to eight or ten per cent. of the whole drive.

The cost of maintaining these fisheries is about \$10,000 a year; the revenue obtained during the twenty years that the present lease has been running amounts to \$365,000 a year. A careful count is made of the number of skins taken, each party through whose hands they pass keeping its own account. First they are counted by the chiefs, that the natives may be paid a proper sum; the Treasury officer in charge of the islands counts them when they are taken from the salting-houses for shipment; when received at the side of the vessel they are counted by the executive officer for his bills of lading; at San Francisco a revenue officer takes charge of them and has them counted; they are counted again at the warehouse in San Francisco, where they are packed

in one-hundred-gallon tierces and shipped to New York, and thence to London, where they are counted twice again before they are ready for sale. An important element in the economy of the business is that, by reason of the many improved methods used in capturing and handling the seals, the time required for this work has been materially shortened. Formerly the work was continued from the 1st of June until September, but now the whole time required for taking the one hundred thousand skins and shipping them has been shortened to forty-five days. This gain in time also increases the value of the skins, as the fur is far brighter when the seals first land.

The present lease to the Alaska Commercial Company expires July 1, 1890. When the lease was granted, in 1870, the bids were governed by the average price of sealskins in London, which had never exceeded \$6. Under the terms of the lease the Company paid the Government an average price of \$3.65 per skin. If the business was profitable at that rate, the Government should now obtain a much larger share, in consideration of the trebled value of the skins in the London market at the present time. As there should be a large increase in the number of seals now available, owing to the improved methods of killing which reserve all the females, a far larger number might now be killed annually—perhaps twice as many. The seals occupy as breeding-grounds about eight miles of coast-line, and at the beginning of my stay on the islands I estimated the number of breeding females to be fully 1,130,000. When I left, eight years later, a similar method of computation gave 1,800,000 breeding females on the ground.

The males come to the islands the 1st of May and remain until about the 20th of July, when they scatter slowly, although a large number of them remain as late as November. The males appear on the ground first, and soon after their arrival they begin to locate about a rod apart, forming a line the entire length of the shore. The younger and weaker males, beaten back by the stronger, coast along, entering the bays, and haul up on the hillsides and in the valleys. The greatest number at any one time upon St. Paul, the largest of the islands, is on the 20th of July, when we have estimated the number to be five millions. The seals really walk on four legs, raising their bodies from the ground as they move. Under favorable conditions they travel about a mile and a half an hour, and the longest drive we ever made was eight miles. As England alone has the necessary skilled labor for preparing the skins for final sale, she receives an amount of profit from the fur-seal fisheries equal to the whole profit of the United

States in the islands, and she therefore is equally interested in the question of wanton destruction of the seals. Under such circumstances an international agreement for the protection and regulation of the trade ought not to be difficult to obtain.

The Fur Seal Islands lie nearly in the middle of Behring's Sea, the nearest mainland being three hundred miles away to the north. When discovered in 1789 they were uninhabited, although traces of firebrands gave proof of earlier visitors. The islands are four in number—St. Paul, St. George, Otter, and Walrus, the former being the largest, though but fifteen miles long. It is triangular in shape, and furnishes ninety per cent. of the whole number of seals. The average mean temperature for the year is about the same as that of New England, though it is cooler in summer and warmer in winter. The islands are of volcanic origin, but around the shores accumulations of marine sand have been washed up by the sea, which high winds have driven over the rocky surface, forming a light soil. The moist climate has clothed this with a thick vegetation, and in the valleys and lower plains a wild grass resembling rye abounds, which furnishes excellent feed for horses and sheep. On the hillsides great masses of purple lupine grow, and a thick moss-like plant is found, which bears a delicious berry, and is much used for making wine as well as for cooking purposes.

On the whole group of Aleutian Islands there were 8000 people, and on the Fur Seal Islands about 400. A few of the men from the latter had been to Sitka on Russian vessels, and two or three had been taught enough of the Russian language to allow them to act as clerks in keeping accounts with the natives, but the great body of the people had never been from home. They had no money, and trade was chiefly a barter. The houses were merely turf huts, half underground, and the only fuel was seal blubber, and seal flesh and blubber almost the only food. For lighting their huts they also used seal oil, in small dishes with floating wicks, and of course the ceilings were always sooty. The necessity for improved habitations was evident, and later when the sealing company holding the lease offered to build houses and permit the natives to live in them free of rent, no time was lost in accepting the generous proposal. Before I left St. Paul there had been built small cottages of three rooms sufficient to house every family on the island. The people were so convinced of the necessity of keeping their habitations underground for warmth that at first we could not convince them that houses could be made comfortable in any other way. We passed through various stages of unsatisfactory yieldings to this preju-

dice, but our last houses were the best, and were built on high ground, uncompromisingly above the earth. A skillful mechanic was brought out by the sealing company, and under his guidance the natives soon became sufficiently expert to assist very materially in building. After a row of foundations, the length of the street, had been made ready, the people were divided into three gangs, who were soon able to put up one of these houses and finish it in a day. One gang laid the sills and floors, another set up the frame and boarded the house laid the day before, and the third shingled the roof and clapboarded the walls of the one framed two days before. We introduced furniture as quickly as possible, and it was not long before the islanders were as comfortably situated as are the average employees in any manufacturing community.

It was interesting to note the difference in character crop out as the community gradually took upon itself civilization. Some were naturally prudent, and easily saved a surplus; others would be in debt at the end of the year. In 1877 a small proportion of their number, perhaps ten per cent., had invested about ten or twelve hundred dollars with the Fur Company; another ten per cent. were always in want; the remainder spent what they received. The best paid class, the ablest workers, received over four hundred dollars each for their season's work, and as they could obtain a large part of their food from the resources of the island without cost, and received their houses furnished, rent free, their needs were few. To foreign ways in clothes and fashion they inclined very naturally. The year before my coming sealing-parties had brought to the island considerable quantities of ready-made clothing as an article of trade, and the men were consequently fairly well dressed; but only a small quantity of cloth suitable for dresses had been taken, and the women had not begun to make their clothing in any regular form. But in time, with some assistance, their ready adaptability made them a very well-dressed people. Before I came away the wives of those who had been saving sent their measures to Sitka with orders for silk dresses for church wear, and the young men arrayed themselves in broadcloth, wore gloves and well-blackened boots, and carried perfumed handkerchiefs.

As my time was not fully taken up with my duties, and good fortune brought to me an abiding place of unusual size for St. Paul, I seized the happy chance of making my house a meeting-place for the people, and especially for the children. Later we fitted up a school-room, which we also made a place for social entertainment, and kept the school open eight months in the year. We were greatly assisted

in our school duties by illustrated books and papers sent to us; for so unvaried and barren was the scenery of the island, which was all of the world these children had ever seen, that it was well-nigh impossible for them to comprehend physical objects of the simplest nature. What a mountain might be was beyond their understanding, and the difficulty of explaining the appearance of a great forest to children who knew no vegetable growth larger than the purple lupine on their gentle slopes was greater than one can tell. It was necessary, however, to exercise the strictest censorship in our illustrated lessons, as it was difficult for all to comprehend caricature even in its simplest forms; even the most impossible pictures they believed represented facts.

I found the people living in separate families, and, as far as I could see, there was no more immorality among them than would be

found in any decent civilized community. The women were modest in deportment, the children obedient and respectful to their parents, and the men always manifested a disposition to assist me in all my efforts.

In character they were mild and gentle, with the expression of settled melancholy habitual to those races which have no amusements. In this respect, however, they changed greatly as opportunity developed the merriment latent in their nature. The children when first taught to speak did so in a serious way, and the utter absence of anything like hearty laughter in a group of them always affected me strangely. It seemed as if their avenues of expression were closed to pleasure, and later, when they had learned the simple games I taught them, it was a great satisfaction to me to hear my rooms ring with their merry voices.

*Charles Bryant.*

"AND HIS WILL IS OUR PEACE."

*E la sua volontade è nostra pace.—DANTE.*

**O** RESTLESS soul of man, unsatisfied  
With the world's empty noise and feverish glare,  
Sick with its hopes of happiness denied,  
The dust and ashes of its promise fair;

Baffled and buffeted, thy days perplexed,  
Thy cherished treasures profitless and vain,  
What comfort hast thou, captive, thwarted, vexed,  
Mocked by mirage of joys that merge in pain?

Though love be sweet, yet death is strong, and still  
Inexorable change will follow thee;  
Yea, though thou vanquish every mortal ill,  
Thou shalt not conquer mutability!

The human tide goes rushing down to death;  
Turn thou a moment from its current broad,  
And listen: what is this the silence saith,  
O soul? "Be still, and know that I am God!"

The mighty God! Here shalt thou find thy rest,  
O weary one! There is naught else to know,  
Naught else to seek — here thou mayst cease thy quest,  
Give thyself up. He leads where thou shalt go.

The changeless God! Into thy troubled life  
Steals strange, sweet peace; the pride that drove thee on,  
The hot ambition and the selfish strife  
That made thy misery, like mist are gone;

And in their place a bliss beyond all speech;  
The patient resignation of the will  
That lifts thee out of bondage, out of reach  
Of death, of change, of every earthly ill.

*Celia Thaxter.*



## A DUSKY GENIUS.

Je connois l'arbre avoir la gomme.—VILLON.



HE founder of a school of thought, the originator of a new strain in art, or the discoverer of an untouched region in the domain of science—any one of these is a tempting subject for an essay; but I hesitate to begin, although I feel sure of the unusual interest that the story of Rack Dillard's life and labors must command. Were it possible to set the man before the world, to be seen in flesh and blood, not even the most cunning art could add to the effect, for Rack Dillard was a genius of no doubtful quality, as a few of the world's keenest intellects have already found out.

He was a black negro slave, illiterate of course, or nearly so; a lover of tobacco; a Baptist in faith, and yet somewhat given to the use of profane language. Presently you shall see that he was the general type of his race—a personal forecast of the influence to be exerted by slavery upon the civilization which was to follow in the wake of freedom. His genius was but a slender strain, it is true, and the results of his labors appear slight; but we must keep our standard just while we measure. He was a slave throughout the flower of his life, drawing not one breath of absolute liberty before he was seventy years old, unable to read or write until after he was seventy-six, and quite ignorant of the simplest elements of mathematics, even when he died in triumph at the ripe old age of eighty-three. And yet he occupies a high place, despite the extreme restrictions and rigid limitations of his life. You will note that I say a high place is his now, although his elevation, as has been the case too often with genius, was not reached until after his death, which took place in 1872, at his humble little home in Rabun County, Georgia. Pilgrim devotees of the new school in art, enthusiastic followers of the latest form of science, are beginning to make Rack Dillard's grave a shrine; and the man who owns the rude cabin where this remarkable negro lived and worked so long is making a handsome income by demanding of every visitor a small fee.

Last spring, returning from a sojourn at Bay St. Louis, I bent my course so as to spend a week in the region made classic by Lanier—the high hill country through whose valleys

and gorges flow, with here a purple pool and there a foaming cataract, the two most beautiful rivers in the world, the Tallulah and the Ulusta. It was not to verify Lanier's musical descriptions, however, that I went up through the valleys of Hall into the heart of the Blue Ridge. The tender jingle of the poet's rhymes may have been in my ears,—doubtless it was,—but my thoughts were busy with the revolution that Rack Dillard had wrought in a certain domain of art and with the effect he had made upon one of the greatest forces in our civilization. I felt the picturesqueness, and, if I may say it, the fitness of the sketch I might make out of the materials of the old negro's life. It seemed to me that the world had not done its duty by him, and that his influence, while it had been made the most of, had not been properly acknowledged in a public way. It is true, as I have said, that a few zealous and enthusiastic men and women, mostly Southerners, to their credit be it said, have formed a quiet but efficient society devoted to the study of Dillard's, or, as it is usually called, Rack's philosophy, and some of the members make pilgrimages to Rack's grave; still the world has been kept in ignorance of him for whom the cult exists and by whom the school was founded.

The mountains of Rabun County are, I believe, the cerebral part of the great Blue Ridge vertebral column—the culmination, the flower of what is, perhaps, the most interesting chain of upheaval in America. The region is an extremely dry, isolated, and lonely one, with every element in its air, its quietude, and its stability of conditions to make it a congenial habitat for philosophy. Naturally it would be hard for news to escape from such a place, and, besides, mountain people are uncommunicative to an exasperating degree.

That Rack Dillard, the first man of science (both chronologically and in point of eminence) given by the negro race to America—that this preëminent, though illiterate, savant should have spent his whole length of days in the foothills by the rocky banks of the Ulusta—a slave, as I have said, for more than threescore and ten years—is a romance which grips the imagination more engagingly than can any story of troubadour or any chronicle of the age of heroes and gods.

Dillard's cabin, kept now by a shrewd Yankee for gain, is reached by a narrow clay

road slipping away from the pretty mountain village of Clayton and winding its course like a brick-red serpent through a dry, rugged, often picturesque country. As one advances, the character of the landscape gradually breaks up and assumes that composite quality so attractive to the artist and the geologist. The road slowly shrinks, as a river that loses itself in sand, and at last becomes a mere shadowy path, leaf-strewn and bough-shaded, drawn through the stony, brushy, silent hills to the foot of the mountain known locally by the appropriate but not over-euphonious name of the Hog Back.

For some distance before reaching the Dillard cabin, or, as it is better known, Rack's house, one follows the course of the beautiful Ulufta, with the bubbling water on one side of him and the tumbled, distorted, and rock-pierced foothills on the other. If he is a sportsman and has brought his tackle with him, here are pools and swirls whereon he shall not cast a fly in vain, since every stone in the stream has a shadow in which lurks a bass. The man of science will find much to study on every hand, and the artist could not ask for a more varied and fascinating field for his sketch-book and pencil. As for myself, somewhat given to the practices of the sportsman, the artist, and the votary of science, all in turn, not a step of the way failed to interest me vividly. Looking back at it now, the little journey fills me with a sense of the picturesque and the romantic, touched with a dry, arid, preservative quality quite indescribable, yet altogether distinct and well ascertained. The huge fragmentary rocks with their sear gray lichens worn, like faded rosettes, upon their imperishable breasts; the trees, now stunted, now gigantesque, as the soil varied or the species alternated, touched with green and yellowish mosses near the ground; the sound of the breeze overhead, and the murmur of the river here or a spring-stream there; the fragrance of opening buds and springing spathes; the voices of birds, many of them mere migrants, like myself, dallying for a day or two—all these, with glimpses of high precipices and far blue peaks, the whole overarched with a tender, almost violet sky, linger with me, as vague as a dream, as real as the furniture in my study, making up one of the most striking and perpetually differentiated impressions set in my memory.

When at last one turns aside from what by courtesy is the main road, he approaches Dillard's cabin from the west, the gravelly bed of a bright brooklet serving as guide. The structure appears to lean for support against the face of a perpendicular cliff whose fringe of cedars, stunted and gnarled, overtops the

decaying and mossy roof that slants forward so as to cover a rude porch or veranda in front, near which stands the stump of an old mulberry tree. Thanks to the keen business sense of the Yankee, the place has been kept just as Rack left it, with all its furniture and belongings intact.

From the cabin door a well-worn path curves round the corner of the escarpment and turns over the hill-spur to the much more pretentious dwelling formerly owned and occupied by Rack's master, Judge Spivey Dillard, a somewhat eccentric man, who during the latter part of his life devoted all his time in a way to biological investigations and to reading the works of Darwin, Owen, Macgillivray, and Alfred Wallace. He was a bachelor, living alone, surrounded with such luxury as he cared for, leaving to his slaves the management of a valuable plantation in the bottom lands of the Ulufta River.

Rack was about sixty years old when his master retired him from active field work and permitted him to assume the lighter duties of a house servant—a man of chores, to come from his cabin at any moment, day or night, rain or shine, whenever the judge blew a blast upon a small tin horn kept for the purpose.

Doubtless it was from his master, who as his years increased became more and more inclined to scientific garrulousness, that Rack caught the first suggestions which led to his singular, and under the circumstances successful, career in a slender but interesting course of science and art.

The earliest intimation of the negro's work in his chosen line came to the judge one day when he blew his horn and for the first time Rack failed to answer the summons. A second blast had no better effect, and a third echoed away through the woods without response. Judge Dillard felt sure that his faithful servant had met with some ill, and, acting upon the moment's impulse, hastened over to Rack's cabin, where he found the old fellow in a rapt state, seated on his sheepskin stool under the then flourishing mulberry tree. The judge thought that Rack was asleep; the suggestion engendered rage.

"Rack, what do you mean here, you lazy old lubber you? I'll wear you as thin as a hand-saw in half a minute!" he exclaimed, rushing upon him and shaking him till he fairly rattled.

Rack bounced up like an india-rubber ball, and drew in a deep, gasping breath.

"Why did n't you answer that horn, you old vagabond?" continued the judge, with another vigorous shake and two or three resounding cuffs. "Tell me, or I'll mash every ultimate molecule in the tissues of your body!"

Rack dodged, grunted, and gasped again, getting his breath as a man who comes out of a plunge in cold water.

"Lost your tongue, have you?" the judge went on, still cuffing vigorously. "I'll stir up your nerve-cells and jar your ganglions into activity; I'll knock all your foramens into one; I'll make magma of you; I'll reduce you to protoplasmic pulp!"

The negro soon got himself together, and tore away from his master's grasp. His voice came to him at the same time, and it was no child's voice.

"Stop dat! stop dat!" he exclaimed, dodging meantime sundry blows and kicks. "Yo' do' know w'at yo' doin', Mars Spivey; 'fo' de Lor', yo' don't!"

But the judge did not stop until quite out of breath and otherwise exhausted. He had managed to hurt himself much more than he had punished the negro, and now, panting and glaring, he sank upon the stool, his grizzled beard quivering and his hat awry.

"I's pow'ful s'prise at yo', Mars Spivey; 'fo' Gor, I is," Rack remarked, wiping the perspiration from his face with his sleeve while, with his feet apart, he squared himself in front of the judge. "W'en yo' bu's' in on dat ca'c'lotion o' mine, yo' jes eberlastin' did play de berry debil wid er 'vestigation ob science, I tell yo'."

Judge Dillard's fiery eyes, still bent upon his servant's face, shot forth a queer gleam as Rack uttered the word "science." Probably if he had not been so very blown and tired he would have renewed his assault and battery; but the sheepskin stool, with its deep, soft fleece, was a restful seat.

"W'en yo' begin yo' wo'k onto me jes now," Rack went on, "er-thumpin' me ober de head, an' er-whangin' me in de face an' eyes, an' er-er-jerkin' de berry liver an' lights out'n me, I jes at dat time ready ter re'ch fo' a 'clulsion in bi-orology, an' yo' knock it plumb frough me an' stomp it inter de ye'th."

By this time the judge had recovered himself somewhat, so that he recollected what it was that he wanted of Rack.

"You just biology off to the stable, and take Bald Eagle"—that was his saddle-horse—"over to the blacksmith's shop and have his shoes reset; and, Rack, the very next time that you go to sleep and don't hear my horn I'll take you down the country and sell you, see if I don't!" He delivered this order, set with the sting of the most terrible threat known to an up-country slave, in a tone which made Rack's soul shiver. The negro stood not on the manner of his going, but went forthwith to do the task assigned him.

Judge Dillard remained on the soft stool,

and, leaning his head against the cool bark of the mulberry tree, gazed idly up into the thick, dark foliage, now splashed with the soft purple of the ripening berries. His recent exertion and excitement had left him quite averse to further physical or mental effort; indeed, the reaction gradually engendered in him that dreamy, misty mood which in its soothing restfulness is next to sleep. A woodpecker, with a black jacket and a scarlet head, came and alighted on a corner of the cabin roof where a course projected. It eyed the judge a moment, then beat a fine rolling tattoo on the resonant end of a warped board. The sound was a peculiar one, double in its nature, the second or undertone being a strange, vibrant strain, sweet as the softest note of flute or violin. The judge's ears were in just the most receptive condition; the vague, sweet, ringing chord flowed in and thrilled throughout his senses. A mocking-bird had been flitting about in the mulberry tree overhead, and the judge noticed that it had the peculiar habit of fetching mulberries to a certain point on a stout bough, where it thrust them into a small pit or knot-hole, and, after churning them for a little while with its beak, drank their rich subacid juice. To the half-dreaming man of science observations of this nature were distantly suggestive. His lips moved, and he murmured, "Strange that while the harsh-voiced *melanerpes erythrocephalus* is drawing aboriginal music from a fragment of *pinus mitis*, the silver-tongued *mimus polyglottus* is content to make cider from the insipid fruit of *morus rubra*." At the sound of his words both birds flew away as if terribly frightened.

The judge was a good-hearted man, though rather hasty-tempered, and when his calmer mind began to contemplate the treatment given Rack a while ago, a twinge of remorse shot through it. He recalled, with a vague sense of its extreme novelty, the fact that Rack had claimed, and with intense seriousness, that his lapse from duty had been owing to complete absorption in a scientific investigation. The judge chuckled heartily, then became grave, as the phases of the situation passed from ludicrous to pathetic. What if, after all, a negro could comprehend and follow the golden threads of biological study? What if he, Judge Spivey Dillard, jurist and scientist, had thumped and cuffed and pounded a man, black though he was and born slave, just at the moment when a mystery of life was beginning to make itself comprehensible to his understanding? The thought was heavy with suggestions over which the judge pondered deep and long; then he slept, leaning heavily against the tree, while the dry mountain air fanned his furrowed face and shook the grizzled beard that fringed his

lank jaws and protruding chin. Through his slumber fell the sweet bouquet of the luscious berries and the tender rustle of the broad leaves. The woodpecker returned again and again to sound a bar or two of his queer music on the old warped board, and the mocking-bird ventured back to the little pit wherein he churned his mulberries and made his fragrant wine.

Judge Dillard awoke just as Rack came shuffling down the path, returning from doing his errand. The old gentleman heard the familiar footfalls, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and stretched himself. Rack, lifting both hands and expanding his eyes dramatically, exclaimed:

"Well, 'fo' de Lor! Mars Spivey, yo' loungin' roun' yer yit? Wha' gwine happen nex', I wonder? Been 'sleep all dis time?"

The judge yawned again, but he was eying Rack keenly, as if to look through and through him. The old slave noted this with misgiving, secretly fearing, indeed, that something was going to be said on the subject of a hand of fine leaf tobacco that he had surreptitiously abstracted from his master's store not long since; but the judge merely remarked that he had been feeling a trifle drowsy, and then added:

"Sit down there, Rack," indicating a corner of the porch-floor. "I want to interrogate you touching biology."

It would be tedious and quite uninteresting to insert here the long dialogue that ensued between the judge and his slave. The almost unpronounceable words, the Greek and Latin phrases, and the Darwinian quotations indulged in by the white man, were thoroughly equilibrated by the savage interpretation of them rendered by the negro. To say that Rack reveled in the conversation would be but a shadowy expression of the truth. Indeed, his enjoyment was ecstatic, even excruciating, as was proved by his bodily writhing and his facial contortions. For how many long years had he been furtively catching detached bits of his master's learning, growing hungrier and thirstier day by day for the full draught he was now taking in! Every precious word of the jargon of science caught by his ears had been held in the tenacious grip of his memory. He had crooned over them in the depth of the night;

he had sung them in the field; he had conned them while hunting the famous 'possum of the Ulufta valley, until they had entered into the innermost fibers of his life, so to speak, and been assimilated perfectly without being in the least digested.

Nor was Judge Spivey Dillard less charmed than his slave with the occasion current. He



"YO' DO' KNOW W'AT YO' DOIN'."

came near forgetting to ask Rack for further explanation of the alleged investigation which had led to the recent encounter; but he caught himself just in time. Rack was ready, nay eager, to enlighten his master.

"Well, sah, Mars Spivey," he began, crossing his index fingers in front of him, "dat wa' er ques'ion ob de ginerall aberage ob ci'cumstances; or, speakin' mo' plainer, it wa' jes dis: what air de biorology ob er singin' boa'd, an' er mockin'-bird 'at feeds er mu'berry limb, an' er 'possum w'at kin go out, jes like er can'le w'en yo' blow it?"

The judge, more from long habit than from any desire to have this apparently absurd proposition simplified, straightened himself up a little and said:

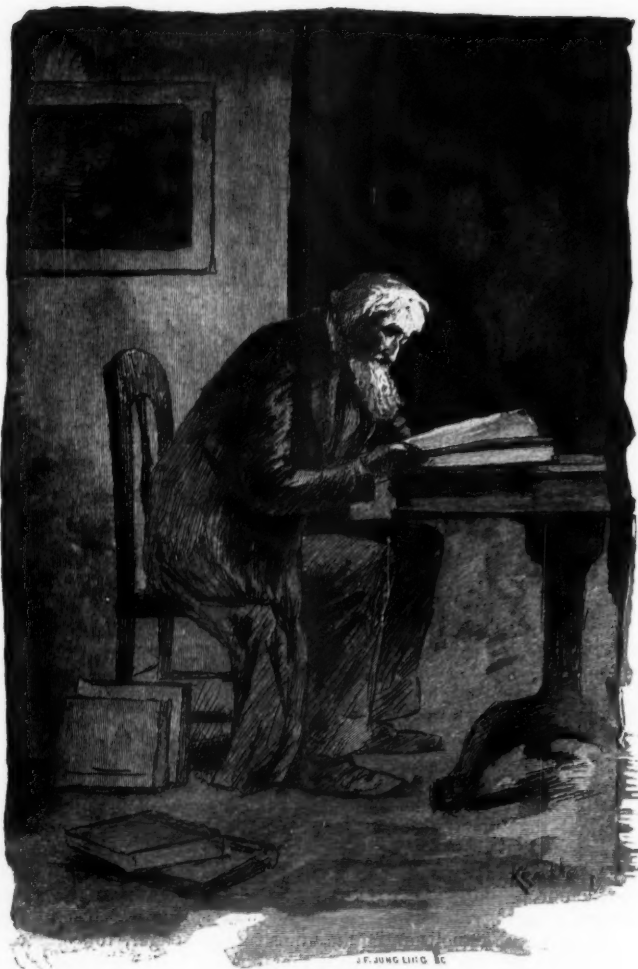
"Repeat that statement, Rack."

"Ce'tainly, sah, ce'tainly; I gwine mek it reas'n'ble ter yo' gum'tion, 'migety, sah," responded the negro, lifting one forefinger and tapping the other with it. "It 's dis yer way: dey 's er dry old boa'd 'at kin sing er chune; dey 's er mockin'-bird w'at feeds er mu'berry



limb; an' dey's er wollopin' great big old 'possum 'at kin jes fade right out an' tu'n hese'f inter nothin' w'ile yo' 's er-lookin' at 'im. Dat 's w'at I done been er-'vestigatin' w'en yo' try ter tah me all ter pieces dis mo'nin'; an' jes as yo' light onter me I was er-'j'inin' dem fac's tergedder an' jes er-re'chin' out fo' de aberage ob 'm. Mighty sorry yo' do dat, Mars Spivey; it gwine ter beer great loss ter biorology, sah, sho 's yo' bo'n, sah."

The judge was disgusted in one sense, and in another he was, strange to say, deeply interested. He was curious to know just what Rack meant by a singing-board, a mocking-bird that fed a mulberry limb, and a 'possum that could render itself invisible at will. Pursuing this curiosity, he catechized the negro after the artful manner of a lawyer to the business born. Rack was slow to give up his secret, but, bit by bit, the judge drew out the whole of it. The singing-board was the one in the cabin's roof upon which the woodpecker beat its long roll in the morning. The under-hum of that sonorous piece of wood was still softly reverberating in the judge's ears. The mocking-bird that fed the limb was the one that the judge himself had seen churning mulberries to pulp in the opening on the bough overhead; but the 'possum that could fade out and disappear had been met by no man save Rack. And what a 'possum it was!—as large as a six-months'-old pig, with a tail quite a yard long, and a nose that turned up almost at right angles. Time and again Rack had come upon this magnificent animal down in the Ulufta bottoms, where the timber was thick and heavy; but he could by no art known to the 'possum-hunter capture it, for the reason that it invariably faded away to nothing, as ghosts are said to



JUDGE DILLARD.

do, leaving only a faint, wan light flickering for a moment where it had been.

Somehow when Rack, in his simple dialect, related how for more than twenty years he had lain in his lowly bed of mornings listening to the strange, sweet vibrations of that singing-board; and how for the same period, during every year's mulberry season, he had watched the mocking-bird stuff the fruit into the hole in that limb; and, more than all, how for a score of autumns and winters he had used every means at command to capture that wonderful 'possum, it got the judge's imagination aroused and set his memory to work. His long-lost youth brought up a host of experiences left fifty years behind, and among them hunting

the 'possum was perhaps the raciest and most barbaric. Those were the days when a persimmon had exquisite flavor, and when muscadines were better than any garden grape. For a while he tasted over again the far-away sweets of boyhood; smelt the keen fragrance; saw the gay colors; heard the ravishing sounds; felt the thrill of vigorous, buoyant, untainted life. Elusive, pungent reminiscences came in and wandered through his mind like bees through an old weed-grown flower-bed.

"Yes, sah, yo' busted up er powerfu' close ca'clation by yo' onreason'ble savagerousness dis mo'nin', Mars Spivey," insisted Rack, shaking his head dolefully, and ending with a long, deep sigh of regret. "Yo' onj'inted my 'magination."

This touched the judge, for at the moment he was fixing one of those shadowy half-remembrances. Surely it was so—yes, once, long years ago, an opossum had disappeared mysteriously right before his eyes. The animal was at the time hanging by its tail to the low, full-fruited bough of a persimmon tree; he approached it with a club, when, lo! it faded away and was gone. Now he described the incident to Rack, who received it with delight, and from that day forward the two men discussed at intervals the possibility of a marsupial's having the power of self-elimination under great stress of danger. For some time the negro was chiefly a listener, while his master, seated in a deep chair on the stoop of the mansion, dilated with much show of learning upon the isolated position of the opossum family in the animal kingdom. The judge had a theory of his own, to the effect that a 'possum represented humor of a more or less comic sort, and he explained to Rack that it was the 'possum-eating habit among the negroes of the South which had given them their sense of barbaric comedy and their love of humorous music.

"It is nothing in the world but 'possum-fat," said he, with learned gravity; "nothing but 'possum-fat that has made such idiots of you niggers. It makes your heads wag, and your hands pat, and your feet dance; it makes you laugh at everything, and act the fool generally. In short, Rack, 'possum-fat is the essential oil of tomfoolery and buffoonery and absurd comicality."

But Rack was longing for a scientific explanation of the singing-board and the limb-feeding mocking-bird.

"But there is no correlation between these simple things and the opossum question; no correlation whatever, Rack," the judge explained.

"But I say dey is," asserted Rack, with

a vehemence that fairly startled his master. "Dey is er corroliation, so dey is, an' dat jes w'a' I gwine show yo' w'en yo' try tah me up."

"Rack, I say to you that there is no correlation whatever," replied the judge.

"Dey is, dey is, I tell yo'," retorted Rack.

The judge reached for his cane, and the negro bolted away, as if shot from a war-wolf, his big flat feet pounding the path with rapid and resounding strokes until the cabin was reached.

Rack's memory was remarkable. He kept in mind the 'possum theory advanced by his master, and it grew upon him day by day, apropos of which he went about singing the old quatrain:

W'en de ole 'possum gwine ter run,  
His hide jes nat'ly bu'st wid fun;  
Ef nigger knock 'im on de head,  
He still keep grinnin' w'en he dead!

Many times the same question arose as to the possibility of a correlation between the singing-board, the mocking-bird that fed the mulberry limb, and the opossum that could disappear at will; but the disagreement of master and slave was, it appeared, insurmountable. The judge finally formulated his proposition thus: "There cannot possibly exist any correlation whatever between a self-eliminating *didelphys virginiana*, a berry-eating *mus polyglottus*, and a dry fragment of *pinus mitis* struck by the mandibles of *melanerpes erythrocephalus*."

Rack was staggered, but he shook his head doggedly, and responded with exasperating brevity, "I say dey is."

From the very nature of things it came to pass that this problem in science occupied every moment of Rack's gradually increasing leisure. To solve it, and so triumph over his master, would be a crowning glory. The nebulous beginning of a solution was, in fact, forming itself like a milky way across his mind. The judge himself was so keenly pleased with his old slave's mysterious ambition that he almost wished to see him succeed, even if it should appear thereby that color had won at precisely the point where color always had been supposed to be weakest. Rack's enthusiasm and zeal were tempered all the time with such grotesque and comical humor, and accompanied with facial contortions so expressive of savage wisdom, that a kind of infection exhaled therefrom and insinuated itself into the judge's imagination.

As time flew on—and how it does fly as the evening of life draws towards night!—Rack, while growing more and more confident of success, became very reticent as to the progress of his investigations. Finally the judge became

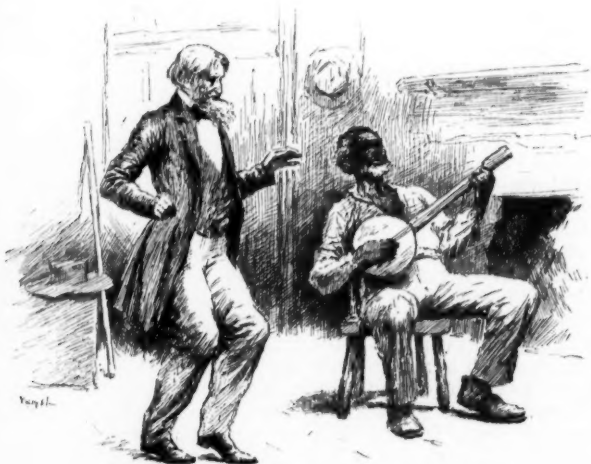
aware that something of a secret nature was in progress down at the cabin. He questioned Rack on the subject, but received no satisfaction, and when he threatened and menaced the old fellow he was reminded that a most inopportune assault once before had delayed the great investigation.

"Cou'se you kin jump on ter me an' w'ar me out, Mars Spivey," said he dolefully and with a lugubrious twist of his strong African face, "but ef yo' does it 's gwine set biorology back jes fifteen yeahs an' fo' days mo'; sho 's you 's borned, Mars Spivey, dat 's w'at it 's er-gwine ter do. Jes fifteen yeahs an' fo' days mo'."

"But, Rack, what upon earth is your objec-

tantalized and delighted, while the days flew by like birds before a storm.

Year followed year, bringing no notable changes in the dry, stony mountain landscape. The dessicative influence of the climate preserved things *in statu quo*. At length the great war came on; it rolled its heavy echoes over the blue peaks to the north and west of them, but neither master nor slave heeded them much; peace came, and with it freedom; but the tie that bound these two old men together was stronger than the proclamation of a President or any amendment to the American Constitution. They became more and more attached to each other, the negro in the latter years gradually assuming the stronger part,



"OH, LO'DY MASSY, HOW D' YO' FEEL?" (PAGE 914.)

tion to telling me?" demanded the judge, with querulous and helpless insistence.

Rack looked sidewise at his master, with a suspicious and over-cunning leer in his milky old eyes.

"Da' now, Mars Spivey," he said, chuckling in a low falsetto—"da' now, yo' know jes es well es I does dat it not gwine ter do fo' one scientist ter tell 'nodder scientist any ob his disciberies afo' he git 'em fastened solid in he mind, er he steal 'em sho 's yo' borned. Don't yo' ricomember w'en yo' read ter me in de book 'bout seberal 'markable ins'ances ob dat sort er misplace co'fidence? Ya', sah, yo' did, Mars Spivey. Now den, yo' 's er scientist, ain't yo'? Well, I is too, an' I jes know mighty well what yo' 'd do. Yo' 'd steal my discibery, an' jes tu'n roun' an' sw'ar 'at it 's yo'n! No, sah, Mars Spivey, yo' don't come dat game. I 's not quite er eejit yit!"

Rack had his way, and the judge was both

while the judge, whose mind and body, weakening together, appeared to be slowly drying up, gave most of his time to watching the tedious progress of Rack's investigation.

It was one fine morning in December, 1865. The previous night had been a clear, sharp, frosty one, crisping the late greenery of the sturdy mountain oaks and making mellow and luscious the persimmons of the Ulufuta valley. The judge was on his veranda, smoking his pipe in the sunshine, and enjoying the soft color show set against the steep slope of the Hog Back, when Rack shambled up the steps and began dancing on the floor, his heavy shoes making a mighty racket.

"I 's got ter de eend! I 's got ter de eend!" he sang out. "I done 'sciber de corroliation ob de bo'ad an' de mockin'-bird an' de 'possum, an' I done settle de 'vestigation, Mars Spivey; ef I hain't, den de debil 's er co'n-dodger!"

Before the judge could recover from the surprise of the occasion, Rack changed the step of his dance to a fluttering and rattling double-shuffle as an accompaniment in counterpoint to the following snatch of song:

De mockin'-bird fink it smart o' him  
W'en he hide he music in de limb!  
Oh, ya, ya, ya!  
An' er wha, wha, wha!  
W'en he stuff he chunes all in de limb.

Dat pine bo'd sing till it wa'p right roun',  
An' eb'ry day it ketch mo' soun'.  
Oh, ya, ya, ya!  
An' er wha, wha, wha!  
Fo' eb'ry day it ketch mo' soun'!

• De 'possum gwine ter shed he skin,  
An' den de music will begin.  
Oh, ya, ya, ya!  
An' er wha, wha, wha!  
W'en dat ole 'possum shed he skin!

He ended with a high fling and a tremendous foot-stroke on the resounding floor. The judge remonstrated and even tried the old worn threats, but Rack would not be controlled.

"I done cotch onter de corroliation ob de biorology!" he cried exultingly, still skipping about. "Dat man Dahwin, he plumb dead right eb'ry time on de biorology an' devolution. It gwine ter be er cl'ar case ob nat'ral dejection an' de 'vival ob de fitified! It gwine ter be er cla'r case ob devolution f'om de gin'ral ter de specification, f'om de simple ter de confound! Free of de simplest an' no 'countest gineralst fings in de worl' gwine ter be devoluted inter de one confoundest special-est best t'ing 'at eber yo' see in all yo' bo'n days!"

Here he caught the double-shuffle again, and added to it what was known as the chicken-peck back-step.

"I kill dat ole 'possum las' night," he added in a calmer way, though he was panting heavily. "Hi! 'fo' Gor, I jes knock 'im lim'er wid er light-'ood knot, an' skin 'im afore he done kickin'. Bless yo' life, Mars Spivey, but dat 's de bigges' 'possum-skin dis yer chile eber see in he whole bo'n days. Look mos' like er calf-hide er-hangin' down dah on my doo'."

A few days after this the judge was surprised to discover that Rack had climbed up in the mulberry tree and cut off the famous limb which had been fed for so many fruitful summers by the mocking-bird. The resonant board, too, had been removed from the cabin's roof.

Now came the six long years of patient labor by which Rack Dillard reached the goal of his soul's ambition. First he hung a section of the mulberry limb, about three feet long,

close to the jamb of his fireplace to season, and then he began with a piece of glass scraping thinner the old warped board. Meantime the opossum's skin was lying under a bed of hickory ashes, which sooner or later would deprive it of its hair.

Day after day, through the seasons and the years, the old judge found his chief pleasure in sitting with his pipe in his mouth, watching Rack scrape and file and cut and carve the singing-board and the full-fed mulberry billet, or manipulate the pale, translucent hide of the opossum.

"I 'll jes show yo' 'bout de corroliation ob dem fings, Mars Spivey," the negro would mutter, without lifting his bleared and sunken eyes. "Yo' said dey was n't no corroliation 'tween 'em, an' I said dey was. Pooty soon we see who gwine be right 'bout dis yer biorology question, so we will."

The singing-board proved to be a singularly even-fibered piece of pine three feet long and four inches wide by a half-inch thick. For about fifty years it had lain in the cabin roof absorbing the warmth of the sun and the drying sweetness of the mountain wind. Slowly its tissue had been granulated and rearranged under the daily jarring of the woodpecker's bill, until now, after the scraping and polishing Rack had given it, the wood had an amber, waxen appearance, and was as flexible and sonorous as the finest tempered steel. But the mulberry billet! Never was there another such a bit of color, fragrance, and fineness. From the gnarled little pit, in which for fifty years the mocking-bird had brewed his purple wine, the rich stain of the berries had spread through the wood in a waving, rippling flood, giving it a royal dye and a fruity, musty odor like the bouquet of old wine.

Near the close of the six-years' period mentioned a while ago, Rack, on the lookout for his master's daily visit, met the judge at the cabin door and remarked:

"'Bleeged ter say ter yo', Mars Spivey, 'at yo' 's not welcome ter-day. Yo' got no business down yer nohow."

The judge was taken by surprise. He leaned on his staff and looked quizzically into the old negro's face. Rack did not relent.

"Yo' 's not gwine inside er dat cabin dis day," he persisted, "'ca'se I 's got ter hab de room all ter myse'f. I 's er-gittin' ter de corroliation w'at we been er-'sputin' erbout, an' I 's jes eberlastin'ly er-knockin' de holy stuffin' out'n all yo' ram'fications on de biorology. So yo' kin jes go back, honey, an' wait tell I come fo' yo'. No, I 's not gwine come fo' yo' nudder; yo' jes come yo' own se'f, nex' Sat'd'y night. Yo' heah, now? Nex' Sat'd'y night I 'll be ready fo' yo'."



The judge turned about slowly and reluctantly; leaned a moment on his cane; faltered when he tried to say something; then trudged back to his own veranda, where he smoked and dozed in his easy chair. Recently his age had been softening his feelings. An hysterical sentimentality had gained upon him. Rack's refusal to confide in him had worn upon him day by day for years, and now he felt, however indefinitely, that the last straw of ingratitude had been heaped upon him. Nevertheless he waited patiently for Saturday evening to come, with but the slightest and vaguest sense of the olden-time arrogance which would have resented the merest suggestion of such an act. This supremacy gained over his lifelong master was, it seems to me, the highest evidence of Rack Dillard's genius.

When Saturday afternoon faded at last into twilight, which in turn slowly softened into a moonlit night, the judge began to make some preliminary movements with a view to visiting the cabin; but he lingered, cane in hand and pipe in mouth, at the little gate before his house, hesitating for no particular reason. It was midsummer, and the dry softness of the mountain air touched tenderly the dreaming, dusky leaf-masses of the woods and hung misty veils on the peaks that notched the horizon. He presently crept through the gate, hesitating just outside for a while, and gazing up at the stars and the moon. It was his way of restraining his impatience, and besides he had not been quite able to forgive Rack. He toddled along the path, fitfully pausing here and there, until at last he turned the corner of the rock. At the cabin porch he stopped short and stood in a hearkening attitude, amazed at first and then entranced. The little house was full of music that rippled out through every opening and tinkled away in thin rills along the dim paths of the woods. The judge remembered that in his young days Rack had been a musician of no mean ability, but for years he had had no instrument to play upon. Evidently he was now making up for lost time; and what music! Was ever anything else so mirthful and yet so burdened with pathos? So barbaric, still so refined? So brimming with virile force, so tender, so touching, so hilarious, so comic, so sweet, so true? The old judge felt the hot tears gush up into his eyes, he knew not why. It was as if the old times of his boyhood had blown their sweets back upon him, with the laughter of childhood, the patter and shuffle of dancing feet, the songs of myriad mocking-birds, the rustle of satin leaves and silken wings, the bubble and bouquet of purple wine, the fragrance and resonance of all the sweet, dry, sun-seasoned wood that ever was wrought into violin or harp.

He stood there crying and laughing, keeping time with his staff and wagging his head, now slowly, now briskly, as the strains varied from grave to gay.

Oh, de peckerwood he head er red,  
Lolly, lally, ho!

came forth Rack's voice, rich and strong despite old age, singing to a well-timed accompaniment and the pat, pat, pat of his heavy shoe.

Oh, de peckerwood he head er red,  
Lolly, lally, ho!  
An' de mockin'-bird he been stall-fed,  
Lolly, lally, ho!

Oh, de 'possum am er funny t'ing,  
Lolly, lally, ho!  
W'en he lif' 'is foot fo' de pigeon-wing,  
Lolly, lally, ho.

De pine boa'd set my notion gwine,  
Lolly, lally, ho!  
An' de mulberry limb it mighty fine,  
Lolly, lally, ho!

The judge could bear it no longer. He pushed open the door and went in. Rack looked up and nodded, but kept on singing and playing, emphasizing his notes more than ever, if that were possible. Judge Dillard began to dance, and even to sing:

Oh, lo'dy massy, how d' yo' feel,  
Wid de 'possum grease down in yo' heel,  
An' yo' head all full o' turnip pie,  
An' er big sweet 'tater in yo' eye?

The negro's voice ceased when the judge's began, but the banjo, catching the new air, rang on in jolly unison. Who would have thought that an octogenarian could ever have danced like that!

Wash yo' teef wid de blackin'-brush,  
Grease yo' ha'r in er pot er mush,  
Go to de dance er Sat'd'y night,  
Patrol whop yo' 'fo' daylight!

The black had conquered the white. When the judge sank at last into a chair he was exhausted, panting, sweating, his heart beating violently. Rack keyed one string up a trifle, leaned a little farther over, and began to sing plaintively:

Marster, now we 's growin' ole,  
De heads am white, de feet am cole,  
But de ole, ole age cayn't do no harm  
W'en de heart, de heart am true an' warm.

Marster, w'en we drop ter sleep,  
In de grave so cool an' deep,  
Den we nebber feel de storm,  
Ef our po' ole hearts is warm.

They sat up all night long, now singing,

now dancing, anon talking over the old times on the Ulufta. Something in the music of that banjo had an intoxicating effect. Judge Dillard felt fifty years younger, and Rack found it not in the least difficult or tiresome to play for an hour at a time without a moment's rest. The exquisite odor of the pine wood touched the air in the room, and there was a distinct flavor of ripe mulberries straying elusively about.

When I visited Rack's cabin I examined with great care and interest the incomparable banjo which the negro's patient genius had built out of the "singing-board, the over-fed mulberry limb, and the skin of the famous Ulufta 'possum," as the thrifty Yankee proprietor describes it. No one can doubt that science and art were happily married in the making of that superb instrument. A glance shows that the carving, the proportions of the parts, and the fine details of the finishing—from the silvery, translucent skin that covers the head, to the rich purple of the mulberry neck, and the gold-colored hoop fashioned out of the old warped board that had sung so long in the cabin roof—are exquisite beyond description. On the under part of the neck is the only authentic autograph left by Rack Dillard. It is a legible carved inscription of four words: "Dis is de corroliation."

Rack's grave is on the top of the high cliff above his cabin. It overlooks the lovely valley of the Ulufta, and commands a fine view of the Hog Back. To this high tomb of

the great negro originator of true dialect romance and minstrelsy have come, as pilgrims to a shrine, many faithful and devoted students to pay their respects to the founder of their school. Wreaths of flowers are laid tenderly on the mound, and in the bold escarpment of the rock are cut ineffaceably some names beloved of all men. Among these, and high in the list, I noticed with peculiar pleasure Joel Chandler Harris, H. S. Edwards, Thomas Nelson Page, and Irwin Russell—the names of men whose stories and songs and sketches have made known to the world the tender, faithful heart, the rich, sunny humor, and the deeper soul qualities of the Southern negro. I hesitated a while; then where no one would be apt to see it, I scrawled my own signature to testify that I too had been there.

Rack must have been a genius, a high type of his race. As in the case of every other genius, he foresaid or forecast the life that was to come after him, while at the same time he was the exponent of the past. His songs and his banjo strains left in the brisk, sweet air of the New South a lasting reminder of the old plantation days. The years he spent so patiently in establishing a close relationship among his materials, and which drew together the three elements of his art, fun, pathos, and music, have served well the civilization of our time, and have added a distinct tint and a new flavor to life. We owe a great deal to Rack Dillard. Peace to his ashes!

*Maurice Thompson.*

## THE NON-IRRIGABLE LANDS OF THE ARID REGION.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.



SUN is the father of Cloud.

Cloud is the mother of Rain.

Sun is the ruler of Wind.

Wind is the ruler of Rain.

Fire is the enemy of Forest.

Water is the enemy of Fire.

Wind feeds Forest, and

Rain gives it drink.

Wind joins with Fire to destroy Forest.

Constant Rain battles with fickle Wind and mad Fire to protect Forest.

So Climate decks the land with Forest.

There are very large areas of the world unclad with forests, but this is not for lack of rain. Forests, low, gnarled, thorny, and scant, will grow with even less than ten inches of annual precipitation. Such are the forests of sunny Arizona. As the rainfall increases from clime

to clime, the forests become more luxuriant, stately, and dense, until with sixty inches of rainfall a growth is produced which almost baffles description. Then giants crowd one another and lift their heads higher and higher in rivalry to bathe their verdant crowns in sunlight. High and straight towards the heavens they thrust their boles, and their boughs push towards the zenith by the shortest way of verticality. The young trees also are slender and straight, and depend on the giants for protection against overthrowing blasts. Around the feet of the giants is a dense undergrowth. But old trees die and fall, and their great stems lie on the ground or are held above it by large branches. Through this warp of living and dead trees there is a woof of vines, climbing the trees, running out on the branches, creeping over logs, and stretching from tree to tree,

branch to branch, and log to log, all woven into a mass of vegetation. Thus the erect and creeping living and the prone and prostrate dead constitute a forest tangle into which man can penetrate only with the greatest toil. Such are the forests that stand about stormy Puget Sound.

Between these extremes there are many degrees of luxuriance in tree growth. When a region is reached with less than forty inches of rainfall small prairies may sometimes be found, and passing on to regions of still less rain the prairies are larger and more frequent. When districts of about thirty inches of rainfall are reached prairie predominates, and the few and smaller forests are called groves. Still passing to zones of less precipitation the prairies become plains, and such forest growth as may be found is mainly ranged along the river banks or scattered over stony hills.

If there were no intervening agency, climate would cover the earth with trees wherever there is more than ten inches of rain. This agency is fire. Rainfall, then, furnishes the potential limit to forest growth, fire the actual limit. On the other hand, rainfall furnishes a limit to fire in such a manner that it becomes less and less destructive, until, under mean conditions of latitude and altitude, forty inches of yearly rain establishes a practical limit to its ravages. In a region where prairie and grove divide the land between them, fire and storm are evenly matched. Fire is king on the plains; storm rules where the forest stands.

The arid lands of the United States are chiefly without trees, although the rainfall is sufficient for their production except in desert areas of Arizona and California; but fire prevents their development or destroys them after they are grown. Still, some areas of the country are wooded. Along the streams grow cottonwoods of value for firewood and for minor domestic purposes. On elevated mesas or table-lands, and on lofty hills, are scant forests, consisting mainly of low, straggling piñons, or nut pines, dwarfed and gnarly cedars, and ragged and deformed oaks. These forests do not furnish milling timber, but they are useful for fuel and for many other purposes. On the higher plateaus and mountains great forests are found, composed of pines of many species, spruces, hemlocks, firs, and sequoias. The timber trees are all coniferous and needle-leaved. The oaks are but bushes, often Lilliputian. Some of the oaks of arid Texas vainly vie with the goldenrods of Illinois; while the cactus plants of the Prairie State would look up with wonder to the cactus plants of Arizona, as pygmies gaze on giants. The oaks of the foothills along the western slope of the Sierras in California attain a greater size, and become orchards of acorns, where Indian hunters and grizzly bears

were wont to compete for food in the days when the soil was unscarred by the miner's pick. The forests of the plateaus are not dense, though the trees are stately, and the lands are often variegated with brilliant chaparral and blooming prairie.

The mountains are not uniformly clothed with woods, but here is a grove of pine, there one of spruce, hemlock, or fir. Often these trees are commingled, and in the Sierras of California sequoias stand above them all. By the streams and in the mountain glades silver-stemmed aspens abound, whose wealth of foliage turns to gold when the autumn rime appears. Sometimes a driving wind sweeps through such an aspen grove and brushes the leaves from their twigs, and they float on the air like a cloud of butterflies, resplendent in the brilliant sun of a cloudless sky. Many a mountain side is naked, and many a peak is lifted above the timber line into the region of snow and ice.

We mount our horses at Flagstaff in northern Arizona. In ten minutes we are in the woods and out of sight of the railroad town. We ride for hours among the pines, and from time to time see San Francisco Mountain on our right. Here and there, as we go, a black cinder-cone is lifted for a few hundred feet, aspen groves are seen, and at noon we ride up the slope of a low, dead volcano, and, passing a rim of crunching cinder, halt on the shore of a lakelet in a crater. Then on we ride through an open pine forest, until at last we come down to hills that are covered with piñons and cedars, and rest for the night by a spring concealed among oak bushes. It has been a long ride, and we sleep well. Before the morning sun illumines the hilltop we are on our way again — still to the north, across sagebrush plains and cedar-clad hills; by noon we are once more on the verge of a pine forest, and we lunch by a water-pocket that was filled by a storm two months ago. Then our way is across glades carpeted with flowers, and through open forests where we now and then see a deer bounding on its way. So we pass over prairie and through pine forest until at last we reach the brink of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. When the days of wonder-seeing are past, we turn to the southwest, riding through forest and across prairie. At intervals of twenty or thirty miles we find a spring or a water-pocket. And so we journey, day by day and week by week, over prairies, through forests, and among cinder-cones and dead volcanoes, glad to find a water-pocket after a long ride and supremely happy to camp by a living spring. But no creek, no river, is ever found. Such is one of the great forest-clad plateaus of the arid region.

Our steeds are now psychic, and we amble through air to Middle Park in Colorado, and camp at the foot of a mountain. Near by rolls Grand River, and there by the rock is a fountain whose waters come from unknown depths, where they have been heated in the caldron of eternal fire. From the boiling waters a cloud of steam arises, loaded with sulphurous odors, and a pellucid brook flows over a carpet of brilliant *conserve* on its way to the river. When morning comes again we continue our ride on terra firma, among hills and then among mountains. Now and then we come to a stream where our horses must swim, and we wade creeks and leap over brooks until we plunge again into forests beset with fallen timber.

At noon we camp on the margin of Grand Lake, here bordered with stately forests, there walled with precipitous rocks. True, the distance is great for a morning ride, but our chargers are the best—why not? They are imagination-bought, and we have wealth of fancy. For the afternoon we plunge into a dead forest where a fire played havoc ten years ago. Some trees are prostrate and obstruct the way. Falling trees have caught in the branches of those still standing, and lean here and there with varied angles. Trees supported by others, trees prostrate and trees erect, naked white trees with naked white arms, are woven into a maze of ghostly bars to block our way. Over and under and around we pursue our course. Then a storm comes on. The wind sweeps through this ancient battlefield of fire and storm, and the stark, dead limbs crack, break, and crash on the ground. Now and then a great stricken tree falls and fills the air with a roar which vies with the thunder. Dead trees caught in the arms of dead trees sway and shriek, and the tempest runs mad with wild delight. We stand on open ground and gaze on the destruction and listen to the battle-music of nature. When the storm has passed we ride along until live woods are reached, and at night camp where a mountain rill lulls us to sleep. So for days and weeks we ride through dead forests and live forests, and everywhere in the mountains we find rivers, creeks, brooks, springs, and lakes. Such are the forests of the Rocky Mountains.

Once more, on steeds as swift as dancing light, we enter a grove of live-oaks in the valley of California. Where other trees have curves, these have angles; they are all knees and elbows, and they stand akimbo with knotted fists. But, as if to hide deformity, they are covered with a mantle of perennial green. Now we ride over meadows of green and hills of gold until more symmetric oaks and cedars are found; blue pines are seen, and at night we reach the great sugar pines of the Sierra.

Then we slowly climb the long, gentle slope to the west. Cedars like those of Lebanon on every hand, pines like those on Norwegian hills, and at last we see a sequoia, the grandfather of trees. Past the big trees, we next day find forest and chaparral contending for the land. The woods are of pines and spruces and firs, and the chaparral is brilliant with the scarlet boughs of manzanita and gnarled mountain mahogany. High up the mountain we climb, and the pines are lost, the spruces disappear, and the firs are dwarfed, until we are among domes of gray granite and pinnacles of trachyte, and down into a vast amphitheater of sheer rock comes a creeping glacier. So on we ride from day to day, week to week, and month to month, from dwarfed fir above to dwarfed oak below, and again from foothill to granite dome, until we have crossed all the rivers that flow from the Sierras and unite to pass through the Golden Gate. During this ride we have seen the great Sierra forest.

For a number of years a survey of the arid lands has been in progress, and the forest areas have been mapped, and they have all been studied more or less. Now surveys are mathematical, for relations of quantity are involved. Numbers perhaps are more arid than land, and hence they are appropriate here. Glance at the following table, and some idea will be obtained of the comparative extent of the forests of which I have spoken.

Approximate Area in Square Miles of Timbered Lands in the Arid Region.

State.	Firewood. Sq. Miles.	Merchant- able Timber. Sq. Miles.
Washington.....	1,050 ..	1,080
Idaho.....	8,600 ..	9,800
Montana.....	6,500 ..	21,000
Oregon.....	3,500 ..	8,700
Wyoming.....	7,300 ..	15,700
South Dakota.....	2,400 ..	400
N. Dakota (river bottoms).....	200 ..	...
California.....	20,300 ..	11,000
Nevada.....	5,400 ..	700
Arizona.....	26,510 ..	11,700
New Mexico.....	21,540 ..	14,490
Colorado.....	15,000 ..	23,500
Utah.....	14,000 ..	7,700
Totals.....	132,300 ..	125,770
	125,770	

Grand total..... 258,070

Total area of arid lands, 1,331,151 square miles.

It will appear from the above table that about one-tenth of the arid region is covered with firewood timber, but this timber is very scant, and often the open spaces are large. It could all stand on one-fiftieth of the entire arid area and not be crowded. The milling timber also covers about another tenth of the ground, but there are many barren places, and usually the trees are widely scattered, so that they could





FOREST AREAS VALUABLE PRINCIPALLY FOR LUMBER.

FOREST AREAS VALUABLE PRINCIPALLY FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.

Scale of Miles

MAP OF THE FOREST LANDS OF THE ARID REGION.

all stand on one-fortieth of the space and still have abundant room. So both classes combined could easily stand on less than one-twentieth of the arid region.

The merchantable timber is all on the high plateaus and mountains; hence the lands where it grows are not valuable for agricultural purposes. Cañon walls, cliffs, crags, and rocky steeps are not attractive farming-grounds. But more: at these great altitudes deep snows fall, ice appears early and lingers long, and frosts come on many a summer night.

The agricultural lands are situated in the valleys where the streams flow. Thus forest and farm are dissevered by dozens and scores of miles. So forest industries are segregated in one region, farming industries in another. It is no small task for the farmer and the villager to haul their wood from distant mountains and to bring poles and logs from the upper region, for it is a day's or a week's journey, and roads must be made over hills and along mountain sides. In many places flumes are constructed—great canals in lumber troughs that stand on

trestles, into which creeks are turned, and the lumber is floated down to the habitations of man. Then railroads and tramways are constructed for the same purpose. Often "slides" are built by arranging two parallel lines of logs down the mountain side, between which the timber glides. It is thus that the valleys are dependent on the mountains through the agency of a special lumber industry.

The miners are also interested in these forests. As they penetrate with their shafts, drifts, and galleries into the hills and mountains, they carry away to the surface the rock in which the gold, silver, copper, and lead are found, that the metals may be extracted on the ground above. Then they are compelled to support the overhanging walls, that they may not crumble down. When great depths are reached, the enormous weight of superincumbent mountain squeezes the floors of these galleries and causes them to creep up. To prevent crumbling from above and creeping from below the underground spaces are densely propped with timbers; so thousands and mil-

lions of cords of wood are used underground. The forests are also valuable for fuel in metallurgic processes, and to furnish the power necessary for running mining machinery. Many of these mines are in the mountains, and the timber grows near by; sometimes it grows far away, and must be hauled or transported by rail or flume to the mines where it is needed. So the mining operations largely depend on the forests.

More than two decades ago I was camped in a forest of the Rocky Mountains. The night was arched with the gloom of snow-cloud; so I kindled a fire at the trunk of a great pine, and in the chill of the evening gazed at its welcome flame. Soon I saw it mount, climbing the trunk, crawling out along the branches, igniting the rough bark, kindling the cones, and setting fire to the needles, until in a few minutes the great forest pine was all one pyramid of flame, which illumined a temple in the wilderness domed by a starless night. Sparks and flakes of fire were borne by the wind to other trees, and the forest was ablaze. On it spread, and the lingering storm came not to extinguish it. Gradually the crackling and roaring of the fire became terrific. Limbs fell with a crash, trees tottered and were thrown prostrate; the noise of falling timber was echoed from rocks and cliffs; and here, there, everywhere, rolling clouds of smoke were starred with burning cinders. On it swept for miles and scores of miles, from day to day, until more timber was destroyed than has been used by the people of Colorado for the last ten years.

I have witnessed more than a dozen fires in Colorado, each one of which was like that described. Compared with the trees destroyed by fire, those used by man sink into insignificance. Some years ago I mapped the forests of Utah, and found that about one-half had been thus consumed since the occupation of the country by civilized man. So the fires rage, now here, now there, throughout the Rocky Mountains and through the Sierras and the Cascades. They are so frequent and of such vast proportions that the surveyors of the land who extend the system of triangulation over the mountains often find their work impeded or wholly obstructed by clouds of smoke. A haze of gloom envelops the mountain land and conceals from the eye every distant feature. Through it the rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate, and its dull red orb is powerless to illumine the landscape.

During last season I made a trip over the arid lands by rail. On the way through the Dakotas the landscape was covered with a veil through which it was as vain to peer as through a fog at sea. On we went, meandering through the cañons and among the great ranges of

Montana, but the smoke covered all the landscape of mountain forms, and for aught that could be seen we might as well have been crossing featureless plains. Then we passed through Washington and Oregon and down through Idaho—ever in a mountain land, and never a mountain in sight. As we crossed the line into Utah a shower came and cleared the atmosphere, and behold! the Wasatch Mountains were in view; a great façade of storm-carved rocks beetled above the desert as proud as if they were not doomed to be destroyed by storms and buried low in the valleys by rivers.

It is thus that, under conditions of civilization, the great forests of the arid lands are being swept from the mountains and plateaus. Before the white man came the natives systematically burned over the forest lands with each recurrent year as one of their great hunting economies. By this process little destruction of timber was accomplished; but, protected by civilized men, forests are rapidly disappearing. The needles, cones, and brush, together with the leaves of grass and shrubs below, accumulate when not burned annually. New deposits are made from year to year, until the ground is covered with a thick mantle of inflammable material. Then a spark is dropped, a fire is accidentally or purposely kindled, and the flames have abundant food.

There is a practical method by which the forests can be preserved. All of the forest areas that are not dense have some value for pasturage purposes. Grasses grow well in the open grounds, and to some extent among the trees. If herds and flocks crop these grasses, and trample the leaves and cones into the ground, and make many trails through the woods, they destroy the conditions most favorable to the spread of fire. But if the pasturage is crowded, the young growth is destroyed and the forests are not properly replenished by a new generation of trees. The wooded grounds that are too dense for pasturage should be annually burned over at a time when the inflammable materials are not too dry, so that there may be no danger of great conflagration.

The area of good timber being very small, it has great value, and its rapid destruction is a calamity that cannot well be overestimated. These living forests are always a delight, for in beauty and grandeur they are unexcelled; but dead forests present scenes of desolation that fill the soul with sadness. The vast destruction of values, together with the enormous ravishment of beauty, have for years enlisted the sympathy of intelligent men. Forestry organizations have been formed; conventions have been held; publicists have discussed the subject; and there is a universal sentiment in

the West, and a growing opinion in the East, that measures should be taken by the General Government for the protection of the forests. This subject is of profound interest; but sometimes factitious reasons are given which detract from the argument for the preservation of the woods.

In humid lands, where rivers flow on to the sea because they are not needed on the fields, the problems relating to the streams are of another character. There the floods are destructive, and every condition which favors their diminution is an advantage. Vegetation lives on water. The roots drink it, and the leaves return all that is unused to the air, where it may float away to form clouds in other regions. A vigorous plant will thus evaporate two or three hundred times the weight of its annual growth. Then a great tree spreads, through the agency of its leaves and branches, a vast surface to the air and the heat of the sun. Altogether no inconsiderable portion of the precipitation of a region is thus returned to the heavens, and so fails to find the rivers. The subject has been more or less studied, but it is complex, and the result cannot be simply stated, for the variables are many. Perhaps it is safe to say that from twenty to forty per cent. of the rainfall of a region may be dissipated in this manner. It is manifest that such a loss from the streams is of no small importance in a humid region, and it is for this reason that the preservation of mountain forests in such lands is often strongly urged. But when the streams have a value which increases with their volume, the economic aspect of the problem is at once reversed. Researches on this subject made in the Wasatch Mountains and elsewhere by scientific men show that a great increase in the volume of the streams may accrue from the denudation of the mountains of their evergreen garments. There is still another condition which tends in this same direction. When the mountain declivities are grassy slopes, the snows of winter drift behind ledges and cliffs and into great banks among the rocks, and they fill ravines and cañons, and are thus stored in compact bodies until they are melted by the summer suns and rains. But when forests stand on the slopes the snows are spread in comparatively thin sheets, and great surfaces of evaporation are presented to the sun and the wind. For all these reasons the forests of the upper regions are not advantageous to the people of the valleys, who depend on the streams for the fertilization of the farms.

But there is an obverse side of this problem. When the waters are stored for irrigation in natural and in artificial lakes the preservation of their reservoirs is of prime importance. Storm

waters wash the sands from naked hills and mountains, and bear them on to the creeks and rivers, by which they are carried to the storage basins. Protection from these injurious agencies is chiefly afforded by vegetation. For this purpose grass and chaparral serve well, but woods are better. For the protection of reservoirs, therefore, it is important that their immediate slopes should be forest-clad, and that all declivities above, the waters of which cannot be discharged in large part of their sediments before reaching the reservoirs, should also have their woods preserved. In the utilization of these timber regions, then, as a source for the lumber which the people need, judgment and circumspection will be necessary properly to select the areas to be denuded. It is thus that the people of the valleys are interested in the forests of the mountains. Among the crags and peaks where winter winds howl, and where the snows fall all winter long, there grow inchoate cottages and schoolhouses and the fuel that illumines the ingleside. And the mountain passes are the portals through which the clouds of heaven come down to bless their gardens and their fields, and to fill the fountains from which their children quaff the water of life.

The lowlands of the arid region are dry and hot, and are almost destitute of grasses. The summits of the highest mountains are in regions of almost perpetual frost, and grasses are practically wanting. Between these extremes of mountain top and desert valley there are vast areas of nutritious grasses, scant below, but becoming more luxuriant as one climbs the hills, traverses the plateaus, and wanders over the mountain sides. The lowest lands, those bearing more scant grasses, are the lands to be irrigated, for the waters can be taken to them. The better pasturage lands are usually too high for agriculture.

Climatic temperature decreases from the level of the sea to the summit of the mountains, but it also grows colder from the equator to the poles. Now the lowest lands of the arid country are farthest south. In Arizona and southern California the uninhabitable deserts of America are found; there are districts of country below the level of the sea and other stretches just above it. These low, torrid lands are strewn with pebbles, over which the winds sweep and carry on their way a load of sand as an instrument by which the pebbles are polished. It is thus that the desert in many places is paved with a mosaic of gems that gleam in many colors and blind the eye with their radiance. There are other stretches where billows of sand drift across the desert with the prevailing winds. Still other areas are covered with sand and stony fragments and strewn rocks,

where vegetation gains little foothold. All these lands are worthless. In passing from the Mexican to the British line, where conditions of altitude are the same, the grasses steadily improve, and those of the northern half are comparatively rich. But even here there are waste places, for lava-fields abound that are virtually desert. And there are "bad lands" that yield little vegetation. These lands are hills of clay and sand that are washed by the storms and baked by the sun. When the rains come the hillsides are sloughs, and when the winds come the dried surfaces crack and crumble. Then there are cañon lands that are carved by many winding, branching gorges, and thus are rendered worthless. Then there are alcove lands where every rill of the rainy season heads in a precipitous, rocky gulch. These are also barren. Then buttes are scattered over the mesas and plateaus—fragments of formations left by the destroying storms for their future employment. Then there are cinder-cones, naked and desolate. Often lines of cliff stretch athwart the country—the margins of mesas and plateaus. These cliffs are worthy of further mention. When the winds drift the clouds along the lowlands, such a cliff, a few hundred or a few thousand feet in height, obstructs their way. So the clouds rise and discharge their moisture, and floods are speedily born. In regions of cliff a large portion of precipitation is along these lines, and yet with this increased precipitation they are not favored with great vegetation, for the water glides away on the steep declivities, and a zone of lowlands near by receives them, and here the most valuable forests of piñon and cedar are often found. Then the mountains are not all grassy slopes, for they are often interrupted with rocks and ledges and cliffs that are naked.

Though the grasses of the pasturage lands of the West are nutritious, they are not abundant, as in the humid valleys of the East. Yet they have an important value. These grasses are easily destroyed by improvident pasturage, and they are then replaced by noxious weeds. To be utilized they must be carefully protected, and grazed only in proper seasons and within prescribed limits. But they cannot be inclosed by fences in small fields. Ten, twenty, fifty acres are necessary for the pasturage of a steer; so the grasses can be utilized only in large bodies, and be fenced only by townships or tens of townships. Yet they must have protection or be ruined, and they should be preserved as one great resource of food for the people. When the valleys below are irrigated, so that flocks and herds may be fed when the snows and frosts of winter come, the hills and mountains of the arid region will support great numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep.

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The mountains of the far West are full of gold. Ores of the yellow metal are found in fissures that seam the rock, and fill spaces between barren formations, and lie in bodies where lavas have cooled in hill-bound basins. Then the whole mountain region has been plowed with glaciers and swept by storms or buried by river floods, and in these glacial gravels and storm gravels and river gravels the gold has been carried, and here the placer mines are found. In other hills and mountains there are stores of silver and copper, while lead and iron abound. Then asphalt, oil, and gas are found, and the hills are often filled with coal. With slight exception all of these minerals are found in lands which cannot be redeemed for agriculture. The coal lands are chiefly pasturage lands, and the gold and silver mines are under the forests. The coal and iron have been and can be discovered by science, but gold and silver are discovered by prospectors and revealed only by the pick and shovel. These mines of gold and silver furnish the basis of our monetary system, and are the source of vast wealth. During the last calendar year \$32,816,500 in gold and \$59,118,000 in silver were taken from these regions, and this supply is to be continued through an indefinite future.

When the waters are stored in the mountain lakes, and the canals are constructed to carry them to the lands below, a system of powers will be developed unparalleled in the history of the world. Here, then, factories can be established, and the rivers be made to do the work of fertilization, and the violence of mountain torrents can be transformed into electricity to illumine the villages, towns, and cities of all that land.

Such are the non-agricultural lands of the arid region. They are forest, pasturage, and mineral lands, on which great industries are in process of foundation. More than twenty years ago I entered the region for the purpose of studying its resources. The investigations then begun have been continued to the present time, and in them many of the great scientific men of America have been employed. In that early day gold and silver mining was the chief attraction, and there were inchoate cities and towns in many places. Agriculture and manufacturing were almost wholly neglected. Everywhere men were digging into the heart of the mountains for gold and silver, and armies of men were engaged in prospecting, lured, now here, now there, by rumors of great discoveries. These armies were composed of stalwart men, adventurous, brave, and skillful. Away in the wilderness, without capital, but endowed with brawn and brain, they established industries, organized institutions, and founded a civiliza-



tion which must forever be the admiration of mankind. The physical conditions which exist in that land, and which inexorably control the operations of men, are such that the industries of the West are necessarily unlike those of the

East, and their institutions must be adapted to their industrial wants. It is thus that a new phase of Aryan civilization is being developed in the western half of America. On this subject I hope to be heard at another time.

J. W. Powell.

## A WORLD-LITERATURE.



IN Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" ("Gespräche mit Goethe") that poet is represented as having said, in January, 1827, that the time for separate national literatures had gone by. "National literature," he said, "is now a rather unmeaning phrase (*will jetzt nicht viel sagen*); the epoch of World-Literature is at hand (*die Epoche der Welt-Literatur ist an der Zeit*), and each one must do what he can to hasten its approach." Then he points out that it will not be safe to select any one literature as affording a pattern or model (*musterhaft*); or that, if it is, this model must necessarily be the Greek. All the rest, he thought, must be looked at historically, we appropriating from each the best that can be employed.

If this world-literature be really the ultimate aim, it is something to know that we are at least getting so far as to interchange freely the national models. The current London literature is French in its forms and often in its frivolity; while the French critics have lately discovered Jane Austen, and are trying to find in that staid and exemplary lady the founder of the realistic school and the precursor of Zola. During our Centennial Exposition I asked a Swedish commissioner if Fredrika Bremer's works were still read in Sweden. He said that they were not; and when I asked what had taken their place, he answered, "Bret Harte and Mark Twain." Among contemporary novelists Mr. Howells places the Russian first, then the Spanish, ranking the English, and even the French, far lower. He is also said, in a recent interview, to have attributed his own style largely to the influence of Heine. But Heine himself, in the preface to his "Deutschland," names as his own especial models Aristophanes, Cervantes, and Molière — a Greek, a Spaniard, and a Frenchman. Goethe himself thinks we cannot comprehend Calderon without Hafiz,

Nur wer Hafis liebt und kennt  
Weiss was Calderon gesungen,

and Fitzgerald takes us all back, certainly with great willingness on the reader's part, to Omar Khayyâm. Surely, one might infer, the era of a world-literature must be approaching.

Yet in looking over the schedules of our universities, one finds as little reference to a coming world-literature as if no one had hinted at the dream. There is an immense increase of interest in the study of languages, no doubt; and all this prepares for an interchange of national literatures, not for merging them in one. The interchange is a good preliminary stage, no doubt, but the preparation for a world-literature must surely lie in the study of those methods of thought, those canons of literary art, which lie at the foundation of all literatures. The thought and its expression — these are the two factors which must solve the problem; and it matters not how much we translate or overset — as the Germans felicitously say — so long as we go no deeper and do not grasp at what all literatures have in common. Thus in the immense range of elective studies at Harvard University there are fifteen distinct courses in Greek, fourteen in Latin, and twenty each in English, French, and German; but not a single course among them which pertains to a world-literature, or even recognizes that these various branches have any common trunk. The only sign that looks in the slightest degree in this direction is the offering of two courses in Greek and Latin jointly, — only one of which, however, is given this year, — of three in Germanic Philology collectively, and seven in Romance Philology collectively; almost all of these, however, being wholly philological, not in any sense literary.

No study seems to me to hold less place in our universities, as a rule, than that of literature viewed in any respect as an art; all tends to the treatment of it as a department of philology on the one side or of history on the other; and even where it is studied and training is really given in it, it is almost always a training that begins and ends with English tradition and method. It may call itself "Rhetoric and English Composition," but the one of these subdivisions is as essentially English as

the other. It not only recognizes the English language as the vehicle to be used — which is inevitable — but it does not go behind the English for its methods, standards, or illustrations. There is at Harvard a professorship of Art — but this means plastic art alone; and there is a professorship of Belles-Lettres, but only as an adjunct to the French and Spanish languages and literatures; and moreover this professorship is vacant. That there is such a thing as training in thought and literary expression, quite apart from all national limitations — this may be recognized here and there in the practice of our colleges, but very rarely in their framework and avowed method.

And, strange to say, this deficiency, if it be one, has only been increased by the increased differentiation and specialization of our higher institutions. Whatever the evils of the old classical curriculum, it had at least this merit, that it included definite instruction in the fundamental principles of literature as literature. So long as young men read Quintilian and Aristotle, although they may have missed much that was more important, they retained the conception of a literary discipline that went behind all nationalities; that was neither ancient nor modern, but universal. I heartily believe, for one, in the introduction of the modern elective system; what I regret is that, in this general breaking up and rearranging, the preparation for a world-literature has been so far left out. If Goethe's view is correct — and who stands for the modern world if Goethe does not? — then no one is fitted to give the higher literary training in our colleges who has not had some training in world-literature for himself; who does not know something of Calderon through knowing something of Hafiz.

And observe that Goethe himself is compelled to recognize the fact that in this world-literature, whether we will or no, we must recognize the exceptional position of the Greek product. In this respect "we are not confronted by a theory, but by a condition." The supremacy of the Greek in sculpture is not more un-

equivocal than in literature; and the two arts had this in common, that the very language of that race had the texture of marble. To treat this supremacy as something accidental — like the long theologic sway of the Hebrew and Chaldee — is to look away from a world-literature. It is as if an ambitious sculptor were to decide to improve his studio by throwing his Venus of Milo upon the ash-heap. There is no accident about art; what is great is great, and the best cannot be permanently obscured by the second best.

At the recent sessions of the "Modern Language Association," in Cambridge, Massachusetts, although all the discussions were spirited and pointed, it seemed to me that the maturest and best talk came from those who showed that they had not been trained in the modern languages only. The collective literature of the world is not too wide a study to afford the requisite foundation for an ultimate world-literature; and surely the nations which have brought their product to the highest external perfection need to be studied the most. I will not here dispute the oft-quoted assertion of Mr. C. F. Adams as to the superiority of the German literature over the Greek — a testimony which was a little impaired, it will be remembered, by his statement that he had early forgotten his Greek and never really mastered German. But it seems safe to rest on two propositions which seem irrefutable: first, that all advances towards a world-literature must be based on principles which have formed the foundation of every detached literature; and secondly, that these principles are something apart from the laws of science or invention or business, and not less worthy than these of lifelong study. It was the supremely practical Napoleon Bonaparte who placed literature above science, as containing above all things the essence of human intellect.

J'aime les sciences mathématiques et physiques; chacune d'elles est une belle application partielle de l'esprit humain; mais les lettres, c'est l'esprit humain lui-même; c'est l'éducation de l'âme.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



## THE SHOSHONE FALLS.



PROCEEDING by the Oregon Short Line northwesterly from Granger, Wyoming, on the Union Pacific, the first object of interest to the traveler is the Fossil Mountain, seven thousand feet above the sea level, where abundant specimens of fish embedded in clay are to be obtained. Thence descending to the valley, with spurs of the wide-spreading Rockies on each side, one is borne along the banks of the beautiful Bear River. Distant from Granger 146 miles is the hamlet of Soda Springs, Idaho, destined to be the great sanitarium of the West. Here we diverge from the Bear River, which takes a sudden turn at the opening of the valley and pursues its course 150 miles in a southerly direction until it pours itself into the Great Salt Lake. The greater part of the distance traversed by the railroad from this point is over a bed of solid lava, that is to say, for 320 miles, until it reaches Caldwell. Beyond this station, which is situated at the mouth of the luxurious Boise Valley, a veritable garden for its whole extent of fifty miles, the country is susceptible of irrigation, and will at a future day be able to support a population larger than that of some of the New England States.

As we penetrate the mountain range, on entering the Port Neuf Cañon, we find that the fire king did not attempt to throw the lava above the plain, but left the green and wooded hills unscathed. Skirting the banks of the stream that dances gaily along at their base we come to Pocatello, the junction of the Utah and Northern Railroad. Huge blocks that have been blasted out are thrown up on the sides of the track, and all around there is a dreary expanse of sage-brush growing upon a thin soil formed by the accumulated dust of centuries. Far away in the distance are the snow-clad peaks of the western spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and at intervals of the immense plain extending to their base, blue buttes stand up like islands in the sea. Occasionally we pass a wagon-train of slow-toiling emigrants. This unbroken monotony, with its attractions by no means small, is first interrupted when we reach the American Falls, twenty-five miles from Pocatello, where the Snake River is spanned by a substantial iron bridge. The name of "falls," which is perhaps correctly applied to all falling water, is mis-

leading to those whose understanding of the word is abruptness or suddenness of descent. They turn away their eyes and exclaim, "They are only rapids after all." Crossing the river our course lies in a direction nearly due west, while the tortuous stream so appropriately named the Snake bends for a time to the south, twisting in coils as it crawls through the deep ravine hollowed out for itself in the lava. The scanty bunch grass is yet enough for the support of cattle, who descend through occasional gorges for their water. These migratory herds prefer the richer grasses of the mountains and the streams of the cañons for their summer sustenance, resorting to the bottoms only in the winter season, when the snow is never too deep to prevent them from cropping their food. Thus the ranchmen here enjoy a great advantage over their fellows in the higher altitudes, who are obliged to cut and put up their hay. The river hereabouts would be entirely useless but for its value to the herds on the winter range, as it runs too low to be made available for the purposes of irrigation.

From the American Falls onward to Shoshone, eighty-two miles, the railroad traverses a country of the same characteristics already described. Desolation is everywhere written upon its black surface—rifted chasms and volcanic excrescences only varying its dark monotony.

The town, or, as the settlement is called, the city of Shoshone, is but the hundred-times-repeated duplicate of the new municipalities of this Western region—the only greater merit it can claim being that it is larger than many others. Brigham Young first established the rule, which has become universal in this region, that all the streets of his empire should be exactly eight rods wide. Conformity to another of his laws cannot now be strictly observed, as it is interfered with by the courses of railroads. In Utah every building faces one of the four cardinal points of the compass, the streets all running from north to south or from east to west. The incoming Gentiles have not improved upon the Mormon architecture of log and adobe houses, which, if not beautiful, are at least picturesque. The Gentile idea is that of flimsy shingle structures which can be easily taken to pieces and moved with the frequently removing towns. There is a stage line from Shoshone City to the Shoshone Falls over a nominal distance of twenty-five miles, but which is really thirty,



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. JACKSON &amp; CO.

and seemingly a great deal more. Let it be remarked here in parenthesis that in June the water of the Snake is at its height, whereas at the time of our visit, early in October, it had fallen twelve feet; but this subtraction from the full volume is balanced by more agreeable weather and the torpidity of the rattlesnakes. The same always dreary plain extends to the base of the mountain range south of the river, the only sign of life being the half-way station, where the relay of stage horses is kept and fed on the hay and water carried to them. We knew that the river rolled between us and the hills, but it was so far beneath the surface that it was nowhere visible. Suddenly, just at the dusk of evening, we came to the abrupt precipice, and at the same instant the mighty roar of the cataract greeted our ears.

The water is compressed in many places like that of Niagara below the Suspension

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Bridge; and at its narrowest limit, 700 miles farther on in its course, even after it has been joined by the Columbia, a greater stream than itself, it is confined between the unyielding rocks at the Dalles, where it becomes only one-tenth of the width at Shoshone when it takes its fearful leap of 210 feet from the abyss above into the greater abyss below. It was at the rim of the upper chasm that we had now arrived. Here it is that the river, in ages beyond our computation of time, had formed out of the solid rock a basin 800 feet in depth and half a mile in width, and had constituted itself into a lake whose surface must have been level with the plain on which we stood and looked down upon the meadow left by its receding flood when it had escaped through the gateway it had patiently been cutting out for innumerable years. At great expense and patient labor a zigzag road has been made along the perpendicular descent of 800 feet. Alighting

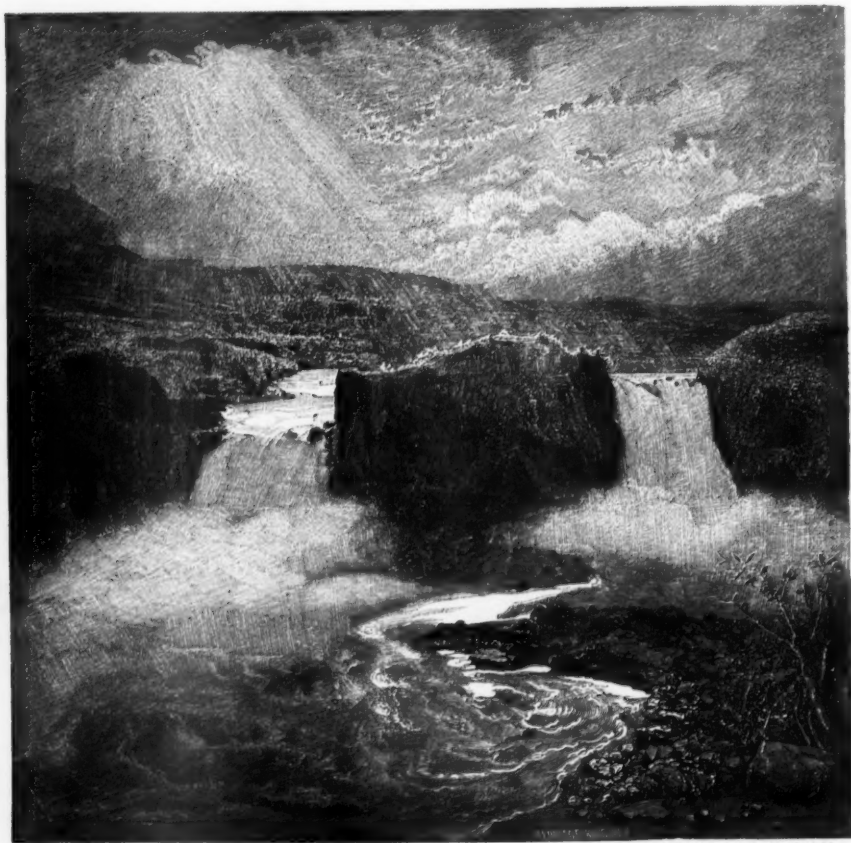


## THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

from the wagon and tying the front and hind wheels together, we led our horses down this rather perilous path to that little bit of meadow upon which was pitched a large, commodious tent, serving the purpose of a hotel quite as well as the frame building which has since been erected on the other side of the river.

At length the rays of the morning lighted up the vast encircling panorama of grotesque crags and imaginary castles which had darkly frowned upon us from their exalted heights, and amidst this gorgeous display our steps were led to the brink of the great cascade.

At Niagara the water spreads widely at the



ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

LITTLE SHOSHONE FALLS.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. JACKSON &amp; CO.

For the first part of the night the roar of the water prevented sleep, but the steadiness of the noise at length lulled us to repose. On awaking in the morning the sound seemed to come from a different direction, and the change was explained by the fact that the wind had shifted during the night, thus bringing the echo from another place. Indeed, without the aid of a guide we should not readily have found our way to the cataract, as the echo, constantly moved about by the eddies of the wind, would have carried us out of our course. Daylight and sunshine on the upper plains were long in advance of their appearance in the basin below.

top, thus distributing its volume, but compressing itself at the end of its fall; whereas here the compression is made before the start. Preceding the grand leap there are no forewarning rapids giving notice of what the river is about to do, but silently it flows on as if it had at last reached its ocean level, and then, with one slight hint in its little side show of the Bridal Veil jutting out around a corner rock, it precipitates itself perpendicularly in one solid mass sixty feet farther downward than its great rival of the East. The whole width of nine hundred and fifty feet, both at top and bottom, is almost precisely that of Niagara on the American

side at the base. To ascertain the difference in the volumes of water, a very nice calculation should be made of the rapidity and depth of the current. To institute a comparison of the general effect, we refreshed our memories a few weeks later by a visit to Niagara. A mere look at Shoshone from the north side, on which we first approached it,—such a look alone as is too often satisfactory to tourists to whom obstacles in the way of seeing it all seem insurmountable,—gives but a faint idea of the magnificent whole. Preparations were in progress for a wire ferry at a distance of half a mile above the cataract, where the river is about four hundred yards wide. The ferriage at the time of our visit was conducted in a little skiff, which, with proper precautions, promises greater safety, as it is more manageable than a larger boat would be if accidentally the wire should be broken.

The timid visitor who satisfies himself with a view from the north side of the river departs with no conception of the infinitely more grand and impressive scene which opened to our view from the other side. One might as well be content with seeing Niagara from the American side, discrediting the story told him of the Horse-shoe Fall as viewed from the Canadian shore. These contrasts have a striking resemblance, for once arrived upon the southern bank of the Snake the whole contour is changed. The bend before unnoticed is made apparent. What seemed all straight is now a curve at the top, tumbling in upon itself at the bottom in a solid mass, striking the rocks with such force that it springs up again a hundred feet in a column of water, foam, and spray. To obtain the various views in which the cataract presents itself, no little toil is requisite. The labor of getting down, with the danger added, is quite as much as that of getting back. From one rock to another, jutting out from the straight wall, the trunks of pine trees have been laid with their branches cut off, so fashioned that they serve as steps, while a wet, slippery, hanging rope is supposed to afford some additional security. From a bit of flat rock where we take a temporary rest upon the way a curious view of the cataract is obtained through an aperture under the "natural bridge." The drawing from a photograph taken on this spot will indicate the space which distinctly represents a bear in an upright position. Descending nearly to the surface of the river below the falls and one thousand feet below the plain above them, we arrive at the curious cave upon which the name of Cathedral Dome has been most appropriately bestowed. It is 175 feet high and 40 feet square, the dome in which it culminates chiseled out by the swirling waters in just proportions and

awful grandeur thousands of years before Christopher Wren or Michael Angelo tried their 'prentice hands at architecture.

At one end of this mysterious sanctuary of nature there gushes out a cool, pure stream called the Baptismal Font, and through its open door comes the hoarse, reverberating music of the cataract playing its undying anthem. Its pulpit is everywhere, for if there be sermons in stones they are preached by these eternal rocks.

Below the Great Shoshone cataract, where the parallel of the river's contraction is nearly exact, the eye rests only upon bare, perpendicular crags a thousand feet high. First descends that four hundred feet of lava coating, and beneath it in their regular order the original surface of soil, the clay, and the granite. In some places where the soil was wanting, so that the devastating fire came in immediate contact with the clay, it burned it into brick, making a readily imagined picture of a city street with its long line of houses suspended in mid-air between the sky and the water.

The Twin Falls were yet to be seen. To reach them was the most difficult undertaking of the day. Climbing up the slippery ladders by which we had descended, and walking to the place where the skiff had been left, we embarked again and pulled up the stream a mile and a half, avoiding the current and whirlpools by keeping in the eddy until some impassable rapids were reached. Then, making fast the boat to a rock, we landed, and pursued our way for nearly two miles, not always on foot, but often swinging across the chasms by our arms or creeping like lizards over the lava boulders. This method of progression occupied more than two hours, when by a sudden turn we were brought face to face with the falls, so near to them that we were covered with their spray. Here above, the river flows on a plane two or three hundred feet higher than at the Great Shoshone, and is divided into two narrow channels separated by a rock. From each channel leaps a waterfall 70 feet in width and 182 in depth. Twins they are in age and size and beauty, tumbling joyously side by side in their wild play, dancing upwards in their spray and then twirling in each other's arms in whirlpools and eddies in their onward course.

It will appear by these notes that at the brink of the Twin Falls the gorge is about 400 feet high, at their base 182 feet higher. Allowing 200 feet for the descent of four miles of rapids, it would be, as before stated, about 800 at the brink of the Great Shoshone, and rather more than 1000 at its foot. These measurements are at least approximately correct.

*John Codman.*



## "THE LITTLE MAN IN THE TINSHOP."

WHEN I was a little boy, long ago,  
And spoke of the theater as "the show,"  
The first one that I went to see,  
Mother's brother it was took me;  
(My uncle, of course, though he seemed to be  
Only a boy — I loved him so!)  
And ah, how pleasant he made it all!  
And the things he knew that I should know! —  
The stage, the "drop," and the frescoed wall;  
The sudden flash of the lights; and oh,  
The orchestra, with its melody,  
And the lilt and jingle and jubilee

Of "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!



For uncle showed me "The Leader" there,  
With his pale, bleak forehead and long, black hair;  
Showed me the "Second," and "Cello," and "Bass,"  
And the "B-Flat," pouting and puffing his face  
At the little end of the horn he blew  
Silvery bubbles of music through;  
And he coined me names of them each in turn,  
Some comical name that I laughed to learn,  
Clean on down to the last and best,  
The lively little man, never at rest,  
Who hides away at the end of the string,  
And tinkers and plays on everything,—

That's "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!





Raking a drum like a rattle of hail,  
 Clinking a cymbal or castanet;  
 Chirping a twitter or sending a wail  
 Through a piccolo that thrills me yet;  
 Reeling ripples of riotous bells,  
 And tipsy tinkles of triangles —  
 Wrangled and tangled in skeins of sound  
 Till it seemed that my very soul spun round,  
 As I leaned, in a breathless joy, toward my  
 Radiant uncle, who snapped his eye  
 And said, with the courtliest wave of his hand:  
 "Why, that little master of all the band  
 Is 'The Little Man in the Tinshop'!"

And I've heard Verdi, the Wonderful,  
 And Paganini, and Ole Bull,  
 Mozart, Handel, and Mendelssohn,  
 And fair Parepa, whose matchless tone  
 Carl her master, with magic bow,  
 Blent with the angels', and held her so  
 Tranced till the rapturous Infinite —  
 And I've heard arias, faint and low,  
 From many an operatic light  
 Glimmering on my swimming sight  
 Dimmer and dimmer, until, at last,  
 I still sit, holding my roses fast



For "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!

Oho! my Little Man, joy to you —  
 And yours — and theirs — your lifetime through!  
 Though I've heard melodies, boy and man,  
 Since first "the show" of my life began,  
 Never yet have I listened to  
 Sadder, madder, or gladder glees  
 Than your unharmonied harmonies;  
 For yours is the music that appeals  
 To all the fervor the boy's heart feels —  
 All his glories, his wildest cheers,  
 His bravest hopes, and his brightest tears;  
 And so, with his first bouquet, he kneels



To "The Little Man in the Tinshop."

*James Whitcomb Riley.*





## "THAT YANK FROM NEW YORK."



HE gray of dawn was beginning to brighten with roseate flashes of light as Joseph Bell unhooked the door of his adobe dwelling and stepped out on to the little veranda overlooking the plateau of the Coteria mine, where he sat down wearily on the brick coping. He had passed an anxious, sleepless night, and his features wore an expression of listlessness and disappointment which showed that he was in trouble. For a few minutes he sat quiet with his head in his hands; then, springing nervously to his feet, like a man who had come to a sudden decision, he struck the signal gong nailed against one of the pillars of the porch, lighted a cigar, and, blowing the smoke of the first whiffs far away, said aloud:

"Well, it's got to stop; and, what's more, it is going to stop to-day. I suppose I had better see Garcia about it first," he added meditatively, after a few puffs. "These Mexicans know their country better than do we Gringos, with all our conceit and mistaken contempt for the genus Greaser. Ah! Torribio, *buenos dias*," he went on, as his *mozo*, draped in a blue *serape*, walked up, jingling the little bells on his spurs.

"*Buenos dias*, Don Pepe! You passed a good night?" the boy cried out in answer. "You struck the gong?"

"Yes. We are going to Alamos. Let Féliz get ready. I'll take him along too. And tell the captain I wish to see him here at once. Be quick now, and see that Teresa brings the coffee. And, by the way, I'll take my carbine this morning."

When the boy had disappeared, Bell took down his spurs and his revolver from a nail on the wall, and buckled them on leisurely; then he sat down again and waited. The day's work was decided upon, and he could afford to thrust his cares aside; for, now that he was about to grapple with them materially, they seemed much less formidable than during the long hours of the night, when he was endeavoring to make up his mind as to what really was his duty. The morning air was fresh and cool, his cigar was good, and his coffee deliciously aromatic, so why not enjoy the sensuous pleasure of the moment? Life in Sonora offers none but the most material enjoyments, and those not so often as to dull the appetite for comfort; as for disagreeable duties, they

form the major part of the day's routine, and amply sufficient unto each day is that part thereof. The cactus bears a thousand times a thousand thorns that last the year round, and but a handful of mildly flavored fruit that ripens once in May; so let the May-time be a holiday!

While he was half unconsciously trying to convince himself that this very practical, if not very ennobling, philosophy was the best, Bell was aroused from his reverie by the approach of big Jack Corbis, the captain of the mine.

"Good morning, Mr. Bell," he cried out, stopping a few feet away from his boss and dropping the head of a pick which he carried on his shoulder, more as a badge of his office than for the purpose of applying it to any practical use. "You be up kind o' early this mornin', sorr. Hot day, too, it's meanin' to be, sure 'nough!" he added, wiping his forehead with the back of his wrist and looking up at the pink-and-gray ripples of cloud in the sky. Then, as if suddenly recollecting something, he said in an indifferent tone: "Toe-ribyoe let on as how you was wantin' to see me here, Mr. Bell. C'n I help ye any?"

There was in his tone, as usual when he spoke to the superintendent, a suggestion of patronizing kindness or condescension, and Bell naturally resented it; for Jack's whole manner seemed to imply, "I know exactly what is to be done, but it is a part of my duty to come up and ask you, just as if I did n't; so here I am to fulfil this little formality before going to work in my own way; but there's no hurry." And he emphasized this by jerking a tobacco-pouch from his hip-pocket and leisurely filling his pipe.

Bell half smiled, half frowned, as he read the man's thoughts, flattered by the ease with which he did so, yet at the same time displeased at his own implied inferiority. "Not merely implied, though," he was obliged to own to himself as he looked at Jack's stalwart figure and brawny arms. "As an animal he is worth five of me, and I suppose that down here a man should be gauged rather more than less by his physical points. Then, too, he has had twenty years' experience below ground, and I have had less than one; he will intuitively solve nine problems out of ten, while I have to puzzle over and work them out on paper, without even then being sure that I am right. Yet he earns four dollars a day to



"THAT 'S ALL FOR THIS MORNING."

my fifteen, and has to take his orders from me,— 'that Yank from New York,'— who but a few months ago was no more than a *stud. rerum met. et mont.* If I were in his place I should resent it less good-naturedly than Jack does, I am sure. Taking it all in all, I think he behaves remarkably well. To be sure, there's the tenth problem—" His *amour propre* suggested, and the consciousness of his superiority returned to him at once.

"I don't know that you can help me, Jack," he answered quietly, "beyond carrying out what orders I give you. I am going into town this morning, and shall not be back before sunset, so we must postpone surveying the old *socabon* until to-morrow. You can put on two extra gangs in the Salon Grande, and run the rest as usual. At five I want you to blow the whistle and send all the men—mind you, *all* of them—up to the compressor-room. I shall have something to say to you. That 's all for this morning."

The boys had come up with the mules before Bell concluded, and without waiting for an answer he vaulted into the saddle. As he rode away he was conscious of a feeling of relief at not having to listen to Jack's reply, and at the same time of a certain sense of shame at his momentary cowardice. "Heigh ho!" he said to himself, "this playing at all

or nothing requires more nerve than I am sure of being able to count upon: and how different this is from the pretty chess play we read of in books! It is no longer a moving of a wooden or an ivory king—or—at least the king now is myself. How shall I come out this evening? *Quien sabe?*" And, as in life some innocent victim must always suffer for the disturbed vibrations of our temper, Bell's mule was suddenly and rather undeservedly reminded that her rider was a "caballero with silver spurs."

Meanwhile Jack Corbis stood on the same spot, holding his half-closed hands over the bowl of his yet unlighted pipe, with a half-admiring, half-doubtful expression on his handsome cavalier's face. "Well—I 'll be *tchee-war-war'd!*" he said finally and conclusively as he drew a match across the rear of his overalls. "The young un said that as if he really was a-goin' to fight the crowd on us—Gringos an' Cornishmen an' Greasers an' Injuns—jest as we stand. Wal! I doan' know but I like that; come now, hang me if I doan't. We 'll make a miner of that boy some day, sure 's taxes. He can't have all the men, mind ye, though. There 's that job down to the Rochin cross-cut 's got to be fixed to-night. All right, now, Master Bell; we 'll give you a show, or my name ain't Jack Corbis, nor

never was!" And, shouldering his pick, the captain of the mine walked away with a heavy tread towards the shaft, grumbling to himself between the puffs of his pipe.

By the time Bell had reached the village at the foot of the Cotera range he had regained his usual composure and self-confidence. Like most intelligent men of a quick, nervous temper, who see the dozen different sides of a question at the same time, he was slow to

property, this had been handed over to him by his predecessor, a middle-aged, uneducated Cornishman, who had conceived an immediate and violent dislike to the refined, well-read young American. In his farewell speech to the men he had found it expedient, after expressing his satisfaction at the efficient way in which they had served him, to regret that "that Yank from New York" should have been sent down to boss them, and to hope that



"I 'M READY TO BEGIN RIGHT NOW." (PAGE 936.)

make up his mind on matters of importance; when, however, that result had been accomplished, he never wavered, but threw his whole energy into the attempt to reach his end. He was still too young to be hampered by the record of partial or doubtful successes, for whatever success he had achieved in life was still too recent to have been diminished by the perspective of time; and without being exactly conceited, he was yet keenly appreciative of his own talents. Moreover, he knew from experience that the day before the ordeal the nerves are more sensitive to its imaginary formidableness than on the day itself, when the struggle has begun. He also felt that he was fighting for no more than his right, and had not read a sufficient number of Russian novels to know that if might is right, right is not always might. So that on the whole he felt tolerably confident of success.

When, two months before, he had come down to Mexico to take charge of the Cotera

under such a questionable leadership they might not become demoralized. Bell, as it happened, did not come from New York; but he had been sent down from there by the office, and in Mr. Harris's ingenuous mind all Yankees hailed from either New York or San Francisco, according as they belonged East or West. Moreover, the lurking contempt of the great West for the daily increasing "effiteness" of the Atlantic slope was satisfied in the summary description of the young man's "size," as was also the Cornishman's dislike of the American. In such remote communities as this mining-camp, where the principles of right and wrong are variable and determined by the caprice of the moment, the jingle of a word often outweighs its sense. So in this case, without stopping to reflect, the men, pleased by the phrase "that Yank from New York," adopted it as a characteristic definition of their leader. Half unconsciously, to be sure, but none the less absolutely, the Yankees and then

the Cornishmen began to talk deprecatingly of the new boss; before long the Mexican employees discovered their superiority; and as nothing is more contagious than demoralization, the very Indian miners, for the first time in the recollection of their existence, realized that their views should be represented and receive due consideration. Naturally enough these different parties interfered with one another, and disorder ensued. Bell was sufficiently well aware of the fact that things were going wrong; but being a young and inexperienced man in a new country, the language of which he spoke as yet but indifferently, he had only recently understood the real cause of the trouble. "Gangrene—amputation," he said to himself. "That is clear enough; but where shall we amputate, and how?" These questions had kept him awake all night, and as he rode under the great spreading poplars along the bed of the *arroyo* he wondered whether the operation would prove successful. The dismissal of the Mexican officers, which he had resolved to accomplish that very day, was the most difficult problem to solve without exciting such personal animosities as might lead to bloodshed, and it was chiefly on this point that he was going to ask Garcia's advice.

When Bell entered the office Don José-Maria rose from his desk and greeted him warmly; then he led him across the orange-planted courtyard into his private room. "Deign to enter this, your own house, Señor Bell, and allow me to ask permission to absent myself a few moments—yes? Meanwhile you will throw off the heat of the sun. I send some refreshment at once."

Within a few minutes he returned, drew up his chair, and, crossing his hands over his waistcoat, said in his low, caressing voice, "Well, Don José, what can I do to serve you to-day?"

Bell told him the story in detail, wondering the while whether this polite little man, with features of feminine delicacy and beauty and soft, dark eyes, could really be the same Garcia whose bravery and ferocity had become legendary in the district. It seemed impossible, and yet at times, notwithstanding the pleasant expression of his smile, a hard, brilliant glitter, like that of a snake's, would for a moment come into his eyes. He listened attentively without moving or interrupting the speaker until Bell asked him what he should do under the circumstances.

"You must do what is right," he answered, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and gently tapping his thumbs together.

"Yes, Don José-Maria; but what is right?"

Garcia shrugged his shoulders again more energetically as he replied: "Every man has his own appreciation of what is right, and in

your position your honest decision will be the best. You have made up your mind as to what you have to do; now do it. That is the best advice I can give you. I would suggest, however, that in the case of the Mexicans you allow them to resign instead of dismissing them; and, whatever the provocation may be, *don't shoot*. Some relative or other is sure to spot you in time. I could have him caught and sent—for the matter of that, along with his whole family—up to the *campo santo*. But what satisfaction would you derive from that if you were also in the graveyard? Believe me, Don José, don't shoot. It is sometimes worth while to control one's most legitimate desires. Now come in to dinner and stay here for the siesta before riding back to the mine. The sun must be hot on the road to-day, is it not?"

They went out, and as they walked slowly across the cool *patio* towards the dining-room, Don José-Maria asked in a casual way, "You live in New York when you are at home?"

Bell laughed aloud, and tore a sheet out of his note-book. "In case anything should happen to me," he answered, writing down the direction, "you can telegraph to this address. But I don't think it will be necessary."

"Quien sabe?" the other replied seriously and pitching his voice in a high key. "Things develop more rapidly here than in the north. But, Don José, allow me to say a word to my brother, who is standing under the portico, and I am with you in ten minutes." When Bell was out of ear-shot Garcia beckoned to his brother, the doctor, and after a short "good day" he said to him: "Do not go out to-night, Alfonso, and keep a couple of mules saddled after seven. You may be wanted at the Coteria; but say nothing about it, please." Then he followed his guest into the dining-room.

It was nearly four o'clock when, having shaken hands for the last time with Don José-Maria, Bell turned his face homeward. The great heat of the day was past, and a gentle breeze blew through the silvery shivering foliage of the poplars and lifted the feathery branches of the *sabinas* that undulated lazily, like delicate seaweed floating back and forth at each wave-lap. The sun was low, and long blue shadows lay across the red soil of the road. In the distance the mountain tops stood out in strong blue-and-purple dashes against the fainter, whitish blue of the sky, while the nearer rugged peaks of barren rock, striped with red iron lines, shone boldly above the slight mist that was beginning to form at their base. The wide plain, studded with round, full-topped trees, and surrounded by the fantastically shaped hills, made a picture of rare coloring and beauty; yet like all tropical scenery, either because of its lack of animal life or



of association with men, it produced a sad impression on the mind, that could never forget its isolation and unimportance in this vast, silent desert.

On this afternoon the impression of intense sadness which Bell could not control may to a certain extent have been due to other causes; for as he rode along towards what the irony of circumstance temporarily obliged him to call "home," he distinctly recalled his feelings on the day when, but a few weeks before, he had traveled this same road on his arrival, buoyed up by the interest of a first visit and by visions of unprecedented success for the mine during his administration. And these expectations had come to what? Whether attributed to his fault or his misfortune, the result remained the same: he had no similar previous experience on which to fall back, and his self-conceit was not so sturdy as to absolve him in his own judgment of any unintentional errors. "Que diable allai-je donc faire dans cette galère?" he said aloud and with a bitter laugh. "Well, for better for worse I took Dame Co-tera; let us see what manner of welcome the shrew bids me to-night—the very night of her taming too, or I am much mistaken." And so saying he whipped his mule with the reins and galloped up to his office at the mine just as the whistle blew for the men to assemble.

For perhaps half an hour Bell paced his brick floor composing, or rather attempting to compose, his speech; but he had barely begun to make some progress when his boy Torribio, dispensing with the formality of a knock at the door, walked into the room to say that the men were waiting. "I suppose Félix and I had better each take a lantern, Don Pepe. No? It is half dark already in there; and—I told Félix to bring his carbine; that will make three with yours and mine."

Bell merely nodded assent, and told the boy to go on ahead. At the last moment, moved by some sudden impulse, he threw down his gun and unbuckled his revolver. "They would be of no use to me any way," he reasoned as he walked towards the compressor-house, "and I shall be all the stronger for being unarmed. At any rate it is the best way of following José-Maria's advice."

As he entered the large room and motioned to the engineer to shut off steam there was a sudden silence, which seemed the more profound for the noisy talking that had preceded it; and the men, who had formed themselves in different groups, all turned curiously towards him. Bell was perfectly calm, but, as he himself felt it, unnaturally so; it seemed to him now that there was little or nothing to say, and for a moment the uncomfortable suspicion flashed through his mind that the wrongs of

which he was about to complain began and ended in his own imagination. To gain time he looked around, as if to see that all hands were present. Guarding the closed door behind him stood his two *mozos*, leaning on their carbines, and in front of each was a large reflector lantern throwing a strong light on Bell, who, in his duck clothes, stood out as the most prominent figure in the room. On his right the white miners were drawn up in line, and on the left the mill hands, a quiet-looking set of men. Opposite, and just in front of the bob of the big pump that swung back and forth like a ponderous pendulum, the Mexican employees formed a little group by themselves, their fallow complexions and dark hair contrasting strongly with the ruddy-faced, light-bearded Gringos. In the second rank behind, the native miners and Indians were packed closely, their bronze-brown skins scarcely lightening the shadow that enveloped them, and their half-closed, glittering eyes, that were all fixed on the boss, gleaming like fireflies on a dark night. Through the window opposite to him Bell could barely see the light of the lantern on the gallows over the shaft burning quietly, and he tried to fancy that it was like a star close at hand.

As he was about to make an effort to say something—what, he did not then know—one of the small boys who were crowded together outside the window lost his hold and tumbled into the room with a loud cry of dismay that was answered by a yell from the assembly. This little incident seemed to break the ice: Bell understood it, and every man there felt it; a cloud of good humor seemed to have burst over their heads, and a smile lurked in the corners of their mouths and eyes. "Now is my time," he said to himself, and stepped forward, trembling a little, but on the whole self-possessed and calm.

"Boys," he began in rather a loud voice, that elsewhere he would scarcely have recognized as his own, "I have n't got much to say to you, but I wish you to understand every word that I do say. For the last two months—in fact ever since Mr. Harris left us—you seem to have got hold of the idea that there was no boss in this camp. Well, perhaps there was n't; perhaps you thought that a 'Yank from New York' was too green to stand over you, and maybe you were right. Now, boys, I don't think you gave me a fair show. Why did n't you come to me like men, and say straight out what you had to say, instead of working behind my back to make trouble? Fifty to one, too! When I knew that I was right I told you what you were to do; and when I was in doubt I asked your advice before deciding what was best. You know that is the truth I am telling

you. Well, boys, you've got a boss now — got him to-night — and I am the man. If there's any one here who does n't like it he can walk straight out of that door, right now, and come for his time to-morrow."

Bell paused a moment, and stepped aside waiting for an answer; but beyond a volley of oaths, mainly meant to be commendatory, none was forthcoming. He had only an indistinct recollection of the words he had used, but he was distinctly conscious of having won the fight. The worst was over: he had asserted himself, and they had understood that he was right; now he could proceed with his duties feeling that the better element in the camp was at his back.

When he came forward again his words had already been translated to the natives, and all bent over eagerly to hear what he was going to say next.

"I am sorry," he began in a lower voice, and hesitatingly — "I am sorry that my first duty should be such a disagreeable one; but I don't see any way of avoiding it. I have noticed that there is a good deal — in fact too much — ill-feeling between Mexicans and white men here at the Cotera. As yet I cannot say who is wrong or who is right. So to-night I mean to have both sides state their grievances openly, and the facts shall decide. Señor Ponce de Leon, will you do me the favor to step forward?"

A giant cartridge exploding in the center of the Mexican group could not have produced a greater commotion than did these few words. For a moment all talked at once, gesticulating wildly and in the greatest confusion, while the foreigners looked at one another and winked, much amused at this sudden turn of affairs. Finally, after a short debate, the oldest of the Mexicans advanced towards Bell and cried angrily:

"Don José! you do not know the customs of this our country. We are caballeros, Señor, and not to be called to account. We cannot submit to be ranked with laborers and treated as such; and I have the honor, in the name of my colleagues here, and also, Señor, in my own, of offering you our resignation."

He bowed low, with an outward, horizontal sweep of his arm, and was just stepping back to join his comrades, when, clear and distinct, the cry of "Fire!" rang out in the still night air, and one of the native miners ran in breathless.

"Don José," he gasped, "the roof where they were retimbering in the Rochin cross-cut has come down, and the timbermen, Don Juan and Don Eduardo, got caught under the rock that fell. I had gone back a moment before, and so escaped most of the dirt; but even be-

fore I cleared myself the wood was on fire, and the big supply pile is just on this side of the cross-cut. Mary, most holy, save the mine!"

"Jack Corbis!"

"Yes — sir!"

"Are there any air-pipes in that cross-cut? Yes? Then drive the compressor till she bursts. Pick out three men for the first gang with you and myself — axes and picks — and four for the next. That will do. Now come — hurry!"

A minute later they stood on the platform of the open cage, silent but resolute. From below the smoke was beginning to rise, thick and black. In the shaft itself it rolled up slowly, boiled up in round cushioned clouds, writhing, advancing, and apparently receding again until it reached the collar and shot upward swiftly, climbing the tall gallows and spreading evenly and slowly into a thick, undulating canopy of a pasty consistency that lay like a circular blot against the sky. Bell looked up overhead for the lantern — his star — and it seemed to him that it was burning, dimly but steadily. Once more he turned to Corbis and asked:

"Candles?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Matches?"

"Yes, sir. All ready, sir!"

"Lower away!"

The gong sounded sharply — ding, ding, ding; "*Bueno!*" came back from the engine-house, and they were gone.

At the third level the cage stopped, and they got out to light their candles. The main body of the smoke was creeping along the roof of the drift, but for a foot above the car-track the air was tolerably clear; so they lay down on their sides, holding their candles in one hand before them, and crawled along in the ooze of the floor towards the fire. Their progress was necessarily slow, and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the grunting and panting of the men and the more distant crackling of the burning wood. Then they reached the cross-cut, and a shower of sparks fell over them. The heat became intense, and at last they were obliged to halt. It looked here as if their task were a hopeless one, yet not one of them thought of going back.

"There ought to be a little water in the unfinished winze close by here, sir," Corbis called out, coughing in the smoke. "If we c'n only reach it I think we c'n push through. Leastways we c'n try. 'T ain't more'n five or six fathom, to your right, Mr. Bell."

"Come along, then, boys!" Bell cried out cheerily; and the strange little procession of five crept on slowly, with lowered heads. To them no doubt those thirty feet seemed longer than many a weary mile under the hot sun

above ground; and probably nothing but the feeling of companionship enabled them to reach together the little hole, which not one of them could have reached alone. Silently they let themselves down into the dirty, greasy water, above which the air was fairly free from smoke.

As Bell glanced at the black-streaked faces of his four companions emerging from the metallic-looking surface of the water he could not help smiling at their ridiculous appearance. "Well," he thought, as he turned from the brightly illuminated drift, where a few yards away a couple of men were probably dying in agony, to the dark hole in which he and his four miners were closely wedged, "I suppose that all through life there is a smile to every tear." Then turning to Corbis: "Jack," he said, "send one of the men back to the station, and let the next gang hurry along. They want to cut a few sets in the drift and plaster the ones nearest the fire with mud. I am going to make a dash ahead, and—if I don't answer your call when you have counted a hundred, you 'll have to come in after me. Here goes!"

He clambered out of the hole, and raising one arm to protect his face, he plunged into the flames; but he had taken only a few steps when his foot struck something soft on the ground, and he fell forward over the prostrate body of a man. He was partly stunned by the blow, but this rather helped him, for the bite of the fire seemed less sharp, and a moment later he staggered out under his burden. It was Ned Bowles, but whether alive or dead they could not tell; he was bleeding from several wounds, and badly burned. "Take him up carefully, boys," Bell cried, "but hurry. Never mind the smoke this time; get him out sharp, and send some more men to take your place. Now, Jack," he went on, as the others vanished in the smoke, "it's your turn. Yell to me if you want help, and good luck to you, Jack, old man. I 'll have to cool off a spell in the water here."

He slid down again into the hole and rested his head on his hands. For a little while he seemed to have lost his power of thought, and even for a moment forgot where he was. In the cool water he experienced a delicious sensation of relief that made him shiver all over, not unpleasantly; then an intense drowsiness came over him. He was on the verge of losing consciousness when, with a loud bellow of pain, Jack rushed out of the fire and slipped into the water beside him.

"John Vinton's in there and alive, Mr. Bell," he shrieked, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his breath; "but he be under a pile of dirt, and I can't get him out alone. My God, sorr, but it be hot in there! and there

be but little air left. We must hurry. D' ye think ye 'll be able to go back with me, sorr?"

"I'm all right again, Jack. Come on!"

And for the second time they disappeared in the flames. But how they worked and struggled and writhed in that furnace; how they tore away the rocks and dirt from over the body of their comrade; and how, between them, they bore him away through that hell of burning timber, they never knew. As they emerged from the cross-cut, slowly and heavily, in a halo of fire, with bent heads and in an agony of pain, they perceived vaguely that the drift was full of anxious men.

"Saved?"

"Saved!"

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" And there rang through the stone galleries of the old mine a great burst of joyful sound that vibrated back from the rock faces, rolling away into the lost corners of the abandoned workings and up through the shaft to the surface, where another excited crowd took it up with their shrill, far-sounding Indian voices, and sent the news across the neighboring *cañadas* into the silent mountains beyond. But suddenly it died out as quickly as it had come.

The nervous strain had proved too much for Bell, and now that it was all over his strength abandoned him; he staggered and fell forward, striking his forehead against a sharp stone, and lay there in the drift, quiet and unconscious. They took him up tenderly, and in silence bore their young captain away to his dwelling on the hillside, where two of the miners sat by his *tarima* to watch until the doctor came. Rough nurses they were, no doubt, but devoted ones; and when at last the doctor told them, "He 'll be all right again soon, Señores," there was great rejoicing at the Coteria mine.

One evening, some days later, Jack Corbis entered the long room of the boarding-house, where the men were sitting along the benches, smoking and talking quietly. Jack put on his spectacles with an unusually dignified air, as he stepped up to the head of the table and threw down a book on which he laid his giant hand. He looked around over the rim of his glasses, and seeing that all were listening, he said in a subdued but more impressive tone than usual:

"If there be any man in this camp so tar-nation mean 's t' speak of the boss again as 'that Yank from New York,' so help me God, I 'll skin him first and heave him down the old shaft for the rats to git their work in on! Now that's clear, ain't it? and I'm ready to begin right now." He waited a little while, but as no one seemed disposed to put his flaying powers to a practical test, he continued, more good-humoredly:

"There be one thing I kind o' wanted to bring to your notice to-night, boys. En that 's edyecation. I never took no stock in books ontill quite recently, the other night—the night o' the fire, I mean; 'n it 's beginnin' to look to me as though I 'd missed the vein—drifted clean through the foot-wall and into country rock; as though I 'd been puttin' in my holes like a man,—good holes, and in the right spot,—but thar won't any ore come down with the dirt. En it 's got to be in these times minin' ain't what it used to be oncet, no more 'n anythin' else is what it was. A man without edyecation to-day don't stand no show against a man that has. It 's like hand drillin' against a three en a half Rand. Mebbe you knowed all that, en mebbe p'r'aps again you did n't. But that ain't neither here nor there. What there 's to it is this. It was edyecation made the boss a boss—as good a boss as

I want to work for. Now t'other night he jest went right ahead, en we followed him; 'cause he was the best on us, and 'cause we could n't help ourselves followin' him. In course 't were his edyecation did it. We was good men, every man of us; but he was a good man with a lot of edyecation to him besides, en he come out ahead. That 's why. Boys, let's edyecate! When Mr. Bell comes round he 'll give us a hand en show us whar' we c'n put in the holes best. But meantime I thought I 'd jest make a start, kind o' easy; big print en figgers in a handy size for a man o' my heft—that 's what I want to begin with. This book here, that I borrowed in the office jest now, with a mate to it for the night shift, seems 'bout right. Let me spell the name to 't:

"Gregory's 'Anal-y-tical Mechanics, Vol. I.'; en that 's the corner monument of my new strike."

*John Heard, Jr.*

## THE IDEAL.

BY the promise of noon's blue splendor in the dawn's first silvery gleam,  
By the song of the sea that compelleth the path of the rock-cleaving stream,  
I summon thee, recreant dreamer, to rise and follow thy dream.

At the inmost core of thy being I am a burning fire  
From thine own altar-flame kindled, in the hour when souls aspire;  
For know that men's prayers shall be answered, and guard thy spirit's desire.

That which thou wouldst be thou must be, that which thou ~~shalt~~ be thou art;  
As the oak, astir in the acorn, the dull earth rendeth apart,  
Lo, thou, the seed of thy longing, that breaketh and waketh the heart!

Mine is the cry of the night wind, startling thy traitorous sleep;  
Moaning I echo thy music, and e'en while thou boastest to reap  
Alien harvests, my anger resounds from the vehement deep.

I am the solitude folding thy soul in a sudden embrace;  
Faint waxes the voice of thy fellow, wan the light on his face;  
Life is as cloud-drift about thee alone in shelterless space.

I am the drawn sword barring the lanes thy mutinous feet  
Vainly covet for greenness. Loitering pace or fleet,  
Thine is the crag-path chosen. On the crest shall rest be sweet.

I am thy strong consoler, when the desolate human pain  
Darkens upon thee, the azure out-blotted by rush of the rain.  
All thou dost cherish may perish; still shall thy quest remain.

Call me thy foe in thy passion; claim me in peace for thy friend;  
Yet bethink thee by lowland or upland, wherever thou wilt to wend,  
I am thine Angel of Judgment; mine eyes thou must meet in the end.

*Katharine Lee Bates.*



## PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.  
HENRY C. POTTER.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.  
SAMUEL W. DIKE.  
SETH LOW.

RICHARD T. ELY.  
WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.

### A PROGRAMME FOR LABOR REFORM.

REPORT TO THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP BY A COMMITTEE CONSISTING OF  
SETH LOW AND RICHARD T. ELY.

#### I.

##### STATEMENT OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.



THE labor problem is not an isolated problem. The labor problem embraces a group of social phenomena which has the most vital connection with all other great groups of social phenomena. The labor problem belongs to the life of man as a member of industrial society and comprises one class of industrial problems. By industrial problems we mean those problems which find their origin in the efforts of men to gain a livelihood in organized society, and to do this in an orderly and peaceable manner, to secure justice, and to do right in these efforts, and to make all their efforts minister to the highest welfare of all men. The labor problem is but a part, although a very large part, of the industrial problems of the present day. But even our industrial life in its fullest sense does not exist apart by itself. All modern sociological researches show unmistakably that the life of man as a member of society is truly one, whether this life manifests itself in language, in art, in literature, in religion, in the friendly intercourse and exchange of ideas among men, in the family, in education, or in the municipality, state, or nation.

The branch of knowledge which deals with this entire immense territory is called sociology; but anything like a complete sociology, or even a sociology complete enough for actual use, does not exist now, even if it may exist at some future time. The weakness of the human mind compels us to separate by more or less arbitrary process the entire social life of man into parts and to pursue them separately. The discipline which deals with industrial society is called political economy, but we shall fall into serious error if we fail to remember that it is

closely connected with every other social science.<sup>1</sup>

Industrial life, though dealing primarily with material things, is an integral part of the social organization; it conditions all other departments of social life and is conditioned by them. The reciprocity of action—both beneficent and maleficent—between mind and body, by which health or disease in one produces the same in the other, is perfectly paralleled by the relation between the spiritual and scientific elements of civilization and the industrial element.

The labor problem is not a single problem, but a whole group of interrelated problems to which, in popular language, the singular noun rightly attributes unity. The labor problem is a part of the great social question of our day, and it concerns us all vitally.

We reach first of all this conclusion: *The labor problem is only a fractional part of the entire problem of industrial society, and the entire problem of industrial society is only one part of the whole social problem, which includes art, religion, literature, and the various other departments of social life.* While, then, its scope is exaggerated by extreme labor reformers, its ramifications are such that it touches all men, and whoever fails to recognize this errs in an opposite direction.

Recent industrial movements show that industrial questions now under discussion affect the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the professional classes, and in some cases perhaps even more keenly than the class of wage-workers. It is conceivable that a vast network of monopolies, crushing out all independent producers, might give to artisans, mechanics, and unskilled laborers as steady work as they now receive, or even steadier; as high wages as they now receive, or even higher; and might in the exercise of a beneficent paternalism cause strikes to cease. It by no means follows that this consummation would be a desirable one. We are not prepared to say that a society composed of a few plutocrats

<sup>1</sup> Ingram's "History of Political Economy" (Macmillan & Co., New York, 1888) brings this out clearly in the treatment of the development of economic science.

and a vast mass of even contented day-laborers is in a truly prosperous condition. We would prefer rather a society composed of many grades, with easy transition from any one grade to the next higher, or even the next lower. We arrive then at the second general conclusion: *The labor problem is by no means merely a class problem, and we deprecate as most unfortunate any attempt to treat it as such.*

On the other hand, all social questions touch the labor problem, because the advance of civilization is a matter of vital concern to wage-earners, who cannot prosper as members of a diseased organism. The real advance of labor can come only as part of true social progress; but true social progress is, in our day at least, impossible unless even the humblest classes participate to an increasing extent in the benefits of civilization. The most we could grant is this: as the most numerous class, and as the weaker industrial class upon whom burdens are too easily shifted, perhaps the laboring class is on the whole more deeply concerned in the various problems of industrial society than any other element of this society.

It is, then, well to form the habit of looking at society and its movements from the standpoint of the laborers, because their interests are identical with the interests of the whole of society. *Whenever we truly advance the interests of wage-earners we necessarily advance the interests of all society.* We might call this our third general conclusion. This cannot be said without reserve for any other social class, for we see cliques and parties growing rich by the promotion of special interests in legislative halls and elsewhere, while society as a whole may languish. The laboring class is in reality the only class which is not merely a class, and this justifies the use of the now current expression, "The masses against the classes." No one will, it may be hoped, take this as a justification of all measures which are urged upon or in the name of the laboring classes, or suppose that any sanction is hereby given to that claim of industrial preëminence sometimes advanced in their behalf.

It was once supposed that factory legislation forbidding child labor, restricting the labor of women and young persons, abolishing truck or "pluck me" stores, providing for general education of artisans, securing the safety of men and women employed in naturally dangerous occupations, was class legislation, but experience and science now have demonstrated that such is not the case. While English experience is not different from that of other countries, it speaks out more clearly because experimentation has there been carried farther than elsewhere. The seventh Earl of Shaftesbury—who

perhaps did more for England than any other man who has lived in the present century—was opposed by Cobden, Bright, and the entire school of doctrinaire political economists in his philanthropic efforts to secure what has become the present admirable code of factory laws in England, but he lived to see men like Sir James Graham and Gladstone publicly recant, while Cobden wavered. The nation, with the exception of a few extremists, now approves this legislation, and the political economist Newmarch but voiced the sentiment of scholars when, before the British Association, he declared that the Earl of Shaftesbury had by his efforts established the industrial supremacy of England on a securer basis than ever.<sup>1</sup> Scientific men like Huxley, however, come forward and from a biological and physiological standpoint claim that still greater efforts must be made to promote the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare of the masses, or the future of England will be sacrificed to an illusory and temporary prosperity. The argument is entirely in the interest of England as a whole, because it is seen that the foundation of permanent national well-being must in the future even more than in the past be found in the vigor of body and mind of the great masses.

## II.

### CAUSES OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE MODERN LABOR PROBLEM.

WE must first notice that social problems may be a sign of health or of disease; they may be growing pains of youthful condition or the symptoms of decrepitude or age. The masses are naturally conservative. A rude and uncultured mind is averse to change, but clings to tradition. The habits of forefathers are followed in speech, in garb, in manners, in industry. Servants in our kitchens resist undoubted improvements, but cling to more arduous methods from conservatism like that of an animal. It is only when man has attained a certain stage of development that he rises above a brutish conservatism and seeks—at first often in crude and mistaken manner—for changed and improved conditions. A youthful people, or an age of the world which exhibits the characteristics of rapidly developing youth, will show this restlessness under wrongs and sufferings, although a mitigation of these wrongs and sufferings has recently taken place, although this mitigation itself may have started the upward movement which looks like youthful growth. On the other hand, a decaying people, or an age of the world which is passing away, exhibits evidences of distress which are totally

<sup>1</sup> See Hodder's "Life and Work of Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury," especially Vol. II.

different in character, however great to the superficial observer may be the resemblance.

The distress of Rome under the later emperors was the agony of expiring life. We hold that we are now suffering from "growing pains." So far we have reason for hope and gratitude. If we but know "the day of our visitation," if we but diligently improve the unprecedented opportunities which the Almighty has given us in these last years of the nineteenth century, we shall find that we are but entering on the dawn of a more glorious civilization than the world has yet seen. This is our faith, and in it we find inspiration.

A deterioration in the condition of the masses may be either absolute or relative. It may be positively worse than it has been in preceding periods, or it may have failed to keep pace with the general progress in wealth and civilization and with the growth of wants.

On the whole, there is reason to believe that, absolutely speaking, the condition of the masses in all civilized lands has improved and not deteriorated in the past generation of the world's history. Yet in some respects we are obliged to acknowledge even an absolute deterioration in large portions of civilized society.

The old security of existence, which is a most important element in well-being, has largely passed away for artisans and mechanics. When industries were conducted on a small scale, the blacksmith at the country cross-roads and the village carpenter might never secure a fortune, but it was their own fault if they did not gain a modest competence. Work might be slack at times, but there was always something to be done. The skilled artisan owned his tools and called no man master. We can remember when in North and South he occupied an esteemed position in the American village. In the South, at least, though not presuming to social equality with the local magnate, he yet held up his head in his presence, and was at times invited to partake of his hospitality. Truly the golden age lies before us and not back of us, yet it were folly to deny that in leaving the past we have lost some good things.

Existence now for the masses is insecure, because bread-winners, to a great extent, no longer owning the tools with which they work, are congregated in huge productive establishments and are manufacturing on an immense scale for an uncertain and even capricious world-market. To-day in the receipt of large wages, they may to-morrow, without a moment's warning, be thrown on the streets without a penny.

This irregularity of employment and of income is most demoralizing. A man has a high industrial development who under such circumstances will carefully estimate average

wages, and will in days of plenty save enough for days of dearth. The educated professional classes are unable to do this; much less, then, the laboring class. Moreover, enforced idleness in our modern cities, almost devoid of opportunities for innocent and wholesome recreation, is apt to lead to intemperance and vice, both wasting the scanty savings of labor.

The environment of the masses has, with the growth of cities and the concentration of industry, got to an ever-increasing extent beyond the control of the masses, and there is reason to fear that it has become morally worse; certainly so for women and children, exposed to the debasing influence of the bad men found in every considerable human aggregate.

The locations of industries are changing more rapidly than ever before, and this necessitates a roving laboring population. A population continually changing domicile fails to take deep root anywhere and loses the moral strength which comes from secure local connections. Taking human nature as we find it, we can scarcely expect that a roving population will fail to become a morally depraved population.

Machinery has been both a blessing and a curse. It has in too many instances killed love for work, which is impossible where a man performs a mere routine operation, belonging to a whole which he does not understand, which he never sees. Mere soulless routine<sup>1</sup> deadens all higher faculties. The mind and muscles acquire speedily certain aptitudes, but become inflexible at an early age. "What," asks Professor Roscher, "must be the aspect of the soul of a workman who for forty years has done nothing but watch for the moment when silver has reached the degree of fusion which precedes vaporization?"

Perpetual changes in industrial processes render a former skill useless, and reduce artisans and mechanics to the overcrowded ranks of unskilled day-laborers, mere wretched drudges.

When we compare the actual amount of wages received by the laboring classes now with their former wages, we find ourselves obliged to abandon that superficial optimism based on an imperfect analysis of industrial conditions. There seems to be an absolute improvement, but can we certainly say that this has been relative? When we find men belonging to the same school of political economy, in arguments on commercial policy, arriving at the conclusion that the labor cost of manufactured articles is but eighteen or twenty per cent. of the entire cost, and then, by similar processes in arguments on labor and capital, endeavoring to convince us that labor receives over ninety per cent. of the product,

<sup>1</sup> Called by Schleiermacher "immoral."

we are justified in exercising a wholesome skepticism in regard to the value of all these statistics. The truth is that, as a whole, they are not worth the paper on which they are written. Scientifically speaking, they are not even worthy of refutation. A few establishments, belonging to a class in which competition is severe, are selected, and from the data given by their experience the most far-reaching conclusions are deduced. Meanwhile, instances tending in the other direction, such as railways and almost all monopolies, are passed over, and rent is not considered at all or inadequately treated. The correct statement is that of Prof. Richmond M. Smith of Columbia College, in his excellent monograph, "Statistics and Economics," that we do not know the proportions in which products are distributed among the various industrial classes, and until the science of statistics makes further advance we cannot know.

Several things should be borne in mind while granting a probable increase of wages in general. We must consider not the wages of a day, but the earnings for a year, making deductions for all the idle days. Furthermore, increased expenses in many directions should be noticed. We all understand this when we discuss the desirability of higher salaries for judges or college professors, but in talking about wage-receivers we too often lose our common sense. The migrations of which mention has been made, rendered necessary by modern production, are one cause of increased expenses. Every one who has had experience knows how serious a matter it is to move, even from one part of a city to another part. "Three removes equal a fire," said Benjamin Franklin. Great cities which have grown up in this country render life more expensive than it was in rural communities. In Baltimore, street-car fares cost for a family living on the outskirts of the city one hundred dollars a year, at a very moderate estimate. Unsanitary conditions and sickness are another cause of increased expenses.

A college professor, with a family living in a great city, will, it is safe to say, find it difficult to keep down street-car fares, medicines and medical attendance, and incidental expenses to the limit of the entire income of a day-laborer's family.

Increasing civilization means increasing wants of the most legitimate kind, and expenditure for food is now but a minor matter; even food, clothing, and fuel can hardly represent half of the expenses of a family living modestly but worthily in a modern city. Increasing wants are a condition of advancing civilization. Missionaries among barbarous tribes find it necessary to arouse wants, even if but for a hat and a needless parasol, in order

to start civilization. While we may lament the kind of wants too often experienced by the masses, we ought to rejoice in the fact that wants do increase, and strive to give right direction to expanding nature. Increasing wants signify that a formerly sufficient income has become insufficient. Formerly the rational expenditures of an ordinary laborer included nothing for books and magazines, but this is no longer the case.

*Another class of causes of the existence of the modern labor problem is to be found in the newness of our present industrial life.* We look upon what we see about us as a mere matter of course, but the truth is, its most marked features are scarcely a generation old, and we have not learned to adjust ourselves to them. Let us turn our mind back a hundred years. There was then not a single railway company, not a single gas or telephone or telegraph company, not a single steamboat company, still less any electric lighting company. No cause is more fruitful of social troubles than the corporation, but one hundred years ago we find Adam Smith gravely arguing that there was no future for the corporate form of industry, in his day weak and struggling; because, acting through agents, it could never compete with individual effort! What would we do without banks? It is evident that a business world which could for a day exist without them must have been something very different from anything we know. Less than one hundred years ago there were but three banks in the United States, now there are over three thousand national banks alone.

Free competition is something new; industry on a great scale is comparatively new; large aggregations of skilled workmen not owning their tools, but working for employers whom they rarely if ever see, are very new; the universal freedom in the civilized world of unskilled labor is not a generation old; the right to buy and sell land as freely as personal property is new. Mr. Thomas Kirkup, a writer for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," has well said: "The present system of competitive industry, which to most men is so rational and familiar that they cannot even realize the possibilities of any other, is but of yesterday. Free private ownership of land, the free right to choose what industry you please, and to follow it as you please, have even in western Europe come into force only since 1789."<sup>1</sup>

### III.

#### EVILS.

LET us, in immediate connection with the foregoing, consider some of the evils of the

<sup>1</sup> "Inquiry into Socialism," p. 92.



industrial situation which have a close connection with the labor problem. Only brief comment will be possible, though a book might be written on any one of them.

#### *Child Labor.*

First of all must be mentioned child labor as one of the most fruitful sources of evil. Children are removed from home to the dangerous moral atmosphere of the store, shop, and factory at a tender age and their moral natures too often irreparably corrupted. How careful is every Christian parent of the well-to-do classes to guard the every step of his little children. No one may associate freely with them without the closest scrutiny. Companions of evil natures and low tastes are zealously kept away. Even the law does not recognize the full responsibility of children, and at an early age recognizes no responsibility at all, or only a very limited one. Full legal rights and responsibilities do not belong to a person before the age of twenty-one. What then must be the natural and legitimate consequences of thrusting out into the great world, among the vicious and depraved, young boys and girls? Intemperance and immorality are the fruits too often seen. Yet we have in the moral consequences only a part of the terrible evils which result from child labor in great factories. The children's bodies are stunted, and a weak generation of workingmen and of mothers of workingmen's offspring is the inevitable result. The mind is also dwarfed. Opportunities are offered to learn a few simple processes, and in these great expertness is acquired, but too often both mind and muscles refuse to learn new aptitudes after thirty. Normal growth is obstructed, and the very end of life, "the consistent and harmonious expansion of all one's faculties," is defeated.

Childhood should be a period of innocent play and of growing bodily, mental, and moral power. A normal childhood is a source of strength to one's entire life. The mind reverts to it and is refreshed. But in our great cities the children of the working poor are growing up without childhood. They leave infancy only to become little old men and women. They are wronged because not protected at a period when self-protection is an absolute impossibility. This is a matter of national importance, for as naturalists and economists both have shown, and as history has amply demonstrated, the source of permanent prosperity must be sought in the vigor of mind and body of the great masses. A successful national struggle for existence is otherwise out of the question, and decay must set in and a nation's glory depart.

Child labor is constantly increasing in the United States. The census shows that an ever-increasing portion of our population is engaged in gainful vocations, and that this increasing proportion is largely to be attributed to the labor of women and children. The reports of the various bureaus of labor statistics but confirm the census reports.

The number of children — boys under sixteen and girls under fifteen — who belong to the class of wage-earners, according to the census of 1870, was 739,000; in 1880, 1,118,000; an increase of 66 per cent., and this appears to fail to reveal the true increase, because the enumeration is acknowledged to be defective. The increase of employees in manufacturing and mechanical industries was 43 per cent. for adult males, 58¾ per cent. for children, and 64 per cent. for females. In twelve leading industries of this class women and children comprise a majority of all employed, and in some cases they have almost a monopoly. It is noteworthy that the evil of child labor increases most rapidly in our West.

These statistics are taken from a valuable article on the employment of children, by Mr. John T. Crowell, which appeared in the "Andover Review" for July, 1885. "If a child of a certain age," says one operative whom Mr. Crowell quotes, "goes to work in a mill, constantly breathing a temperature of ninety degrees both winter and summer, it is sure to grow up puny and die young." "Another stated," says Mr. Crowell, "that children put into the mill at an early age become useless at the age of twenty."

Generally the children go out of the home into the mill or factory or store, but occasionally the shop is brought into that which serves as a pretext for a home. This was the case with the manufacture of cigars in tenements in New York, the law abolishing which the Court of Appeals most unfortunately declared unconstitutional.

#### *The Labor of Women in Industrial Establishments.*

This, like child labor, is rapidly on the increase in the United States. It is not always an evil, but it is too often a most serious one, and it is desirable to restrict it. The wives and children of the laboring men become their unnatural competitors, and it has happened in Massachusetts and New Jersey, as well as in England, that the father has remained at home to care for the house and perform those duties which nature has assigned to woman, while wife and children are at work in the mill. Women become too often demoralized, and in mines so notoriously so that their employment

underground has been entirely prohibited in England. Children without a mother's care grow up wild and undisciplined, an easy prey to the worst agitators and other bad men! The question involved in the labor of women and children is no less than the preservation of the American home, the only sure foundation on which our institutions can rest.

It is noteworthy in this connection that, in this country and in others, those establishments in which the laboring classes are employed for the largest number of hours per week are precisely those in which the labor of women and children predominates.

#### *The Dwellings of the Urban Laboring Classes.*

This, like the labor of women and children, is a serious and perplexing problem in all nations of modern civilization. It is a live question in London and Berlin, as well as in New York, but nowhere is the situation more serious than in great American cities, and nowhere has so little been done to remedy it.

Men, women, and children crowded together in unsanitary condition, and disease is accompanied by a fearful death-rate. The conditions of a wholesome family life are almost entirely wanting, and virtue is gone and character is destroyed before their value can by any possibility be realized. The slums of cities are breathing-holes of hell, and the only way to reform them is to sweep them from the face of the earth.

"The mere endless persecuting opportunity" of the modern tenement house, to use the phrase of Mrs. Humphry Ward, is something which we have no right to expect feeble human nature to withstand.

Dwellings in cities are too far from work, and an hour or two is not rarely added to the working-day, thereby curtailing opportunities for cultivation and recreation. Formerly rent was a small matter for the greater part of the laboring classes, and frequently in the country a garden helped to eke out a living. Now the growth of cities makes rent for an increasing number consume an undue portion of the family income. Formerly the artisan in village or country readily acquired a home of his own. Now in our great cities this is a difficult, and at times an impossible, thing for him to do.

#### *Sunday Work.*

This is a rapidly growing evil in all our cities, against which workingmen all over the length and breadth of the land are crying out, and their complaint is becoming bitter because their cry passes unheeded. Wherever laboring

men meet in conventions this complaint is very apt to be heard, and labor papers agitate the matter perpetually. The barbers of Baltimore raised several hundred dollars to work an ordinance through the city council closing all the barbers' shops on Sunday, and this is now enforced, but workmen elsewhere have not often been so fortunate. In some trades in New York, and doubtless elsewhere, Sunday work is all but universal. A few years ago there was, for example, scarcely a photographic gallery in New York City — even if there was one, which may be doubted — which did not do more or less work on Sunday, though perhaps not openly; the great majority placed their show cases out for public inspection, and, making no pretense of observing Sunday, found that day the most profitable day in the week. A correspondent of "John Swinton's Paper" uses this language:

Is there any law in New Jersey in defense of Sunday? If so, why is it not enforced against the railroad corporations?

When laboring men violate any law of the money power, it is anarchy, and the law-breakers are imprisoned or hanged. But when the money power violates all laws, both human and divine, there is neither penalty nor remedy.

Look at the Central Railroad of New Jersey running coal trains every Sunday, compelling its employees to work upon that day. True, the trainmen get paid for their Sunday work, because they are paid by the trip or day. But the men in telegraph offices all along the line are now compelled to work Sundays for nothing. So with the flagmen and others who are paid by the month.

God knows it is hard enough to work for a mere pittance six days in the week, but it is intolerable to be compelled to work on Sundays for nothing, as we do — to desecrate the Sabbath and be deprived even of the boon of preaching. If this is not anarchy, what is it? And how much longer shall the Golden Calf rule in New Jersey?

An editorial in the Chicago labor paper called "Knights of Labor" is entitled "Sunday Slavery," and an extract from it reads thus:

A grand mass meeting under the joint auspices of the Chicago Sabbath Association, Butcher and Grocer Clerks' Association, and the Knights of Labor will be held at Central Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, October 14, 1888, to discuss the question of Sunday observance. Representatives from each of the above organizations, with other good speakers, will address the meeting.

The question of closing the factories, workshops, and stores on Sunday is fast coming to the front as one of the important questions of the day. From thirty to forty thousand employees in Chicago alone are compelled to work for seven days in each week. How shall their shackles be unloosed and the slaves set free? Men and women have been discussing this question as individuals for many months. It

is now time to discuss it as a body politic. . . . Is it not time to cry halt? Are the people, by their apathy, avarice, and selfishness, willing to blight the prospects of the working classes of America by condemning them to a slavery that knows no day of rest?

The secretary of the Journeymen Bakers' National Union sent out appeals to the clergy of New York and Brooklyn to preach against Sunday labor and help them to abolish it. Five hundred circulars were sent out, but little response was met with. In reply to a query as to their success, the disgusted secretary sent this answer to the writer of the present paper: "Out of the five hundred circulars sent to the clergy of New York and Brooklyn, half a dozen answered. You will have a hard time, Professor, to convince the toilers of this country that the clergy will ever do anything for them." The Philadelphia bakers, on the eve of appealing to the clergy of that city, wrote to the editor of their New York organ, the secretary just referred to, to get the results of their experience, but he dissuaded them from their project on the ground that nothing would come of it in Philadelphia, as nothing had come of it in New York.

The purpose of this is not to condemn nor to uphold the clergy, but simply to call attention to a widespread cause of discontent.

The spirit of the fourth commandment calls for one day's rest in seven, when for good and substantial reasons work must be performed on Sunday.

#### *Night Work.*

This has become quite common in order to utilize the expensive plant of the modern manufacturing establishment. It is demoralizing for all, men, women, and children, and for the two latter classes ought never to be permitted. It is an evil to be kept within as narrow bounds as possible for all. One needs but to travel through manufacturing districts at night to see how widely extended is this evil.

#### *Overwork.*

It requires a perpetual struggle to keep the length of the labor day within the bounds required by physiology and hygiene, and often the struggle to do so is unsuccessful. No nation in which modern industry prevails has been exempt from the evils of overwork. Working days of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen hours have not been infrequent, and cases are occasionally reported of men working for more than twenty-four hours in succession. This used to be the case with bakers in some cities once a week, and we hear of such things on steam railways, whereby life and limb of employees and the traveling public alike are en-

dangered. Street-car employees have suffered in this way from corporate greed in all great cities. The labor day exceeded seventeen hours for street-car employees in Baltimore until 1886, when the legislature reduced it to twelve. Excessively long hours weaken the nervous system and create a craving for stimulants. It has been generally observed that shortening working hours leads, after a brief interval, if not immediately, to diminished intemperance. Another evil effect of an excessively long working-day is that the head of a workingman's family is thereby rendered incapable of performing his duties as the father of a family and as a citizen.

#### *Excessive Mortality of Working People, especially of Children.*

The influence of occupation and economic condition upon length of life has never been sufficiently investigated, but all investigations which have ever been conducted point with unmistakable clearness in one direction. There is no popular impression more entirely groundless than that the poor are blessed with good health. Physicians who work among the poor and in hospitals know well that such is not the case. Perhaps the burdens which they bear convince people that they must be strong because they ought to be. For example, we often hear from American travelers a good deal about the robust health of German workingwomen, but an American lady who has worked among them in hospitals says that they are nearly all diseased, while it is well known that among German day-laborers in portions of Germany less than ten per cent. can pass the physical examination for the army.

The most careful investigation as yet made into the effect of economic condition on mortality is that of Körösi, Director of the Bureau of Municipal Statistics of Buda-Pesth, who divided the population of that city into three classes, rich, well-to-do, and poor, and had an examination made of every individual case of mortality. Excluding the children under five, among whom mortality is very great in the families of the poor, he found that the rich lived about ten years longer than the poor, and some five years longer than the well-to-do. English investigation about 1842 revealed a difference of from ten to twenty years—in cases more—in favor of the rich and professional classes as compared with the working classes.

Among the children of the poor in New York over five hundred, at a moderate estimate, have died needlessly in one week—five hundred, that is to say, who would have lived had the conditions been what they should have been.

The chief health officer of Maryland calculates that two-thirds of the deaths in that State are needless. Careful investigations are wanting in the United States, but it is generally remarked that workingmen with white hairs are comparatively rare. The mortality among the negroes in the South, in some places, at least, appears to be nearly twice what it is among the whites. The negroes are nearly all of the laboring class, but many of the whites are also of the same class. On the other hand, a race problem complicates the question.

The poor lack the means to guard their health, and their ignorance also shortens their life. Hazardous employments frequently produce recklessness. Certain occupations are more disastrous than army life.

One of the most distinguished statisticians of the century, Dr. Ernst Engel, says that the chief cause of death is social. In themselves the diseases of which men die are for the most part curable, but the resources to provide the means of cure are lacking. Does a physician tell a workingman suffering from consumption to take a year's rest and go to Egypt, even if he knows it would cure the disease?

#### *Immigration.*

Excessive immigration of foreigners, often of a low class, is a serious evil for American workmen. It tends to degrade them and to make them socially less esteemed. These heterogeneous elements are unable to unite peaceably for the attainment of common ends. This renders workingmen weaker in all industrial struggles, at the same time that it inclines them more readily to the use of violence. We thus find all sorts of currents among this strange conglomeration, and a lack of harmony dangerous to the entire social structure. American workmen, it is frequently observed, are inclined to respect the rights of others, are slow to use violent measures, and, nevertheless, when not interfered with, generally know well how to attain just ends in a peaceable manner. Whether or not this is quite a correct observation, the evils of excessive immigration are undoubted.

#### *Disadvantages of a Division of Labor.*

The division of labor is a necessity in our present industrial life. Nevertheless we should not be blind to its dark features. Some of these have been already mentioned. It develops one-sided men who exhibit an excessive dependence upon employers. They lack the suppleness, so to speak, of the early Americans. They are not quick to turn hither and thither and seize industrial advantages.

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A memorable remark of M. de Tocqueville attributed the superiority of Americans fifty years ago to precisely the absence of that division of labor now carried so far with us. These are his words:

It sometimes happens that the same person tills his fields, builds his dwelling, contrives his tools, makes his shoes, and weaves the coarse stuff of which his dress is made. . . . This contributes powerfully to awaken the intelligence of the workman. Nothing tends to materialize man and to deprive his work of the faintest trace of mind more than the extreme division of labor.

We may further observe the separation which it brings about between employers and employed. Formerly in manufactures they belonged to one social class, and even in this present century in New England it was a common practice for the apprentice to live in his master's family. Now, often, they rarely see one another — sometimes never meet.

#### *Corporations and Trusts.*

These increase the separation already noticed, and large aggregations of capital acquire a dangerous control over the lives of employees. Vast combinations of capital lead in turn to vast combinations of labor, and in their contests the public welfare is seriously involved.

#### *Inventions and Discoveries.*

The benefits of these are well enough known. They also unfortunately too often reduce the skilled workingman to the ranks of unskilled labor. This evil has been already mentioned.

It should ever be remembered that while labor is a commodity, it is unlike other commodities in the fact that it is inseparably bound up with a human being, and direction over labor in so far carries with it control over another's will. This manifests itself in the tyranny of unscrupulous employers over the politics and social life of the working classes, occasionally even over their religious life. The employer chooses the place of residence and, for the greater part of the working-day, the companions of the workingman. If the laboring classes attempt to control the selection of their companions, it is, according to the decision of the New York Court of Appeals, a penitentiary offense — the refusal to work with objectionable fellow-workmen being construed as a criminal conspiracy!

#### *Accidents.*

These occur in large numbers and increase the class of helpless widows and orphans. It



is estimated that in England seventy-six per cent. of all accidents occur in industrial pursuits. Women and children are specially liable to accidents, and law has done less in this country than elsewhere to protect life and limb of the working classes. Probably no railways in the world are so destructive of life of employees as the American. Over 2000 employees were killed and more than 20,000 injured in 1888. Their peril is spoken of by President Harrison as being as great as that of a soldier in time of war. This loss of life can be prevented, but money is valued more highly than human life, and it would involve expense for improved appliances. Elsewhere we find employers' liability acts, but they are with us few and imperfect, and the tendency of our courts is to decide against workingmen in suits for damages. The New York Court of Appeals has so decided in case of accidents due to fellow-workmen.

#### *Moral Evils.*

These have already been incidentally mentioned. Churches have left overcrowded workmen's quarters, and spiritual oversight and culture are withdrawn.

The family life is of a low type. Immorality is frequent. Marriages are thoughtlessly contracted at an early age, and the duties of parenthood are entered upon without any appreciation of their gravity. Parents neglect children, and later children neglect parents.

The liquor saloon presents a never-ending temptation to those who live in labor quarters, while the modern city is almost wholly devoid of opportunities for wholesome, life-giving recreation for the poor.

Insufficient food, more often insufficient variety of food, and poorly cooked food create a craving for strong drink and promote intemperance. One of the first physiologists in the land is authority for this.

Girls are not trained to be housewives, and knowing nothing about cooking, sewing, or the care of the house, the dwellings of the poor present a cheerless appearance.

Too few opportunities for saving exist, and these have too often forfeited the confidence of the masses. This and other causes produce thriftlessness.

Class hate has been nourished by the struggles of social classes, and bitterness takes the place of affection and friendly intercourse. Both employers and employed must bear their share of the blame; the former the larger share because their opportunities are greater. Employers too often look upon their relationship with their workmen as one of contract only, and fail to see that an opportunity to do good

carries with it an ethical obligation to embrace the opportunity.

A general widespread lawlessness is both a cause and a symptom of disease. Law too often would seem to be obeyed only when it is convenient and meets with the individual approval of the citizen. The highest and lowest classes sin most in this respect, but a true reverence for law is rarely found anywhere. That those in authority are "ministers of God" has become an empty formula. The disastrous and growing habit of the employment by corporations of armed bands of hirelings must be noticed as an anarchistic tendency. We may likewise mention as a serious evil, producing hatred and bitterness, the employment of spies and informers, with whom the ranks of laboring men in the United States are honeycombed as nowhere else in the civilized world.

"The sure and steady increase of imprisoned criminals" is an expression used by Hon. T. R. Brockway, and this is only the logical outcome of the state of things described. The following statistics, even if accepted, as they should be, *cum grano salis*, are corroborative:

In 1850	there was	one prisoner to every	3,445 of the population.
" 1860	" " " " " "	" " " "	1,649 " " "
" 1870	" " " " " "	" " " "	1,172 " " "
" 1880	" " " " " "	" " " "	855 " " "
" 1880	aggregate	70,077 prisoners, and without counting juvenile delinquents,	58,609.

#### IV.

##### REMEDIES.

THE evils described will suggest many of the remedies required for the diseased social body, but these remedies must be enumerated and described in the fewest possible words. Other evils than those mentioned will also be brought forward incidentally in the treatment of remedies.

##### *Optimism.*

Perhaps one of the first things to be done is to vanquish and utterly drive from among us an ignoble but too common optimism, which blinds men to actual conditions, deadens conscience, and puts a stop to useful activity. This popular optimism of the day would have us believe that all things are as they should be, and bids us eat, drink, and be merry while our fellow-men are enduring such evils. This unworthy optimism is a lie, and surely those who keep it going are doing the devil's service. From the rise of the first attempts to bring God's will to pass in this world until now it has stood athwart the path of progress. Weak and imperfect as man is, it would be strange indeed if in this one department of social life which we are considering—the industrial field—he had attained perfection, while art, religion,

the family, literature, and politics are sadly faulty and defective.

Sin, misery, and injustice everywhere abound, and all who try to be guided by ethical and Christian principles must strive uninterruptedly with all their resources to remove or mitigate these. While this ignoble optimism is rejected, we find as little occasion for pessimism. Progress has been made by those who in the past have suffered and toiled for humanity, and the field for reform was never more promising than to-day.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that the attitude of mind for the study of the labor problem should be a sympathetic one. "The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see," says Carlyle truly. The personal concern of economists for the welfare of the masses is not an altogether untrustworthy test of the correctness of the economic theories they advance. It is the business of life to perfect one's own personality by the development of all one's power, and also to strive unceasingly for the perfection of humanity. The two ends are not incompatible. Even were the labor troubles of the day all due to perversity and wrong-headedness on the part of the laboring classes, a thing quite inconceivable, it would but show the more strongly the need of missionary work of all kinds among them.

It is true that many evils are due to ignorance and that this ignorance is common to all classes. Enlightenment is one of the prime needs of the time.

#### *The Church.*

To establish a legitimate authority over the minds and wills of men, the Church must show the Christian faith and love of early Christianity—light for all and love for all from the ministers of the gospel will alone reestablish that authority which makes the Church what it should be, a healthy life-giving member of civilization.

Individual and social moral virtues and excellences must be inculcated; against indulgence and material luxury should be set self-denial and simplicity, and those who occupy high station should lead in this. The Church finds part of her work in incitements to correct conduct, but her work should be more positive and should take hold of the life of men more directly and in more ways than at present. She is too modest in the territory which she claims for herself, and practically too much inclined to admit that there are secular concerns and secular days with which religion is not vitally concerned. The spirit of caste which separates man from man and produces mutual hatred is a chief cause of troubles, and against this headway must be made. But if the Church is to exercise control over social life, her

ministers must understand this social life far better than they do, and this requires instruction from the best minds of our time. Social science should be pursued in every seminary for the training of ministers of religion.

#### *The Family.*

Perhaps a reform, purification, and elevation of the family ought to be placed first among remedies for labor problems—certainly it is among the first; and how far-reaching and diverse are the efforts needed for this purpose, what has already been said will indicate. The reforms which the family institution needs must be brought about partly by individual effort, partly through the effort of voluntary associations like the Divorce Reform League, partly through the Church, and partly through legislation and the action of government. One cause of labor troubles is imprudent and hasty marriages, also marriages at too early an age, resulting in feeble offspring, poorly cared for. It is the duty of all public teachers to impress upon the minds of the young the gravity of the duties which marriage brings, and to enforce in every way the responsibilities of parenthood. Among large classes of the community it is not realized that it is a grievous sin to bring children into the world without a prospect of means to bring them up properly.

#### *Improved Educational Facilities.*

Improved educational facilities are greatly needed, but our schools have not kept pace with the demands on them. A recent writer observes that American common schools were the best in the world thirty or forty years ago,—a doubtful statement,—but that now other countries, like Germany, Switzerland, and England, are far ahead of us. The last part of the statement is true. While in the self-complacency of optimism the American eagle has been deafening us with his screams, other countries have been slowly but quietly improving their schools, and we have stood still or made but slight advance. Even such schools as we have are not sufficient to accommodate the children who desire to attend, and in cities like Chicago, Richmond, and New York children are turned from the school. But the demands on the schools have increased with the growth of cities and the division of labor. The old apprenticeship is antiquated and must be replaced by manual training and industrial schools. Girls ought also to be taught sewing, cooking, and other useful womanly occupations. Preparation for life must come to an increasing extent through the school.

Compulsory education laws should every-

where be passed and enforced as in other civilized countries. Education is a right of a child,—the right to existence carrying with it the right to an opportunity for an unfolding of its powers,—and if parents fail to do their duty it only remains for the state to step in and protect the child. This is a more sacred duty even than the protection of property, for property is but a means to an end; namely, the welfare of man. It is not an interference with the rights of the parent, but a protection of the rights of the child. Compulsory education should continue in ordinary schools until the age of fourteen, and be followed by continuation evening classes for three years, as in parts of Switzerland and Germany, where they have almost annihilated pauperism. Instructive are these remarks quoted from Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., who has made a study of common schools on the continent of Europe. The quotations are taken from an article which appeared in the London "Times." Speaking of Germany, he says:

There is no such thing as an uneducated class; there are no such things, speaking broadly, as neglected and uncared-for children. . . . The great defect of our system [that is, the English system] . . . is that it stops just at the time when real education begins. It allows a child to leave school at an age when its learning is soon forgotten and its discipline effaced. It is hardly too much to say that the two years' additional training the German child receives in the elementary school doubles its chances in life as compared with the English child. . . . The Germans are rapidly developing a system of evening continuation classes which carry on education for two or three years longer. In Saxony the boys who leave the primary school, if they do not go to the higher schools, must attend for three years longer—say until they are seventeen—continuation classes for at least five hours per week, but teaching is provided for them and they are encouraged to attend twelve hours per week. So complete is this system that even the waiters at the hotels up to the age of seventeen attend afternoon classes, and are taught one or two foreign languages. . . . I must state as an undoubted fact that in Germany and Switzerland, and I believe in some other continental countries, the opinion is ripening into a conviction that the education, even of the poorest classes, should be continued in some form or another to the age of sixteen or seventeen. They find that wherever this is adopted it gives an enormous advantage to the people in the competition of life, and, above all, trains them to habits of industry and mental application. I believe that it is owing to this system of thorough education that Germany has almost extinguished the pauper and semi-pauper class, which is the bane and disgrace of our country. . . . Indeed, I have not seen since I left home a single case of a ragged or begging child. . . . No country has ever suffered more from the abuse of individual liberty than England has done. Owing to this overstrained idea, we did not get compulsory education until long after the advanced nations of

the continent. . . . Wherever the Germans and English are coming into competition upon equal terms the Germans are beating us. . . . We, up to lately, resented all state interference, and so exaggerated the doctrines of freedom as almost to glory in our abuses.

Private effort never has and never can carry forward universal education. Private gifts for educational purposes in the United States may amount to six or seven millions of dollars,—a large part of it, as the president of Cornell has shown, misapplied and wasted,—whereas the very inadequate expenditure of New York State alone is some sixteen millions a year. It is safe to say that we should spend three times what we do on our schools. Means for this can be secured by husbanding our resources, cutting off needless expenditures, and improving our system of taxation.

Private individuals should continue to supplement public education and to take the initiative in reforms and experiments, doing in general what the taxpayers cannot be persuaded to do. This is sufficient to occupy private philanthropy. Efforts like the Chautauqua reading circles deserve the heartiest support, and these should be supplemented by a system of university extension lectures, giving to grown people instruction on economics, ethics, literature, natural sciences, etc., and thus drawing closely together the masses and the highest institutions of learning to their mutual benefit.

#### *Dwellings of the Poor.*

Stricter sanitary laws are required, and a better organization of the sanitary administration of cities. Houses unfit for habitation should be torn down, and small parks provided to give breathing-places for the crowded sections. The beginning made in New York City deserves commendation. While not prepared to recommend at present the construction of houses by the municipality, we regard English experiments in this direction as worthy of study. Private philanthropy should concern itself more than heretofore with the dwellings of the poor and strive to make them fit for human beings. It is a sad commentary on our Christian civilization that when there is more than one man in New York City claiming to be a Christian who, alone and unaided, could reconstruct the entire tenement-house district or districts of the city, the unspeakable wretchedness and squalor of its slums continue almost unabated.

#### *Factory Laws.*

These have produced excellent effects wherever they have been honestly conceived and honestly administered. With us they have too often been a mere sham and farce. Unfortu-

nately in this matter we have lagged behind the rest of the civilized world. We recommend an adequate system of factory inspection by men of character — not political demagogues — and by men who have been trained for such work: further, heavier fines and even imprisonment for a violation of factory laws.

These laws should include protection against dangerous machinery, sufficient fire-escapes, and satisfactory sanitary arrangement.

It appears that, in the main, factory laws should concern themselves with women, children, and young persons; not, as a rule, with grown men. No one should be permitted to work in a factory before the completion of the fourteenth year; and up to the eighteenth, as well as for women, only fifty-four hours a week should be allowed, as in England. Physiological reasons and the interests of the home require this. It is to be observed that no country or portion of a country ever yet suffered in competition on account of short hours. When they were being introduced in England, the ruin of English manufactures was predicted, but after their introduction England became more prosperous than ever. It was said that the ten-hour day would drive capital from Massachusetts, but larger sums were invested in manufactures after the law went into force than ever before. The calamities predicted in Rhode Island have not been realized. It is curious that never in the world's history have shorter hours been introduced without prophecies of terrible evils and that never once in the world's history have these prophecies been fulfilled. If we arrange in a line the names of the countries, placing them in order according to the number of hours worked per week, we shall find that the country with shortest hours is most dreaded in international competition, and as we go down the line we shall find longer hours mean increasing weakness in international competition, and that with few, if any, exceptions, countries with long hours and poorly paid work always seek protection against countries with few hours and highly paid work. Factory laws do not prevent competition or weaken it, but simply raise its moral level in the manner described by Prof. Henry C. Adams in his monograph "Relation of the State to Industrial Action."

There may be instances, as in the case of street-car employees and steam-car employees, where the hours of labor for men should be regulated, but this is an exception. We may, however, lay down the general principle that interference with corporations, creatures of the state, may properly go further than with individual employers.

Employers' liability acts simply render employers responsible for the management of their

own affairs, and should become universal. We may further lay it down that we have come to a time for a higher development of laws protecting the person, shielding it, guarding it and all its capacities. Law has heretofore too exclusively been occupied with things.

#### *Administration of the Law.*

This ought to be reformed in the direction of civil service, and this is, in its indirect bearings, a labor question. It ought to be firm but just. The letter of the law is equal, but he would be a rash man who would claim equality for its administration. This embitters the laboring classes, who feel the chicanery of law pressing on them. Police brutality in too many cities, and particularly in New York, has made extremists of once moderate reformers and ought to be stopped at all hazards. Already has American police brutality attracted the attention of foreigners. Responsibility should accompany power.

#### *Labor Organizations.*

Labor organizations ought to be carefully studied and their nature understood. They must exist, and to harass them by injustice, as is being done too often by our courts under revival of obsolete laws and constructions, will inevitably lead to their degradation. A frank recognition of their necessity, an encouragement of all that is good in them, and repression of the evil, ought to be our aim. In the labor movement we have a stream which can be guided, but which cannot be dammed up with impunity.

#### *Public Property.*

There is a call in every city, every State, and in the nation for public property defense leagues. It is by protecting the property of the public, that is, of the masses, that we shall secure general respect for the institution of property. The work of public property defense leagues would be, among other things, to guard public domain, public parks, and to secure for the public the full value of public rights, like the right to use streets by horse and electric cars, elevated roads, etc. The property of the public should be paid for and protected like property of individuals. Had that been done in the past, we should in our great cities have had three-cent street-car fares before this or large public revenues from street cars.

#### *Savings Banks.*

These occupy an important position in any programme for reform. Without thrift the masses can never prosper, and this must be cultivated by savings banks of undoubted se-



curity. Private banks must be rendered secure, and, where practicable, state and municipal savings banks started. It would be well to have the debt of a city like New York held in small sums by the masses. This would also give them a "stake" in the city and produce excellent political effects. The admirable municipal savings banks of Germany deserve study. Should our National Government again have occasion to borrow money it is to be hoped that national postal savings banks will everywhere be established.

#### *Immigration.*

General laws to keep out contract labor and all the most degraded and ignorant foreign elements are heartily to be recommended.

#### *Monopolies and Corporations.*

The question of monopolies and corporations is a serious one. They have helped to make the labor problem assume its present dimensions, and that in many ways. Unlawful methods, such as "cooking accounts," declaration of unearned dividends, and the like, have defrauded tens of thousands, and have increased thereby the dependent classes. There is not a city in the United States where widows, orphans, and workingmen have not suffered by corporate dishonesty. Legislative corruption has been by them developed, and despair of honest government has nourished revolutionary and even anarchistic sentiments. Monopolies have their agents in all our legislative halls, municipal, State, and national; bills are stolen from files, and legislators and judges are bribed. One form of bribing has become almost universal, and that is the free pass on street-car lines and steam railways, and telegraph franks. Popular rights are defied, and public property too often stolen with impunity.

The remedies for these evils are of diverse kinds. First of all, the general corporation laws require reform in such manner as to secure individual responsibility of managers. Both civil and criminal remedies must be provided. Publicity and accountability are two proper demands. Experience shows that, where there is a determination to do it, measures can be adopted whereby it will be possible to place responsibility for corporate acts upon some one individual and to punish him like any other wrongdoer. Our national banking law may be recommended as a model for a general act of incorporation. It does not appear that further restrictions for agricultural or manufacturing corporations are required.

But what about natural monopolies, like gas-works, water works, electric-lighting works, telegraph companies, and railroads of various

kinds? These undertakings, according to English and American law, are public in their nature, but there are two methods of management; namely, public management and delegated management of a corporation. Corporations become quasi-public agents and subject to control. We may fairly ask the question, in the light of experience, whether a satisfactory management by delegated agents is possible. There is no experience to show that it is. The agent becomes stronger than the principal, and a most disastrous struggle between public and private interests ensues. This inevitably leads to corruption. May it not be better by direct public management to draw a sharper line between the spheres of public and private activity? Wherever this has been done the result has been most satisfactory. No town ever yet regretted, for example, the purchase of private gas or water works; this is a rule without one exception the civilized world over. We thus separate on rational principles the sphere of the individual and the state, and erect a barrier against the progress of socialism. We at the same time coördinate public and private duties and provide a sphere for talent in both fields. Our life becomes a richer and fuller development. This is in accordance with the principles of self-help. The public bodies help themselves, municipalities providing themselves with water, gas, etc., instead of weakly calling on others—private corporations—to perform what are properly public functions.

The weakness of States and cities is well known. They are unable now to protect individual rights. Not a city in the Union is strong enough to force street-car lines to lay properly grooved rails; on the contrary here, all infringe on the rights of owners of carriages and other vehicles. Not a State in the Union is strong enough to protect the traveler by foot or by horse against dangers from steam railways crossing highways at grade. Not a State in the Union is strong enough to make corporations bear their due share of public burdens. A struggle always goes on between corporations of a monopolistic nature and public authorities, and it lies in the very nature of things. Human nature is not good enough for our methods. We have developed paternalism of corporations, for which we should substitute, so far as this can be done, municipal, State, and national self-help. A beginning ought to be made in local governments. When they learn how to manage their own affairs it will be easier for State and nation to perform all their legitimate functions. It might perhaps then be possible even to leave railways in the hands of corporations, instead of placing them directly under the management of the Federal Government; but at any rate, by

people of each locality beginning with reform at home, we should be best prepared for the future, whatever that may bring.

There can be no surer way of improving administration than by making it of some vital importance.<sup>1</sup>

#### *Other Remedies.*

Other remedies can only be mentioned. Amusement is of an importance increasingly recognized. Playgrounds for children come under this head, and these should be provided by the public when private initiative is wanting. This would prevent crime, and thereby lessen taxation. Every teacher of college boys knows that if a legitimate opportunity for the vent of animal spirits is not provided mischief will come. City boys have, however, no opportunities for innocent play, and mischief too often degenerates into bad habits, intemperance, crime.

Public libraries, like the Enoch Pratt library, which has done so much for Baltimore, ought to become more numerous.

A reform of taxation has already been alluded to. Present State and local taxes are, according to unanimous testimony, unjustly distributed, bearing most heavily on the poor and on people in ordinary circumstances, those who are barely well-to-do. Besides, they obstruct industry and diminish opportunities for employment.

A further development of labor bureaus may be mentioned, these to be managed by trained experts, and not by demagogues used as baits to catch the labor vote.

Arbitration and conciliation have accomplished great things in some places and ought to become more general. It would be proper to make these methods of settling controversies compulsory for corporations. It is entirely a matter of expediency.

We are not prepared to indorse compulsory State insurance like that which obtains in Germany, but we recommend the subject of insurance against accident, sickness, old age, and incapacity to general consideration, in hope that some plan may be devised for accomplishing so beneficent a purpose by ways more in consonance with American ideas. A development of fraternal beneficiary societies and of in-

surance features of labor organizations, with examination of accounts by insurance departments or by a competent registrar of friendly societies, is certainly desirable.

Profit-sharing, when introduced by upright and prosperous employers, unites their interests with those of their employees most advantageously. Still better is it when laborers like the Minneapolis coopers themselves become capitalists and self-employers by placing in a common fund their savings and managing their own business. This always promotes thrift and temperance, and shows its highest success in the making of men.<sup>2</sup> The prudent encouragement of coöperation deserves commendation.

Our ideal is a social state, not of equality, but of equal opportunities, giving to each the means for the development, complete and harmonious, of all his faculties. Not the self-made man—that is, the self-made millionaire—can ever be a model for the masses, but the contented and really prosperous artisan or mechanic, gradually getting ahead in the world, enjoying life, developing all his powers and living worthily with his family, partaking according to their capacities of the blessings of civilization.

Social democracy is a disease. It shows that the masses have been left to themselves to work out the problems of industrial civilization, and they are not equal to the task. Our goal can be reached only by the harmonious working together of all classes, and whenever leadership falls out of the hands of the highest and best it shows disease. The laboring classes know their friends and will willingly follow culture and wealth, provided culture and wealth are wise and virtuous and show sincere devotion to their interests. The testimony of men like the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury bears witness to this, and Professor Brentano says that before the anti-socialistic law was passed in 1878, even the German social democrats—save, perhaps, a few insane extremists—were always ready to listen to a manly and sympathetic word, even from one who differed with them. We who write this paper have, in our experience with American workmen, found abundant confirmation of this testimony. Let those who are fit for leadership assume leadership.

*Richard T. Ely.*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Low's opinion of that part of the present paper which treats of the duties of government is expressed in these words: "I have not studied the subject as widely or as deeply as Professor Ely, and I do not know that I am prepared to commit myself definitely to the principle which he has put forth as he has done. At the same time I am free to say that the result of my experience in the mayor's office, for four years, has been to change the whole current of my thoughts,

which formerly ran away from that conclusion, towards it; and if, upon study, I should find the facts conform as generally as he does to his claim I should certainly be willing to stand with him. I do believe that this is the direction in which our cities must grow, even if they have been wise in beginning upon another plan."

<sup>2</sup> See Albert Shaw and others in "Coöperation in the United States," published by Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, 1888.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Longer Terms and Less Rotation.

THE first impulse of democracy was against long terms for anybody, and against many terms for the same man. John Adams held that "where annual elections end, tyranny begins." When the Federal Constitution was framed, South Carolina was the only State which had the biennial system, while Connecticut and Rhode Island held elections half-yearly. There was no little opposition in the convention to the idea of choosing representatives in Congress for so long a term as two years. The people had a great dread lest their servants might become their masters if they did not reserve the right to call them to account at very short intervals.

Experience showed that the fear was groundless, while the disadvantages of frequent elections for brief periods became more serious with the growth of the country. The ancient superstition as to the danger of tyranny without annual elections had largely vanished before the war, and no remains of it any longer survive. The drift has been everywhere and steadily in the direction of longer terms, until Massachusetts and Rhode Island alone among the forty-two States now choose all their State officers and their whole legislatures every year. Of the other forty, no less than eighteen choose governors for four-year periods, and two for three years, while two years is the rule in all the rest. Outside Massachusetts and Rhode Island, New York and New Jersey are the only States which choose representatives in the legislature every year, and in almost two-thirds of the States the Senate is composed of men who serve four years, both branches in Louisiana being chosen for that long period. Over two-thirds of the States have sessions of the legislature only every other year.

Complaints are heard of some of these changes, but there are nowhere any indications of a revolution in public opinion. Such discontent as exists appears to prevail chiefly among the class of professional politicians, to judge from the recent experience of Maine, where a proposition which they had persuaded the legislature to submit to the people for a change back from biennial to annual sessions was rejected by a vote of six to one. All the signs indicate a settled conviction in favor of longer terms and fewer sessions of the legislature than formerly, on the twofold ground that executive officials chosen for two, three, or four years are likely to give the public better service than if compelled to appeal to the people every twelve-month, and that there is less necessity for frequent overhauling of the statute-books in long-settled States than in pioneer communities. Where the legislature meets only once in two years, the people are apt to say that there does not seem to be a great deal for it to do, and the press generally deprecates the tendency to make too many laws. The legislator who says, as one in Arkansas did not long ago, that he is "opposed to a

great many things and in favor of very few," makes a strong bid for popularity.

Along with this change in the direction of longer terms in the States has gone another change in the matter of "rotation of office" as regards members of the Federal Senate and House. The rotation rule was based upon two theories: the one, that reëlection tended to make the representative in Congress too powerful, too insensible to the wishes of his constituents, too ready to yield to the temptations of aristocracy and corruption; the other, that a seat in the Capitol at Washington was an honor which should be enjoyed by as many men in the district as possible. It would not do to return A for three, four, or five terms, for fear that he might become too "high and mighty"; and even if there were no such danger, A ought not to retain the place so long that B, C, and D would have no chance to become great men.

Both theories proved to be erroneous. No representative could become so strong that the people who made him could not unmake him, and self-interest thus restrained any tendency towards overriding the public will. At the same time it became clear that the office should not be treated as a mere badge of honor to adorn as many breasts as possible, but as a means of securing as efficient service as possible. A district gained power in the national councils by keeping a good man in the House when it had once put him there, and a section most of whose representatives were old members enjoyed a great advantage over another where it was always the question whose "turn" it was next to go to Congress. The South was quick to perceive this, and profited largely by the discovery before the war. When, as in the Twenty-first Congress, Virginia reëlected 17 out of 22 representatives, and New York only 11 out of 35, the smaller State might easily wield the more power of the two. Since the war there has been a growing disposition all over the country to reëlect good men. Thus in the Fiftieth Congress, of Maine's four representatives one had served six terms, another four, and the other two each three; while of the five from Arkansas one was serving his fifth term, three their third terms, and the other his second.

The same tendency is perhaps more strikingly shown in the Senate. As the largest State has but two senators and the term of office covers six years, it might be expected that the rivalry would be so keen that a first reëlection would be difficult to secure and further ones almost impossible. The reverse is the case. Twenty-five senators had been elected for the period opening the 4th of March, before the New Hampshire legislature met in June. In two States political revolutions deposed the man whose term was approaching a close; in a third he declined an assured reëlection. In all but two of the other twenty-two cases the sitting member was returned for another term. Nine of the number (five from the South and four from the North) were

sent back for a third term, and one (from North Carolina) for a fourth term. Still more noteworthy is the fact that in a large majority of the cases there was no opposition in the party, even when it was a question of a third term. Evidently, as regards the Senate, "rotation of office" no longer applies, and it is a great gain to the country.

**"The People."**

TRUTH and soberness seem to be of much less importance, in the eyes of many men, than a good, round, mouth-filling phrase, such as that which heads this article. It was their representative character in this respect which has given perennial notoriety to the three tailors of Tooley street, who, in mass convention met, began the formal expression of their dissatisfaction with the sounding phrase, "Resolved that we, the people of England." They wished to make a phrase take the place of argument, and to assume popular support for themselves without the trouble of an election. Most of us are but too apt to take for granted that our personal views are shared by the people, and, like the Tooley street convention, to expect our opponents to admit our representative character. But such cases are individual; there are some cases in which the use of the phrase "the people" as a political weapon has become that of a class which it is dangerous to permit to pass without remonstrance.

One of the commonest of these cases is the assumption that, unless the President and the other officers of the Executive Department surrender their official time to the work of estimating and balancing the "claims" of the various applicants for appointment to office, "the people will be dissatisfied, and the Administration will be a failure." It is not very difficult to show that those who say so are using the name of "the people" to embody their own feeling and to give it something of respectability. "The people," in any legitimate sense of the term, care nothing whatever about the matter unless some partisan use of the offices is forced upon their attention, and then their attitude is, regularly, one of contempt or condemnation. We may take all the offices in the civil service, multiply their number by the average number of applicants for each, and add the present occupants, who are to be turned out to make room for successors, and the sum total of those who have a selfish interest in the offices will be small; there is fair reason for doubt whether it would make up five per cent. of the voters of the country. The remaining nineteen-twentieths, of both parties, have their daily work to do; could not be persuaded to accept an office; and have nothing but contempt for the unseemly scramble in which the minority is engaged. Is not the application of so sweeping a term as "the people" to this little five per cent. of office-hunters rather an absurdity? In practice, the case is really even worse than this. Out of every five persons,—the average number interested in any one office,—one is turned out, one is appointed, and three are disappointed; here are four very angry men and one who feels no great store of gratitude. Suppose the civil service thoroughly overhauled from top to bottom, and new appointments made to every office. Nineteen-twentieths of the voters, as has been said, care little or nothing about the matter; and of the little minority who do care, four-fifths come out of the

process inflamed by a personal sense of gross injustice. Who, then, are "the people" who are supposed to be satisfied only with such a state of public affairs as this? If any such use of the term were made by men who were not "practical politicians," what an outcry would there be against the impudence of the assumption!

Again, the stock objection to the system of appointment to office through examination of some sort is that the offices "belong to the people," and that the "people's right to the offices" is not to be restricted by an artificial and aristocratic scheme of examinations. The objectors disclaim all selfish thought or purpose, and it is quite true that they very seldom have the least desire to secure the offices for themselves; their only interest, they insist, is on behalf of "the people." The phrase, in this use of it, cannot mean the mere possessors of the offices; these, as we have just seen, are not probably more than one per cent. of the whole number of voters, and it would be ridiculous to call them "the people." The real question, then, must be who shall put the one per cent. into the offices; and experience will enable us to answer that question quickly, easily, and correctly. Under the old system, did the whole number of voters select the one per cent. who were to become office-holders? Was the selection the privilege even of the voters of the successful party? Notoriously, the people, the voters of the country, had no rights in the premises. It was the "practical politicians," the men who controlled the nominating machinery of the country, who controlled the appointments also; and that is just the system which they, and those who are ambitious to be of their number, wish to maintain. When they say that they wish the offices to "belong to the people," they mean that the Government shall take no steps to prevent them from wresting the control of the offices from the people, and that both offices and people shall be left defenseless at their mercy.

Again, it is said by those who oppose the efforts to secure absolute secrecy of the ballot, that they are defending the right of "the people" to approach the polls and cast their ballots without Government interference. So far as the act of casting the ballot is concerned, it must be confessed that the provisions of the so-called Australian system are so carefully drawn, and so fortified by all the suggestions of long experience, that almost no one—not the blind, the dumb, the halt, or the illiterate; only, presumably, those of very low intelligence—could be deprived of the privilege of the suffrage under it. It must be meant, then, that the new system (new to us, but very old elsewhere) tends to make the act of voting unpleasant, and that an open ballot is in some way a boon and benefit to "the people." Who, then, are "the people" who find their account in retaining the open ballot and all the features which it has forced into the present system? The vote-buyer, the vote-terrorizer, the "boss." These are "the people" on whose behalf the "practical politician" becomes superhumanly astute in picking flaws in the lawfulness or the expediency of every suggested plan of real ballot reform. To resist legal restrictions upon the mere act of casting the ballot may easily be paraded as a sublimated devotion to "the people"; it is really flinging to the people privileges which do them no good, but which accrue to the benefit of the vote-buyer or vote-terrorizer.



The principle is the same in every such case. When any right or privilege is of such a nature that the people cannot retain possession of it if it is left to them, while a small class of selfishly interested persons can seize and hold it if it is left open for a general and unrestricted scramble, it is the evident business of the attorney for the interested class not to appear for his real clients but to enter a volunteer appearance on behalf of "the people." It must be evident that this is a method which has large possibilities outside of politics, and that there are other fields in which selfish personal ends may be pursued best under cover of democratic benevolence. We may expect soon to see a national convention of burglars and bunco men, to protest against the restriction of judicial and kindred privileges to police magistrates and constables, and to demand in the name of public virtue that such functions be left where they belong, in the hands of "the people." It is so evident where the real benefits of such a step would go that we may fairly expect a delegation of sympathy from the benevolent and protective order of "White Caps." It can hardly be doubted that the Mormon Church would in like manner prefer that the reprehension of offenses against monogamy be and remain the exclusive privilege of "the people," and that their right be no longer infringed by that small body known as Congress. Absolute freedom of contract, as a reserved right of "the people," will be as agreeable to the bucket-shop and the pool-seller; while he who maintains his claim by virtue of his bowie and revolver will insist savagely upon the right of "the people" to the public domain. The fields in which it is to the decided interest of some small class that some privilege be left to "the people" are almost innumerable; and if they have not yet been fully exploited, it is because of moral objections, not because the political use of the term has any logical superiority. American politicians are by no means a criminal class, however much they have been abused. It is their own fault if they expose themselves to comparison with the desires of the criminal classes by persistence in the use of such a question-begging phrase as this one of "the people."

#### Loyalty in Employment.

THE breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, with its addition of a very large volunteer force to the little regular army, and a proportional increase in the number of officers, brought with it, on the part of many of the regular officers, a strong dislike for their volunteer colleagues. The objections to the new-comers were grounded not so much on their inevitable ignorance of military drill, or lack of readiness to meet constantly recurring emergencies, or on any of the other points which commonly go to mark rawness in the soldier, but rather on that more indefinite defect summed up as ignorance of the traditions of the service. It cannot be doubted that the defect existed and was a grave one. It led some of the new officers into acts, quite innocent in intention, whose detrimental consequences those who did them could neither foresee nor recognize.

The mistake, on the other hand, which so many of the less able regular officers made was in imagining that this defect in volunteer officers was permanent and incurable. To carry the feeling to the extent of

looking upon Terry and Garfield, and the uncounted multitude of gallant and high-spirited men whom such generals fairly represented, as being "only volunteer officers," in just the same sense in 1865 as in 1861, was flatly ridiculous and the spawn of professional conceit. While such men were volunteer officers, and were proud of it, it was in a higher sense than in 1861. The traditions of the service had been ingrained into them quite as well by a four years' course of warfare on a grand scale as by a four years' course at West Point and half a dozen Indian campaigns.

It begins to look as if the state of affairs in our industrial world, which for some years looked so gloomy and seemed to many observers to portend the approach of a socialistic régime of some sort, had been after all a parallel to our Civil War experience. Our railway system may serve as an example. Its unhealthy expansion through the years 1865-1873 is a familiar fact. Checked during the next half-dozen years of universal depression, it then began again more furiously than before, until it seemed as if the country were to be grid-ironed with railroads. Something more than wood and iron, however, is necessary for a railroad system. Hitherto railroads had generally trained their own men; and the "traditions of the service" touching the behavior of the companies to the men, and of the men to the companies, were well defined and still retained some expiring trace of the patriarchal features of medieval employment. There are some reasons for believing that this was not quite an ideal system; but our part of the world was used to it and was prepared to feel its loss severely.

It was inevitable that the loss should come under the new conditions. The railroad system in its sudden expansion could no longer keep its supply of men equal to the demand; and the consequent increase of wages became a constant force to draw men from other employments into "railroading." The new men thus entered a service to all whose traditions they were alien; and in their case the occasional friction of feeling or of interest which is unavoidable in any business union of human beings could not but show unaccustomed effects. Changes which to an old employee, with long experience to guide him, were only some of the common ups and downs of the service, seemed to the new men patent evidence of conspiracy against the workman's interests and rights. A brusqueness of manner in a superior, the result of a preoccupation and absorption in work which was easily understood and allowed for by the old hand, was to the new man merely an arbitrary and insolent indifference to anything but the interests of the domineering corporation. Those who were most apt to float into the direction of affairs in the labor organizations, too, were such of the new men as felt these suspected injuries and indignities most keenly, for the old hands had no such impelling motive to seek the lead. It was hardly possible that negotiations between such leaders and the corporation managers, thus called upon to deal, as to grievances which they believed to be mainly imaginary, with men who must have seemed to them mere interlopers, should have resulted other than disastrously. If a frigate's crew were constituted into a labor organization, the able-bodied seamen supplemented by an unusual number of landsmen unfamiliar with everything on board ship, and a martinet captain called upon to carry dis-

cipline into effect by constant negotiations with the representatives of a majority vote, the conditions could hardly have been worse than on some of our railways.<sup>1</sup>

It is not only in the various modes of transportation that indications of such a period of transition are visible. The steady decrease in freight rates, giving capable employers a wider market and bringing local employers into contact with more and abler competitors than they had known before, has made the "pace" in manufacturing so fast that it can be endured in the long run only by those who are able to manage very large establishments, supply very wide markets, and make profits from many sales at low prices, rather than from a few sales at high prices. All these conditions have brought temptations and opportunities for discord parallel with those offered in transportation, and they have had much the same results. These results have had their good side. The patriarchal features of employment have gone; and, picturesque as they were, it is more than probable that the industrial world will be the better for their absence. The workman will no longer be either child or ward, to be cared for and coerced for his own good, but a man with all a man's rights and responsibilities. But the change will for a long time bring its own embarrassments.

It must be, however, that as managers and men become more accustomed to the wider fields, new conditions will bring their own traditions. Some railroads have never lost or even suspended them, for they have progressively accommodated their system to the changing conditions around it. They have still trained their own men and trusted them; and strikes and lockouts have been alike unknown. But their generosity in anticipating and providing for the material needs of their men now comes not as a charity, but as a recognition of the men's share in making the company's prosperity. Other forms of industry have brought employer and employee closer together by the various types of profit-sharing.

Is there not fair reason to hope that these are the coming forms of employment? That loyalty in employment is not dead, but is rising to higher and better forms? That it is no longer to be the mere loyalty of the employee to the employer who provides for and protects him, but the mutual loyalty of employer and employee—their common adherence to the high standards set by the traditions of the service? And that the troubles of the past few years have been but one phase of industrial progress, a step towards a better and fairer conjunction of labor and capital?

## OPEN LETTERS.

### Judge Holt and the Lincoln Conspirators.

IN the "New York Tribune" of September 2, 1873, there appeared an anonymous communication, written from Washington under the signature of "Truth," so grossly calumnious of General Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate General in the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln, that he demanded the name of the author, who proved to be John T. Ford, of Ford's Theater, where the fearful tragedy was enacted, and who, at the time, was committed to the Carroll Prison, where he was kept—on suspicion, it is presumed—over a month, when he was liberated without being brought to trial. Naturally enough, perhaps, he harbored a strong prejudice against General Holt, and sought to defame his character under cover through the press. Among other things he accused General Holt with having kept Mrs. Surratt "heavily manacled during her trial, and also of virtually depriving her of reputable counsel"—referring to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, who, as clearly appears by his argument, which was upon the question of jurisdiction, voluntarily withdrew, leaving the case in the hands of his associate counsel, Messrs. Clappitt and Aiken. General Holt met the other charge by a letter, addressed to him, under date of September 4, 1873, from General J. F. Hartranft, who, referring to Ford's article in the "Tribune," said:

I think it proper, in justice to you, to declare publicly that its statements, so far as they relate to occurrences within my own observation, are absolute falsehoods. As marshal of the court before whom the conspirators were tried, I had charge of Mrs. Surratt before, during, and after the time of her trial, in all a period of about two months, during which she never had a manacle or manacles on either hands or feet; and the thought of manacling her

was not, to my knowledge, ever entertained by any one in authority.

One would suppose that proof so conclusive ought to set forever at rest the "manacle" charge; and as regards the reference to Reverdy Johnson, it is plain beyond doubt that "had he desired to continue in the case, assuredly there was no power that could have prevented him from doing so."

Yet, notwithstanding this and the overwhelming testimony on the other more serious and wanton charge against General Holt of withholding from President Johnson the recommendation of five members of the court that the sentence of Mrs. Surratt be commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary, John T. Ford appears again in the "North American Review" for April, 1889, in an article reiterating the falsehoods of his anonymous communication, and trying to show that General Holt was guilty of withholding from President Johnson the aforesaid recommendation of Mrs. Surratt to mercy.

Now, in as brief a manner as possible, I will recite some of the stronger evidence, clearly proving the falsity of this last charge, made first before President Johnson's term expired, and afterwards by Johnson himself, when he was seeking "to curry favor with the South in the hope of being elected to the presidency." He did not dare to make the charge while he was at the head of the Government, because he knew if he did that General Holt would instantly demand, as he did ask for, in 1866, a court of inquiry, which the President declined to order, and that all the facts and circumstances of the case would come out. General Holt, I think, took little, if any, public notice of this slander until he found it had received the indorsement for railroad labor," due to "the larger proportionate amount of local traffic under the operation of the Inter-State Commerce Act," or, more commonly, to unhealthy competition and abnormally low freight rates. ("Quarterly Journal of Economics," January, 1889, pp. 174, 175.)

<sup>1</sup> Professor Hadley attributes a recent increase in railway accidents to this employment of new men, citing in evidence the fact that "in the majority of detailed railroad reports we find some allusion to increased wages as an important element in expense." He attributes it, however, to "the special demand

of ex-President Johnson, when in a communication, published in the "Washington Daily Chronicle" of August 26, 1873, he produced the most incontrovertible proof that "President Johnson had knowledge of, considered, and commented on the recommendation of Mrs. Surratt to clemency by members of the court before her execution." It had been publicly asserted that President Johnson approved the findings of the court "without having seen the recommendation or known of its existence," although it was known, of course, to every member of the court, and it was also made known to Secretary Stanton, both by General Holt and by Judge Bingham, one of the special judge-advocates in the trial, immediately after the close of the trial. In his answer to General Holt (see "Washington Daily Chronicle" of November 12, 1873) Mr. Johnson undertakes to support his assertion that he never saw that recommendation by showing that it was omitted in Pittman's authorized publication of the proceedings of the trial. But this omission was fully explained. It arose simply from the fact, as stated by Col. H. L. Burnett, special judge-advocate, who superintended the publication, that "the recommendation to mercy constituted properly no part of the record of the trial," and was not therefore furnished by him to Pittman for his book. In a letter of December 22, 1873, to General Holt (see "Washington Daily Chronicle," December 1, 1873) Mr. Pittman also says, "The recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt was not inserted in my book for the reason that it formed no part of the proceedings of the trial; it was not mentioned at any open session."

Judge Bingham says:

Before the President had acted on the case I deemed it my duty to call the attention of Secretary Stanton to the petition for the commutation of sentence upon Mrs. Surratt, and did call his attention to it before the final action of the President. . . . After the execution I called upon Secretaries Stanton and Seward and asked if this petition had been presented to the President before the death sentence was by him approved, and was answered by each of those gentlemen that the petition was presented to the President and was duly considered by him and his advisers before the death sentence upon Mrs. Surratt was approved, and that the President and the Cabinet, upon such consideration, were a unit in denying the prayer of the petition; Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton stating that they were present.

Attorney-General James Speed, in a letter to General Holt, March 30, 1873, says:

After the finding of the military commission that tried the assassins of Mr. Lincoln, and before their execution, I saw the record of the case in the President's office, and attached to it was a paper, signed by some of the members of the commission, recommending that the sentence against Mrs. Surratt be commuted to imprisonment for life; and, according to my memory, the recommendation was made because of her sex. I do not feel at liberty to speak of what was said in Cabinet meetings. In this I know I differ from other gentlemen, but feel constrained to follow my own sense of propriety.

James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, states positively that "after the sentence and before the execution of Mrs. Surratt, I remember distinctly the discussion of the question of the commutation of the sentence of death pronounced on her by the court to imprisonment for life, had by members of the Cabinet, in the presence of President Johnson." He thinks there were only three or four members present, and when he entered the subject was under warm discussion. He

does not remember hearing read in Cabinet meeting any part of the record of the trial or the recommendation of clemency, but says he was "told that the whole case had been carefully examined by the Attorney-General and the Secretary of War," the two Cabinet officers more immediately concerned, officially, in the matter. At this period Mr. Harlan was the editor of the "Chronicle," and in reference to the recommendation to mercy he said, "Had such a paper been presented, it is, in our opinion, hardly probable that it would, under the circumstances, have induced him to interfere with the regular course of justice."

James M. Wright, at the time Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Military Justice, states that when President Johnson sent a messenger to General Holt requesting him to bring the papers before him for his action, the recommendation for mercy was among them, in plain sight, and that when the case came back through the Adjutant-General's office it remained attached to the other papers.

General R. D. Mussey, President Johnson's private secretary, says, "On the Wednesday evening previous to the execution (which was Friday, July 7, 1865) Mr. Johnson said to me that he was going to look over the findings of the court with Judge Holt, and should be busy and could see no one." Two or three hours afterwards, Mr. Johnson came out of the room where he had been in conference with General Holt and said to him (General Mussey) that "the papers had been looked over and a decision reached." General Mussey continues:

I am very confident, though not absolutely assured, that it was at this interview Mr. Johnson told me that the court had recommended Mrs. Surratt to mercy on the ground of her sex (and age, I believe). But I am certain he did so inform me about that time, and that he said he thought the grounds urged insufficient, and that he had refused to interfere; that if she was guilty at all, her sex did not make her any the less guilty; that he, about the time of her execution, justified it; that he told me that there had not been "women enough hanged in this war."

General James A. Ekin, one of the commissioners in the trial, relates, under date of August 26, 1867, a conversation he had with General Holt soon after the trial, in which he states that General Holt told him

that the entire case, including all papers, had been placed before the President, and that his particular attention had been directed to the recommendation of certain members for the commutation of the sentence of Mrs. Surratt; that the President had carefully scrutinized and fully considered the case, including the recommendation to mercy on behalf of Mrs. Surratt; but that he could not accede to or grant the petition, for the reason that there was no class in the South more violent in the expression and practice of treasonable sentiments than the rebel women, etc.

General H. L. Burnett, in an address before the Loyal Legion, New York, on the 3d of April, 1889, published in the "New York Tribune" of the next day, in giving an account of the trial and explaining why the recommendation for clemency to Mrs. Surratt did not appear in Pittman's book, said:

When I reached my office from the War Department on June 30, or possibly on the morning of July 1, I attached the petition for mercy to the findings and sentences, and at the end of them. I carried the findings and sentences, and the petition or recommendation, and delivered them to the Judge Advocate General in person; and I never saw the record again until many years after, I think in 1873 or 1874. After Judge Holt's interview with the President, on July 5, the former came to Mr. Stanton's office in the War Department. I was with Mr.

Stanton when Judge Holt came in. He said, "I have just come from a conference with the President over the proceedings of the military commission." "Well," asked Mr. Stanton, "what has he done?" "He has approved the findings and sentence of the court," replied Judge Holt. "What did he say about the recommendation to mercy of Mrs. Surratt?" "He said that she must be punished with the rest; that no reasons were given for his interposition by those asking for clemency in her case, except age and sex."

Now, is there a fair-minded person living who would require more or better proof than the recommendation for the commutation of the sentence of Mrs. Surratt to imprisonment for life was in President Johnson's office, and that the question was fully considered by him in conference with several, if not with all, of the members of his Cabinet before the day of execution? True, no one states that he actually saw it in the President's hands, though Judge Bingham says both Secretaries Stanton and Seward told him it was presented to him and duly considered before the death sentence was approved. But Attorney-General Speed, a direct eyewitness, could, had he chosen to speak, have made this fact certain beyond doubt or cavil. Mr. Ford professes amazement at General Holt's anxiety for more detailed testimony from Mr. Speed, as indicated by their correspondence on the subject in the "North American Review" for July, 1888. I am myself free to confess that I do not think any additional proof whatever is at all necessary for General Holt's complete vindication; but Mr. Speed had been a lifelong friend of his, and knowing that he saw the aforesaid recommendation in the President's own hands, is it strange he should insist that he should tell him so? He may be, and is, I think, over-sensitive. In his preface to Pittman's book of the trial, Major Ben: Perley Poore, who unwittingly repeats the false newspaper manacle story, observes, "General Holt is an inflexibly upright administrator of justice, yet humanities have a large place in his heart"; and General Mussey, speaking of the call made by General Holt at the White House on the morning of the execution, when Miss Surratt was there and the President had refused to see her or any one in her mother's behalf,—overruling, also, at the same time, Judge Wylie's writ of habeas corpus,—says, "I shall never lose the impression made upon me of your [General Holt's] deep pity for her [Miss Surratt] and of the pain which her distress caused you." But will Mr. Ford or any other of General Holt's persistent calumniators be so kind as to state why General Holt should have been so anxious for Mr. Speed to tell the whole truth, had he not known, beyond the remotest question, that it would have been conclusive testimony in his favor? Would he have asked Mr. Speed to say more than he did say, if he had had the least doubt on that point? Surely not.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into the evidence regarding either Mrs. Surratt's guilt or innocence; but I cannot refrain from brief comment on the following quotation from Mr. Ford's article, wherein, referring to Mrs. Surratt, he says:

The very man of God who shrived her soul for eternity was said to be constrained to promise that she should not communicate with the world. As the poor martyr walked in her shroud to the scaffold, it is also said that she begged the priest by her side to let her tell the people "she was innocent." She was told that "the Church was permitted only to prepare her soul for eternity; that already she was dead to all else."

This looks strangely, to say the least; and I am reminded by it that it was just this which the late John M. Brodhead, Second Comptroller of the Treasury, once told me was, in his view, conclusive proof of Mrs. Surratt's guilt. He believed that had not the priest known from her confession that she was guilty, he would never have prohibited her from declaring her innocence, but would himself have insisted on it to the last moment. One thing is certain, there was no man living who more firmly believed in her guilty participation in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln than President Johnson, who, in commenting on the appeals made to him for clemency, said at the time to Rev. J. George Butler of St. Paul's Church, Washington, that "he could not be moved; for, in his own significant language, 'Mrs. Surratt kept the nest that hatched the egg.'"

I have observed that General Holt at one time asked for a court of inquiry. It was in September, 1866. In his answer, November 14, 1866, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, wrote to "Brevet Major-General Holt, Judge Advocate General," as follows:

Your letter of the 12th of September applying for a court of inquiry upon certain imputations therein mentioned as made against you, of official misconduct in relation to the prosecution of Mrs. Surratt and others charged with the assassination of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and in the preparation of testimony against Jefferson Davis and others, charged with complicity in said crime, has been submitted to the President (Johnson), who deems it unnecessary for your vindication to order a court of inquiry.

In communicating the President's decision, it is proper for me to express my own conviction that all charges and imputations against your official conduct are, in my judgment, groundless. So far as I have any knowledge or information, your official duties as judge advocate general, in the cases referred to, and in all others, have been performed fairly, justly, and with distinguished ability, integrity, and patriotism, and in strict conformity with the requirements of your high office and the obligations of an officer and a gentleman.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Horatio King.

Boston Corbett.

THE authors of the "Life of Lincoln," in their description of the pursuit of Booth and his death in Garrett's barn, say:

Booth, who was clearly visible by the flames through the cracks in the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition, which afterwards developed into insanity.

I was a member of the 16th New York Cavalry, and well acquainted with Corbett, and I feel a grave injustice is done him in the above description of his disposition. He was intensely religious, and was actuated by his convictions of duty under all circumstances. This frequently drew upon him the jeers and insults of the coarser and more reckless spirits of the regiment, but their persecution never deterred him from doing what he conceived to be his duty. If this was being a gloomy fanatic then he was one, but in no other sense.

My recollection of him—and we soldiers learned to know one another as we roughed it together on picket and on scout—is the very opposite to this. I have never known a person so cheerful and heroic under circumstances of intense suffering and great provocation. His example has been a source of inspiration to me through all the years since last we parted. I will remember he allowed himself to be reduced to the ranks and suffer a humiliating and cruel punishment



rather than withdraw a charge, which he believed to be true, that he had made against an officer. He was actuated by his convictions then, and I believe he was inspired by the same high motive when he fired the shot that slew the assassin of Lincoln. He believed it was better to disable Booth — for that was his intention — than to permit him to shoot Lieutenant Doherty, which evidently in another moment he would have done.

I have read with intense and ever-increasing interest the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," and as it is destined to become a classic and make history, even the most humble individual who appears in its pages should have dealt out to him a full meed of justice. I am sure no persons have a more earnest desire for this than the authors.

Austin Potter,  
*Late Sergeant Co. G, 10th N. Y. Cavalry.*

METHODIST PARSONAGE, DUNGANNON, ONTARIO.

#### An Anecdote of the Blairs.

MR. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, SR., already a prominent figure in national history in the days of Andrew Jackson, was the father of Montgomery Blair in the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, of Frank P. Blair, Jr., a major-general in the Union army and the commander of a corps of Sherman's forces in his famous march from Atlanta to the sea, and father-in-law of S. P. Lee, an admiral in the United States navy.

It was the daily habit of Mr. and Mrs. Blair, each of them then approaching their eightieth year, to ride around the country, along the byways, and off the public roads. This couple were known by all the country folks for miles away from their home, which was at Silver Spring, the famous and historic spot where the destiny of so many men in public life was fixed or changed. The roads leading into the city of Washington were well guarded; so well, that the pickets were very near each other. These pickets were changed every day, and of course the guards who saw this couple ride one day and who had become acquainted with them would be displaced on the morrow and new men would take their places. It so happened that Mr. Blair had adopted the idea of wearing a short green veil over and around his high hat, so as to shade his eyes in the strong sunlight which was reflected from the sandy roads under a summer sun. For the same reason, Mrs. Blair wore a bonnet coming far over her face and hiding her features. In this odd and unique style of dress they roamed and rode at will, far and near, as they had both been accustomed to do for a quarter of a century preceding.

It so chanced that one picket, who happened to be on duty a number of times at different places, was struck with the queer appearance of the couple, which did not at all comport with the fine-blooded horses they rode,<sup>1</sup> and becoming gravely suspicious, he determined to report them at headquarters as worthy of being looked after. This done, the order went out the next day that this was a case to be carefully examined, as many spies were known to be prowling about in search for news to be sent across the lines to the enemy. A sagacious and faithful man was specially detailed on a certain day to guard a particular road which it was

known the "suspects" must take on their return across the country. When the suspicious couple at length came in sight of this picket, after the order "Halt!" had been given, the usual questions were put, as follows: "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" "Have you anything contraband about you?" etc. All these inquiries being responded to in a satisfactory way the picket then broke out abruptly with other questions not on the regular list, and began thus, "Well, who are you, anyway?" The old gentleman, who up to this time had done all the talking on his side and had responded to all inquiries, and who had much quiet humor in him, turned to his wife with the remark, "Betty, who are we?" With a smile the old lady turned to the picket and replied, "Well, guard, what would you think if I said we had a son who is a Cabinet minister, and another son who is a major-general, and another son who —" The guard, not waiting for any more, quickly interrupted with the retort, "And I suppose you will say another son who is an admiral!" "Yes," responded the old lady, "an admiral, also." "Well, now, old woman, that is coming it a little too strong. If you had left out the admiral, I might have believed you; but as it is, I think you are both subjects for the headquarters; and so come along." There was no course but submission, and the three rode along some distance, the prisoners in front of their captor, and all the way the latter kept a watchful eye upon the supposed spies.

At length a group of officers approached, each making a salute and halting to speak to the captured rebels. "Why," said one of these officers to Mr. Blair, "what does this mean? You in the hands of a military guard? One might suppose you were prisoners and on your way to headquarters." "Well," said Mr. Blair, "so we are." The officer, quickly turning to the soldier, demanded to know what he had been doing. Much abashed and crestfallen, he explained to his commander in an undertone, "Well, sir, when I questioned the old man I believed him to be all right; but when the old woman told her darned story about her having one son in the Cabinet, and one son a major-general, and then on top of that added another son an admiral, I thought she was yarnin', and I would not believe anything but that they were real spies, and I arrested them on the spot."

I tell the story as it was told to me by Mr. Blair himself immediately after the incident.

Elisa Claggett Allen.

NEW YORK CITY.

#### "The White League of New Orleans."

A LETTER has been received by the editor from Mr. F. R. Southmayd, formerly of New Orleans but now residing in Chicago, in which he refers to Mr. Cable's story, "The Haunted House in Royal Street," published in *THE CENTURY* for August, 1889. He denies that the White League ever had a badge of any kind. He also says that it "was not the organization of a political party"; also that the purpose of the White League, as declared in the second article of its constitution, was to "support the constitutions of the United States and of the State of Louisiana, and to

his renowned raid around Lee's army and afterwards presented by him to General Frank P. Blair, Jr., who gave it to his aged mother.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Blair, who was a superb equestrian even up to the year of her death, at this time was riding "Black Sluggard," the war-charger used by Major-General George A. Stoneman in

maintain and defend the rights of citizens thereunder." Mr. Southmayd also states that the "charge has been designedly and industriously circulated that the White League was organized against the black race." He thinks the connection in which Mr. Cable makes mention of the badge of the League simply confirms this false charge in the minds of those who had already heard it, and gives a false impression to those who had not heard of the White League before. He declares that "not a black man was harmed in New Orleans under the authority or by orders of the White League while it was in armed possession of the city."

#### A Reply.

I AM not aware that any one has called the White League "the organization of a political party." I certainly have not. My statement was, and is, that "In the 'Conservative' party there sprung up the 'White League.'" A "Radical" attempting to join it would have been counted a traitor by his own party, or else a spy by the League.

It was common in those days for young men of New Orleans to wear a small buttonhole-bow of narrow, black-velvet ribbon with a dotting of white silk on both edges, and White Leaguers — my personal friends and acquaintances belonged to the League by scores and hundreds — told me it was a badge of the League. It may have been entirely unofficial, or may have belonged to only one or a few companies. The eye-witness from whom I have the facts of the Royal-street High School evictions may have seen this, or may have entirely mistaken the purpose of the White Leaguer's gesture. Whether the League officially adopted a badge or not seems to me a very trivial point. What potential fact does it discredit?

Mr. Southmayd quotes the text of the second article

of the League's constitution. But I submit that when the League, with foot, horse, and artillery, routed in bloody battle the whole force of the *city police*, it did not stick to its text. If its text had been slightly richer — if the declared purpose had read, "to support the constitutions (Federal and State), and to maintain and defend the *equal legal rights* of all citizens thereunder," there need never have been a shot fired, nor an eviction of a single High School girl from the already sufficiently "haunted" house in Royal street.

"Not a black man was harmed"? If mere bodily harm is meant, I eagerly credit the assertion. But there are harms deeper and far more lasting than bodily injuries, and I say there was not a black man in the State — no, nor a white man, badged or unbadged — who was not, and does not remain to this day, harmed by the whole policy and action of the White League. This is only a deep conviction. History will decide whether or not it is well founded.

G. W. Cable.

#### Congo.

MR. HERBERT PROBERT, author of "Life and Scenes in Congo," writes, in relation to Mr. Tisdell's article in the February CENTURY, that Pallaballa does not contain five hundred people. He adds that there is a large and flourishing Baptist mission about one hundred and fifty yards from Pallaballa, and that there are missions at Banza Manteka, Lukunga, and Leopoldville. Mr. Probert thinks more highly of the intelligence of the natives than does Mr. Tisdell. He says: "Several natives of Congo are now in Shaw University. Their progress in various branches of study is most commendable. Some of our converts at Pallaballa speak fluently in English, Portuguese, and Kikongo."

## BRIC-À-BRAC.



"I'LL HIT THAT RABBIT."



HIT!

## Poems versus Peanuts.

MY love brings poems Thursday nights  
And peanuts every Monday;  
He writes from early morn till eve,  
Except, of course, on Sunday.

He sings of sweetness long drawn out,  
Of hopes cut through the middle,  
And once he tried to weave in rhyme  
The hoary Sphinx's riddle.

He 's very gay, then taciturn,  
And scathingly sardonic  
When poetizing Plato's school —  
(That 's where we get "platonie").

For themes he scours the country through  
From 'Cisco's bay to Fundy's,  
But really, if the truth were told,  
I 'd rather see him Mondays.

DeWitt C. Lockwood.

## Whar dem Axes use to Ring.

T' AIN' no people at de quarters, whar dem quarters use  
ter be,  
De peckerwood doan' peck no mo' ergin de ellum tree,  
De tater-bug jss res' hese'f 'pun top de tater-vine,  
Un 'fo' de wah, de tater-bug ain' 'sturb nobordy mine.  
De hade er evvy cullud man, un cullud 'oman too,  
Is chock full up un jam up tight wid somp'n' dat is new.  
De dorg dee call de possum dorg ain' nutt' in' but er fool.  
It 'pear ter me dis country got de cyart befo' de mule.

De chillun doan' tote bread no mo', down ter de fur  
low groun',  
Dee 's ramblin' evvy whichey way ter cornder sto' un  
roun',  
De yaller man f'om up de Norf gie out he larnin' school,  
When I was chillun dee l'arn me how ter drive de  
yaller mule.

De parster fiel' is natel<sup>1</sup> un stark run med wid bresh,  
De water gaps is dun bu's' out, un lef' in orl de fresh.  
'Stidder de crap, 't is 'lection day un toonment un thing,  
Un dyah ain' no axes ringin' whar dem axes use ter  
ring.

Ole Marster dade dis long time, we was one mont  
chillun sho;  
Turr year we burry Mistes whar de aldy blossom grow.  
Brer Ephum gone, un Marshall whar drive de white  
folks' kerrige;  
Cow miner Joe he dade too, un Ben whar ten de  
ferrige.  
Hit 'pear leck somp'n' nurr done breck, de place dat  
mons'us still,  
Un de ole man mighty trusted when de damp come up  
de hill,  
But I 'd swap mer bigges' rooster, ef Christmus come  
mout bring  
De ringin' er dem axes whar dem axes use ter ring.

"Ailay" — dat 's mer wife, sah; er good wife she was  
ter me —  
Had straight hyah, er fyah skin 'oman es ever you wish  
ter see.  
She nu's' de white folks' chillun, up at de gre't house  
dyah,  
Den dee lef' her dade in de mountains, at de Sulphur  
Springs somewhar.  
Does you 'member dem days, Marster? No, you worn'  
sca'cely born.  
No, sah, t' ain' no people at de quarters — Ailay un all  
is gone.

<sup>1</sup> Entirely.

Un some days when I horble out, down ter de parf-  
side spring,  
I listen un I listen, but dyah doan' no axes ring.

How ole is I? Hundred? Gord! I mo' un dat, I  
boonn';  
I born de year de Gennerl 'storb Cunwallis at York-  
town.  
I was fetch up on Jeemeses River, 'long er yo' gran'pa  
un ma.  
Den de army hit breck out, un come un bu'n de lan'  
up fyah.  
Un I 'se de larse er all dat 's lef', 'scusing 't is little Jim,  
I 'low de place 'u'd be lonesommer, 'ceppin' 't was fer  
him.  
Un Marster, when de ole man gone, 'long 'bout de time  
er spring.  
When de reed-bud nissen in de ma'sh, un de robin 'gin  
ter sing,  
Mout I ax you fur ter res' him whar dem axes use ter  
ring?

William Page Carter.

Leigh Hunt my Bird.<sup>2</sup>

I CALL my bird Leigh Hunt, because he sings  
So cheerfully in prison. It is meet  
That Poesy, to bear out the conceit,  
Give him a garden. So I stick green things  
About him boweringly. See how he swings  
On yonder mimic bush, his pink-ribbed feet  
Quivering beneath him with sensation sweet  
Of new-found freedom, and his dainty wings —  
Lo, how he spreads them fan-like in the sun! —  
Seem like a patch of silken moonlight spun.  
Leigh Hunt my Bird! look not beyond the stars  
And pine to skim with larks the aerial blue:  
Leigh Hunt the Poet made his prison-bars  
A Paradise; and so will we make yours for you.

Leigh Hunt my Bird, he has a sunny soul,  
And prone, I think, by nature to content,  
What though the destinies have cruelly pent  
Him thus within a little gilded hole.  
Shall he for this espouse his tongue to dole,  
And all his melody in wails be spent?  
Yet sometimes I misdoubt this glad osten  
His heart is breaking, and mine own is full  
With fellow-feeling; sometimes he grows sad,  
And hangs his head, and when I say, "Sing sweet!"  
Draws only from his breast a low "Tu-weet!"  
Leigh Hunt my Bird, Leigh Hunt the Poet had  
His love in prison with him; that is why  
He never lonesome grew — as you and I.

Orelia Key Bell.

## Aladdin.

His minions change green into gold,  
They tint with crimson wood and wold;  
They deck the forest in the sheen  
Of dusky amber, and the green  
Is made a carpet wide unrolled  
Of leaves of purple, brown and gold!  
He rubs his lamp, his minions fly  
To do his bidding far and nigh.  
He rules the world when Summer 's lost,  
Aladdin he — white-armored Frost!

Brainerd Prescott Emery.

<sup>2</sup> Printed first elsewhere in a different form.



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1. Plain gilt and crystal case, white dial ..... \$40.00
  2. Plain gilt and crystal case, white dial, this case square, and with a little more of architectural detail than the first ..... 45.00
  3. Plain gilt and crystal case, white dial ..... 48.00
  4. Plain gilt and crystal case, gold dial ..... 50.00
  5. Plain gilt and crystal case, gold dial ..... 52.00
  6. Gilt and crystal case, the corners columns, with capitals, white dial, a very beautiful design ..... 55.00
  7. Case like No. 6, with gilt dial ..... 57.00
  8. Case like No. 6, with gilt and porcelain dial ..... 65.00
- (Both Nos. 7 and 8 are specially attractive designs.)
9. Silver bronze case, richly decorative, porcelain dial ..... 65.00
  10. Silver bronze case, porcelain dial ..... 70.00
  11. Gilt and Cloisonné enamel case and enamel dial ..... 75.00

A second class will comprise those movements that strike the hours and quarter-hours, and repeat the hours and quarters.

12. Plain gilt and crystal case, white dial ..... \$80.00
13. Gilt and crystal case, with enamel dial ..... 105.00
14. Cloisonné enamel case and dial ..... 125.00
15. Case of gilt, with panels and dial decorated with paintings in enamel ..... 150.00

The size of these clocks is generally about 5½ inches high by 4 inches wide. The prices always include a red morocco case.

**THEODORE B. STARR,**

IMPORTER OF PRECIOUS STONES, PORCELAINS, CLOCKS, ETC., JEWELER & SILVERSMITH,  
206 FIFTH AVENUE,  
fronting Madison Square, } Between 25th and 26th streets, NEW-YORK.  
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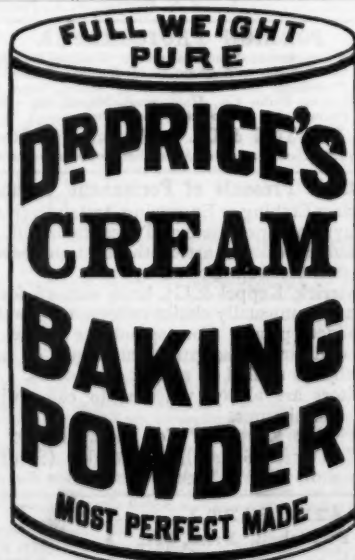
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Embraces the Highest Achievements of  
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Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

**PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.**  
NEW-YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS. SAN FRANCISCO.



A SECTION OF THE OLD BOARD-WALK.

## ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

**I**F, as so many people now believe, with apparent reason, the climate of the North and Middle Atlantic coast is undergoing a change, those portions of the seaboard which are at present most favored by soft south wind and sunny skies must reap, in all probability, the earliest and greatest permanent benefits.

The main current of the Gulf Stream, when last located, passed Sandy Hook 185 miles out at sea. Whether it has taken a trend outward, or a shoot inward, the climate of New York City has within a few years become notably damper. Like observations, to the south of Sandy Hook, along the coast of New Jersey, show that the atmosphere is becoming dryer as well as warmer. This may or may not be due to the fact that the main current of the Gulf Stream runs just fifty miles nearer Atlantic City than Sandy Hook.

The probabilities are, it would seem to scientific students of the weather, as well as to the vast majority of pleasure-seekers and health-hunters, that the surprising conditions under which the search for both pleasure and health may be prosecuted the year round on Atlantic City's broad southerly beaches are the result of some offshoot of the great ocean river which flows from the tropics, between Cuba and Florida, and pours its sun-warmed and life-cheering waters nearest to the coast line at the spot where a city, in nearly all that that term implies to metropolitan ears, has been built by Absecon Inlet.

But who need care for the why and wherefore so long as the south wind sings and the sun-kissed ocean brawls all the seasons through along the

warm, dry sands that encircle Atlantic City. If New York City is the metropolis of wealth, beauty, and fashion, Atlantic City at times borrows much of her big sister's gayer plumage, and can any day claim superiority with regard to such prime necessities of city life as broad, smooth avenues; clear, unstinted, healthful water supply; electric street cars, electric lights, sewerage, and terminal facilities for railroads.

Should the World's Fair be held in New York, the number of old-world visitors who would improve the opportunity to run down the Jersey coast and get a glimpse of the board-walk, which has made Atlantic City famous, would be surprising. They will not find the old board-walk of which they have seen pictures and read stories. They ought to be grateful, too, for that, to the storm of September 10-13, 1889, which devastated such beaches as Coney Island, but did little more, farther south, than sweep over the salt meadows and romp uproariously among the booths and bath-houses which at Atlantic have always found a home at the very edge of the surf, as if to welcome its embraces.

Many people may go to Atlantic City this winter with the idea of seeing some picturesque results of last September's storm. They will be disappointed, though this will, no doubt, be their only disappointment. The weaker bath-houses which Neptune has so often piled up and pulled down will have been built up anew and more securely than ever before, the electric street cars will bowl them as merrily as ever up to the wave-washed and breeze-kissed Inlet, and the electric lights along the beach will light up, for their delectation, not only new bath-houses and pavilions, but a new board-walk, twenty-four feet wide,



skirting the waves with its unique promenade-course.

This new walk will be found thronged with pale city visitors down for health and rest; rosy-cheeked girls out for pleasure; gray-beards who are getting ready to throw away their crutches; matrons who turn restfully from the turmoil of the town to the tumult of the sea; mothers who are sunning their darlings in the warm, wind-swept breath of old ocean; children who are unconsciously gaining strength and spirit in their eager pursuit of fun; business and professional men who have turned from the bar, the clinic, the counting-room, and the rostrum to the very different strife of sea and sun; while the man of

revelation to most city people, and which is also in successful operation at Pullman, Illinois, "the model city" of the West, the refuse is piped from all parts of the town to a central pumping station, and thence far out on the salt meadows. There, after filtering through disinfecting materials, the purified liquid is discharged into the Thoroughfare, an arm of the sea, and the solid matter is chemically consumed, or converted into new forms. Built on a bed of dry sand, between its salt Thoroughfare on one hand, and the ocean itself on the other, Atlantic City's surface drainage would be quickly drunk up by the thirsty soil were it not carefully piped off on the salt meadows in an entirely distinct system



SCENE ON ATLANTIC AVENUE.

the world, the student of his race, the philosopher and observer of many climes, looks over and into it all and forgets that there is any but a pleasant side to existence!

Up to the northeast, the government lighthouse towers a hundred and seventy-five feet above the shore, lighting at night, for miles out at sea, the outline of the coast, the south end of Brigantine's dangerous beach, and the entrance to Atlantic City's harbor, Absecon Inlet.

On or near the inland side of Atlantic Avenue are the three railroad depots and the four banks, several of these being housed in substantial stone or brick buildings, which are fine specimens of architecture.

There is one thing about the ocean front for which visitors may be even more grateful than residents; its absolute freedom from refuse or defilement of any kind. The waves that beat on Atlantic City's beach are not required to act as scavengers. By a sewerage system which is a

of conduits, which carry and communicate with no sewage. As a matter of fact, so dry and warm is the natural sandy soil of the place, rain as hard as it may, water disappears, as if by magic, from the streets into the sand below.

From almost any spot in Atlantic City one may see the snowy sails of fishing boats in the bays to the north and west, while by simply turning the head the sails of ocean ships and the white crests of the breakers are simultaneously visible to the north and east. The street cars are run along Atlantic Avenue at a lively rate of speed, by a new application of the electric fluid. The same force which propels them lights the cars and the streets themselves with a clear white light which makes a view of Atlantic City by night an agreeable surprise.

From the mainland, with its fragrant pine forests and picturesque wooded hills, comes the supply of drinking water, which is as pure and soft as the west winds that blow over them for

miles before reaching the island. But there is also another water company operating several artesian wells which have been sunk to a great depth, and from which clear, pure currents flow without interruption.

With either the conduit from the mainland, or the artesian wells, Atlantic City would be abundantly supplied with good and wholesome water.

As a consequence Atlantic City is well prepared for effective resistance to fire. There are four fire companies, each guarding a certain section of the city, and all ready to concentrate their forces should occasion arise. They are all equipped with the best steam fire-engines and hook and ladder trucks at the city's expense, and have developed a remarkable efficiency and *esprit de corps*.

If anybody ever should get tired of the ocean, there are plenty of dry land diversions. What would one do in any other city of ten or twelve thousand souls? To begin with, one would be very apt to go to the opera or the play occasionally. A commodious opera house is found on Atlantic Avenue, well furnished and managed, and before long it is believed will be recognized as a "stand" which no good traveling combination should miss.

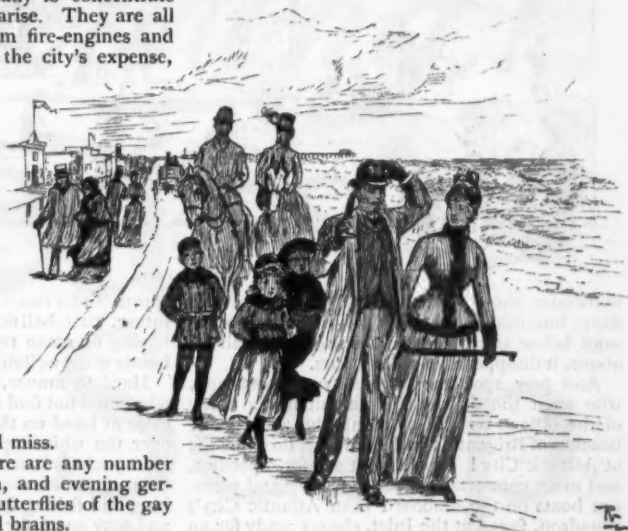
In the Lenten season there are any number of morning, noon, afternoon, and evening Germans which help the tired butterflies of the gay world to rest their wings and brains.

In summer also dancing is to be enjoyed at most of the larger hotels. Out on the ocean piers, one of which is iron, and all safe, permanent and desirable structures, there have always been summer-night dances. It is rather a pleasant and decidedly a novel sensation for a society girl to whirl over a waxed floor to the cadences of Strauss and Suppé and feel all the while the kiss of the spray on her cheeks and the salt perfume of the sea in her hair.

Horseback parties lend an agreeable variety to the gaiety of the winter and spring season, when the world of fashion in New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia has learnt to look upon a visit to Atlantic City, often protracted into a stay of months, as the greatest tonic for the jaded nerves, and the most amusing diversion for the amusement-cloyed fancy. From February until June the island is seen at its best; the handsomer cottages are filled with gay house-parties, the select hotels are crowded with men of distinction and women of eminence in the professional, political, and social world, and the secrets of Wall Street or the problems of cabinet-craft are discussed on the verandas or conned along the sands.

It is no uncommon thing during the spring to see such men as Hon. Robert T. Lincoln meet face to face on the board-walk General Joseph E. Johnston, the most distinguished living Con-

federate, while Mr. Blaine sits in a sun parlor not fifty feet away, and Hon. Richard Vaux, the leonine Philadelphian, who once trod a measure with Queen Victoria herself, walks the sands close by with his little granddaughter. At the admirably managed hotels, the wearied millionaire may find all the luxuries of his white marble or brown-stone palace at home, with none of the cares and responsibilities that attend the latter. The society queen rests from her past conquests, drinks in fresh energies from sea and air and sun,



THE BEACH PROMENADE IN WINTER.

and prepares for new triumphs. The belles dance, drive, ride, play tennis, bowl, bathe, swim, fish and sail, and the beaux go where and do what the belles elect. If Long Branch ever had a right to be called "the summer capital," Atlantic City has an equally just claim to be styled "Society's Vernal Headquarters."

There are hot and cold sea-water baths, experienced medical talent, and all the appliances and luxuries that modern science affords for the invalids who come here in winter and spring, as well as in summer, to give nature a chance to perform her wonderful cures. And what cures she does work, with her magical south winds, ozone-laden air, dry, crisp breezes from the pine forests, and soft, soothing sunshine! Many people have been taught to dread the seashore on account of its dampness. It is a marvelous fact that this island, towards which the Gulf Stream shows so much partiality, completely surrounded by salt-water as it is, has an exceptionally dry air, and physicians agree that its climate is one of the most bracing and invigorating to be found anywhere. Here seem to be united not only the charms but the benefits as well of both mountain and sea.

An important point for invalids is that snow is very rare at Atlantic City. Exceptionally in



SURF BATHING.

midwinter snow lies upon the ground several days; but, usually, between the warm dry porous sand below and the warm sunshine and salt air above, it disappears in a few hours.

And how sportsmen, your true sportsmen, who scent the delirium of pursuit in the spray of the billows as well as along the great game beaches of Brigantine and Barnegat, do enjoy life at Atlantic City! There is n't a safer, speedier, and more comfortable fleet of fishing and pleasure boats on the seaboard than Atlantic City's squadron, found at the Inlet, always ready for an outing. To this picturesque little harbor, with its breezy houses of refreshment by the docks, its magnificent views seaward and shoreward, and its groups of bronzed-faced Jack Tars, the neat and commodious cars of the electric street railway carry visitors from any part of the island. With gun and rod, either or both, one is sure of a great day's sport under the guidance of these veteran yachtsmen.

The succession of game fowl which visits the adjacent beaches, each in its own season, is surprisingly varied and attractive. Snipe, plover, marlin, willet, yellow-legs, black duck, mallard and teal follow each other often in such numbers as to provoke to the highest pitch the city sportsman's enthusiasm. Bluefish, sheepshead, drum, croakers, codfish, herring, mackerel, sea bass and weakfish, sometimes in the Thoroughfare, sometimes outside, beyond the bar, keep the skillful fisherman busy, and afford abundant sport to the veriest tyro.

The schools, public and private, are excellent. There are churches of all denominations and creeds, all well sustained. There are several admirable charities, such as the Children's Seashore Home. There is an alert and efficient police force and a great lack of work for it, as the law-abiding character of Atlantic City is proverbial.

Finely graded and handsomely situated grounds have been laid out near the Inlet for open air

sports, and a race-track is a possibility of the near future. Base-ball flourishes, the Atlantic City Club having no mean record of its own, and the town boasts some well-drilled military companies.

Hard to amuse, indeed, would be the visitor who could not find some congenial diversion ever close at hand on this interesting island. The sail over the white-caps out to sea and back in an Inlet yacht is bracing enough to put new life into the most listless man or woman of the world. Crabbing and fishing in the Thoroughfare afford safe and easy sport for women and children. There is "something to do" at every hour of the day, every day in the week, and for those who prefer to do just nothing at all there is always the sublime panorama of sky and sea spread out in perennial magnificence before the most heedless eye.

From New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Pittsburgh and the farther Western cities one may reach Atlantic City, in parlor cars, over three well-built, securely ballasted, broad-gauge railroads, at least two of which bring the visitor from New York without a change of car, and in about four hours. The duration of this journey, by a competition which is going even to the length of straightening out road-beds, shortening distances, and speeding through trains, is being shortened so that in a little while the distance from New York to Atlantic City will be only about three hours and a half, in luxurious parlor cars, and from Philadelphia, by three direct routes, very little more than one hour.



FOR THE FINEST

*Good  
morning!*

Pears'  
Soap  
for

FACE and HANDS

*"Paris Exposition,  
1889."*

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for  
toilet SOAP in competition with all the world.

*Highest possible distinction."*

FOR SALE IN EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD.



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## IVERS & POND GRAND.

There is but one other Small Parlor Grand in the world which compares in excellence with the Ivers & Pond Style 13, shown above; and our Bridge-support, patented September 25, 1888, gives ours the advantage in fullness of tone and vibration over even that one. 100-page catalogue and important information free.

*We make Upright and Square Pianos also.*

We offer to ship on approval, piano to be returned to us, railway freights both ways our expense, if it be unsatisfactory on examination and trial.

Distance makes no difference; 1000 miles offer no more difficulty than a City Block. We take old instruments in exchange, and make terms of settlement suit each customer's reasonable convenience. Our Pianos are sold by many dealers in thousands of Cities and Towns, from Maine to California; many dealers will not sell them because they cost too much wholesale to allow the margin of profit at retail which a good-looking cheap piano will. If no one sells the Ivers & Pond in your place, write us and learn something about the piano question.

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*Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.*

OUR LATEST STYLES CAN BE SEEN AT

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Whoever desires cut-glass need but ask any prominent dealer for Dorflinger's, and then see if the piece shown has their trade-mark label upon it, to be sure of getting the very best goods in the market. It's American, too.



**MADE UPON  
HONOR**

ESTEY ORGAN CO.  
Brattleboro, Vt.

**SOLD UPON  
MERIT**

EVERY ONE WHO HAS ONCE TRIED THEM  
**E**STEEMS THEM AT THEIR ACTUAL WORTH.  
**E**STIMATED BY A POPULAR APPROVAL THE  
**E**STEY ORGANS STAND FIRST, AS MORE  
**E**STEYs ARE SOLD THAN ALL OTHERS.

831 Broadway,  
New-York.

159 Tremont Street,  
Boston.

**O**F COURSE THERE IS A GOOD REASON FOR IT,  
**O**R THIS WOULD NOT BE SO. EVERY REAL  
**O**RGANIZED SUCCESS IS OF MERIT. MANY  
**O**RGANISTS ADMIT THAT THE ESTEY  
**O**RGAN STANDS AT THE HEAD OF ALL.

**KNOWN THE  
WORLD OVER**

18 North 7th Street,  
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**UNEQUALLED  
IN TONE**

## **HAVILAND CHINA AT FIRST HANDS.**

*Dinner Sets sold complete or in courses. Oyster Sets,  
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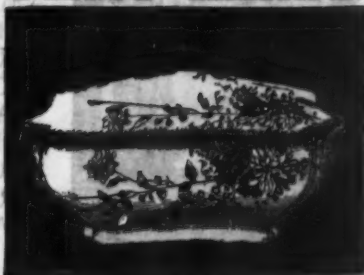
**The only house in this country dealing exclu-  
sively in HAVILAND CHINA.**

*Goods safely shipped to any part of the United States.*

**CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.**

**FRANK HAVILAND,**

14 Barclay Street, NEW-YORK.



**SET. NO 1476 PINK & GOLD**

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FROM THIS DESIGN, IN HARMONIOUS COLORS OF THE BEST QUALITY OF TIFFANY GLASS, WILL BE MADE BY THE TIFFANY GLASS COMPANY.  
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FOR A MODERATE PRICE. THE DESIGN HAS BEEN COPYRIGHTED, AND WILL BE CAREFULLY PROTECTED. A FEW DUPLICATES ONLY WILL BE MADE, AND NOT TWO WILL BE PLACED WITHIN A SHORT DISTANCE OF EACH OTHER. WE INVITE THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE ORDERING A MEMORIAL TO CORRESPOND WITH US. WE HAVE OTHER DESIGNS OF MERIT POSSIBLY MORE APPROPRIATE FOR SOME PURPOSES. A DESIGN SIMILAR TO THE ONE SHOWN CAN BE EASILY ADAPTED TO ANY SIZE OR SHAPED OPENING. IT IS NECESSARY FOR US TO KNOW THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND SURROUNDINGS. NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE FOR SKETCHES OR FOR A WINDOW IF NOT SATISFACTORY. THE COST OF A WINDOW WILL DEPEND UPON ITS DIMENSIONS.

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# HOUSE FURNISHINGS

17



Pat. Feb. 12, '89.

## WILDER'S Volumetric Governor GAS BURNER

Is adopted by gas companies and large consumers because their tests have proved its value. It makes gas lighting perfect, and speedily saves its cost by preventing waste of gas.

**READ WHAT ITS USERS  
SAY OF IT.**

DEAR SIR: Replying to yours would say The Weisbach Incandescent Gas Light Co., while I was its President, used many thousands of your Volumetric Regulators, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best instrument of its kind which, in an extensive experience in the gas business, has come under my notice.

Very truly yours, A. O. GRANGER.

DEAR SIR: We have in use upon Siemens, Lungren & Gordon Regenerative gas lamps a very large number of your Pat. Volumetric Regulators. We have tried from time to time regulators made upon other systems; yours are in several important particulars better than others, and we are using them exclusively upon our lamps.

Very truly, THE SIEMENS-LUNGREN CO.  
E. STEIN, President.

Samples by mail, with full directions, 50 cents each;  
\$1.00 for two.

**MOSES G. WILDER, MECH. ENGINEER,  
816 Cherry Street, Philadelphia.**



The celerity necessary in straining the boiled juice and pulp for orange marmalade, that they may not be discolored or otherwise injured by action of the acid on the metal, can be attained by using no other utensil than the Hunter Sifter.

The Hunter Sifter is for sale at stove, hardware and house-furnishing stores.

A toy Sifter, which shows how the large Sifter works and which will amuse children, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen, and inclose six cents in stamps to

**THE FRED. J. MEYERS MFG. CO.  
COVINGTON, KY.**

Feb. '90.



In many towns the public halls are used for lectures and concerts as well as for balls and bazars. The demand is for comfortable chairs that can be taken away and put back easily.

Thomas Wise, Superintendent of Music Hall, Cincinnati, O., says: "These chairs are cheerfully recommended by me as the most comfortable and convenient our audiences have ever used. They have been removed and replaced many times each season, at very short notice, and this has been easily done by our ordinary force of janitors. For convenience in handling and storing, these chairs are not to be excelled."

Illustrated circular and price-list will be sent free to any address by the sole makers and patentees,

**THE ROBERT MITCHELL FURNITURE CO.,  
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Continued improvement in the manufacture of these goods enables us to offer our exclusive patterns from original designs not shown at any other manufactory.

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WORKMANSHIP UNSURPASSED,  
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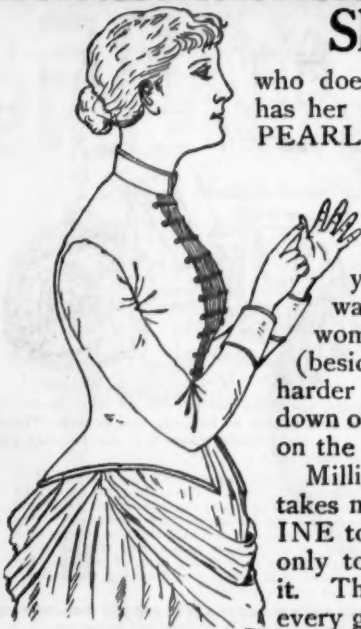
Successor to Mitchell, Vance & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

**THE MITCHELL VANCE CO.**



# HOUSE FURNISHINGS 18



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who does her housecleaning and washing (or has her servants do this work) with PYLE'S PEARLINE.

**Why?** Because Pearline makes the largest saving all around; saves half the time; half the labor—more than half the wear. Do you know you don't have to rub the clothes when washed with Pearline? This saves the woman and makes the clothes last longer (besides, they look better). What can be harder on woman's health than bobbing up and down over a wash board? What can be harder on the clothes—anything harder don't exist.

Millions of women know these facts well; it takes many millions of packages of PEARLINE to supply their demands for it. You have only to prove these facts and you'll demand it. The best way is—try it. Costs little and every grocer has it.

## Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

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For nearly half a century, Lowell Carpets have been acknowledged by all to be

The word "LOWELL" APPEARS IN CAPITAL LETTERS in the back of Lowell, Wilton and Body Brussels at every repeat of the pattern. LOOK CAREFULLY to the trade-marks, and be sure you get the genuine

LOWELL CARPETS.

These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequalled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

## CARPETS

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The LOWELL INGRAINS are wound upon a hollow stick, which the United States Court decided to be a valid trademark. The stick is in two solid pieces, with the name of the

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**SOLID WHITE CROCKERY WASH TUBS\***  
**VERY STRONG GLASS SURFACES**  
**NO SEAMS CANNOT SMELL ALWAYS CLEAN**  
**STEWART CERAMIC CO.**  
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 SEND FOR PRICE LIST — ILLUSTRATED.

**50¢ PRINTING OUTFIT; ONLY 25¢**  
 and 10¢ MAGIC HAT RACK, 25¢  
 To get Agents and buyers we will, for 30 days only, send these two valuable articles postpaid on receipt of 50¢ silver or stamps. 7 sets 60¢., 6 sets 50¢. THIS IS A WONDERFUL OFFER. OUTFIT used for setting up names, printing cards, marking lists, books, envelopes, papers, etc.; contains 3 alphabets neat type, type holder, indelible ink, pad, trousers, all in one case with Directions, full Catalogue and terms. YOU can make MONEY at printing or selling outside. Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Address: **ENGERSOLL & BIRD, 44 Fulton St., N. Y. City**

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 PRICE BOOKS

Keep Books by West's New Original Entry Ledger. A ledger in place of a full set of books. Convenient forms for all entries. Easily applied, simple, saves time. West's Self-proving Balance locates every error. Send three two-cent stamps for illustrated 16-page pamphlet. **WOLCOTT & WEST, Syracuse, N. Y.**

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**LATHES** SCREW CUTTING, FOOT AND POWER. Tools and Supplies for Machinists and Amateurs. Send for Catalogue. **THE SEBASTIAN-MAY CO.** 173 West 2d Street, Cincinnati, O.

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SOLD AT LESS THAN COST OF  
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Our business is the buying, selling and exchanging of

### Duplicate Wedding Presents

We have a constantly changing stock of about 5000 choice silver articles, handsomely cased for Wedding Gifts, at \$5, \$7, \$8, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$40, \$50, up to \$500, that would cost twice as much if bought elsewhere.

Write for price-list, describe what you would like to see, and we will send you several cases for examination.

Solid Silver Bon-Bon Dish and Tongs, case, \$10.

### OLD GOLD.

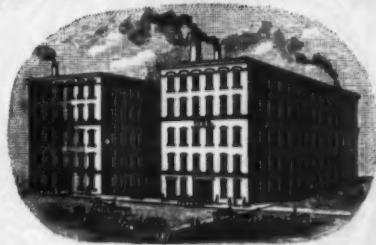
If the readers of THE CENTURY will get out their old gold or silver, old jewelry, and send it by mail or express to us, we will send them by return mail a certified check for full value thereof.

### J. H. JOHNSTON & CO.

No. 150 Bowery, Corner Broome Street, New-York.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

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Our new brick Screen Factories, erected 1885 and 1888,

ARE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Our Improved Window and Door Screens are twenty-five years in advance of ordinary kinds. They are made of twenty-four kinds and colors of wood (beautifully finished), specially fine black enameled wire netting and handsome hardware. Our Window Screens slide like a sash, and may be used at top of window as well as lower part. We have screened more than twelve thousand of the best houses of thirty-six States. Do not disfigure your house with cheaply-made screens. We sell direct to owners of houses at lowest wholesale prices. If you want to buy Screens and will write us number needed, and mention THE CENTURY, we will send you our catalogue, samples, prices and directions. We have salesmen to show samples in all large cities.

E. T. BURROWES & CO. PORTLAND, ME.

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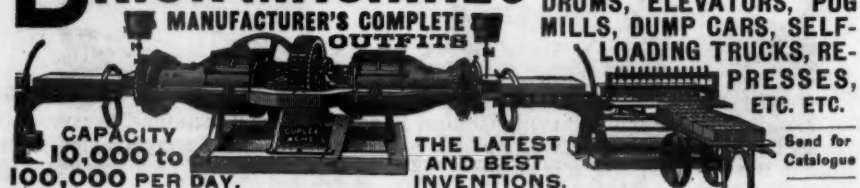
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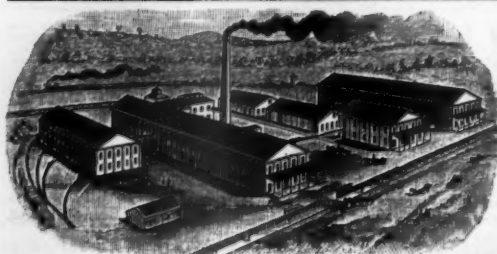
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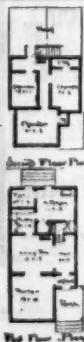
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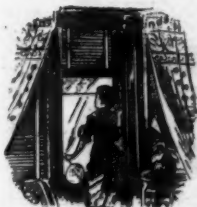
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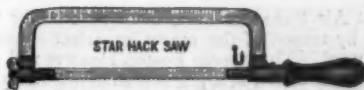
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No.....	600 to 6	7	8	9	10
Per gross.....	\$1.00	\$1.10	\$1.20	\$1.30	\$1.40

For sale by most hardware dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of the price.

**MILLERS FALLS CO.**  
93 Reade Street, New-York.

## Dexter Brothers' English Shingle Stains.



Yes, this is the stain you saw on the houses on the Cliff and Ochre Point at Newport. No, it will not wash off. Why! look at the Club House at Bar Harbor stained with our stains four years ago and it has not changed a particle, and Bar Harbor is the most exposed place in America. No, indeed; any house you have seen where the stain has washed off, we guarantee it was none of ours. We challenge any one to show us a house where our stain has washed off.

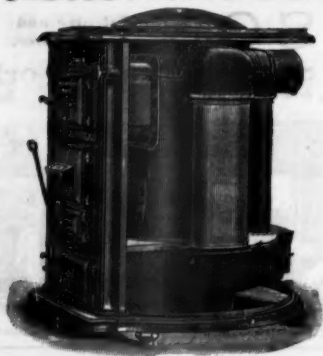
Package of Stained Boards mailed to any address.

Mention  
THE CENTURY.  
Feb. '90.

**DEXTER BROTHERS, Sole Manufacturers, BOSTON, MASS.**



# HEATING APPARATUS 26



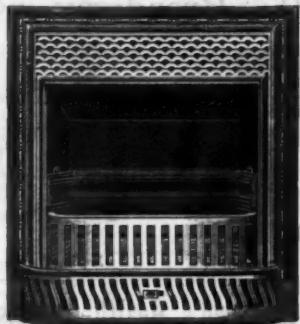
Hot Air Furnaces have been in disfavor with some by reason of the many imperfect constructions used. The Magee Boston Heaters will give better satisfaction at a less cost than any hot water or steam apparatus ever used. We guarantee them in every respect when properly put in; and when desirable to apply hot water it can be used in combination. Send for descriptive circulars with references.

Magee Ranges and Heating Stoves have also a world-wide reputation.

**MAGEE FURNACE CO.**

32 to 38 Union St. Boston. 86 Lake St. Chicago.

## "Pure Air Ventilating Grate."



Pure fresh air from out of doors *positively* heated. It will warm more cubic feet than any grate ever before offered to the public; the extra heat from hot air chamber is greater than that from a 10 x 14 register of the best furnaces. Fire maintained without trouble. Largest variety of tiles for fire-places in New England. Manufacturers of brass and wrought-iron fenders, andirons, etc. Send 10c. stamp for catalogue.

**MURDOCK PARLOR GRATE CO.**

18 Beacon St. Boston, Mass.



## "PERFECT"

TRADE MARK.

# HOT WATER HEATER



**FOR WARMING HOUSES, SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS,  
By Hot Water Circulation. Powerful, Durable, Economical.**

Has  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times more Fire Surface, and is 10 years in advance of all others. Leading heating Engineers pronounce it the Best Hot Water Heater made.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

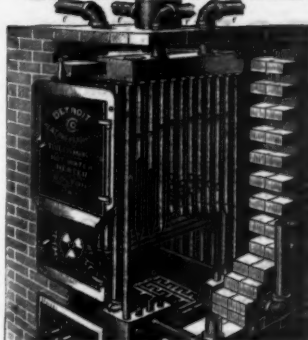
**RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO.**

84 LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

234 WATER ST., NEW YORK.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

# HEATING APPARATUS 27



**FOR WARMING  
DWELLINGS,  
HOSPITALS,  
GREENHOUSES,  
SCHOOLS, Etc.**

Wrought Iron. Cannot Crack,  
Vertical Circulation.—No Bolted,  
Packed or Flanged Joints to Leak.  
Brick casing prevents waste  
of heat in cellar.

## BOLTON HOT WATER HEATER

All pipe and casting, except doors, in heating surface and radiators  
its heat above the cellar only.

**Detroit Heating and Lighting Co.**

93 Lake Street, Chicago.

Detroit, 310 Wight Street.

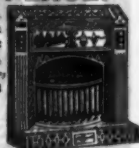
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## COMBINATION GAS MACHINE

Furnishes Cheap, Safe and Brilliant Light in Country Residences,  
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### THE ALDINE FIRE-PLACE.

Before Buying Grates, get our circular.  
Sent Free. The Aldine produces Warm  
Flames, Perfect Ventilation; keeps fire  
over night and is cleanly. Burns coal, coke,  
wood or gas. Can be piped to common chim-  
neys, or set like other grates, and can be run  
at half the cost of any other. Address



**ALDINE MFG. CO.**  
Grand Rapids, Mich.



What is more aggravating than leaky  
valves, whether in House, Office or Fac-  
tory? If you wish to avoid annoyance,  
INSIST on having  
**JENKINS BROS.' VALVES.**  
Accept no valves as JENKINS BROS.  
unless stamped with our "Trade-Mark,"  
like cut.

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21 North Fifth St. Phila. 105 Milk St. Boston.

**USE FURMAN BOILERS FOR**  
**STEAM OR HOT WATER.**

**HEREDEEN MFG CO. GENEVA, N.Y.**

Just Issued 100 page book on  
modern Heating and Ventilation.

MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION



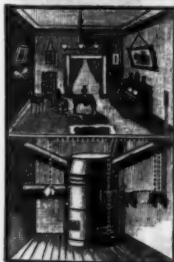
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Philadelphia, Pa. Main offices, 201 & 202 Master Builder's Bx. 27 S. 7th St.  
**Plain, Pressed Front, Ornamental & Molded Bricks.**

Works—70 ACRES—Old York Road and Nicetown Lane.

16,000,000 Bricks Annually. 5,000,000 Pressed Front Bricks.

Illustrated Catalogue of Designs and of SAMPLE PIECES, with price lists and estimates, sent FREE on application.  
Bricks of the Best Finish and Quality—in Red, Buff, Brown and other colors—shipped to all parts of the country.  
Pressed Brick supplied in large quantities of the same shade of color; and Bricks for Arches ground  
and fitted to any required radius.



## ELECTRIC HEAT REGULATORS.

The temperature of the house perfectly controlled.

**AUTOMATIC, SIMPLE, DURABLE.**

Regulates the drafts of the furnace by the temperature of the living-rooms of the house.

The operation of the device is as follows: If the temperature of the room falls **below** the degree for which the thermostat is set, then the draft of the furnace will be opened, and will remain open until the required degree of heat is reached. If the temperature **rises above** the desired degree, the regulator instantly closes the draft of the furnace and opens the check-damper in the smoke-pipe.

**SAVES COAL, SAVES DOCTOR'S BILLS, SAVES LABOR.**

If not sold by your local electrician or furnace-dealer write us for circular, prices, etc. **Agents Wanted.**

**CONSOLIDATED TEMPERATURE CONTROLLING CO. Minneapolis, Minn.**

AGENTS WANTED

WHY WAKE UP TO PULL A STRING  
WHY GET UP AND FIX HEATER DRAFTS  
WHY RUN DOWN STAIRS TO ADJUST THERMOSTAT  
WHY GO INTO CELLAR TO CHANGE REGULATOR  
THE AUTOMATIC CLOCK DOES



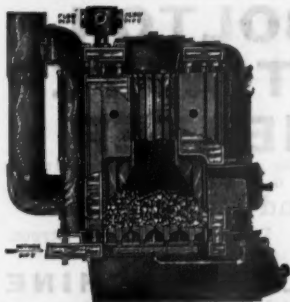
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HEATER DRAFTS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND  
THOROUGHLY WARM THE HOUSE BEFORE YOUR  
FAMILY RISES. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE  
(HOUSE EDITION) AUTOMATIC CLOCK CO. SYRACUSE NY  
THIS WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

AGENTS WANTED

## IT PAYS T

O advertise in mediums that insure good returns, as shown by all the  
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HERALD is not one of the best, why should the most successful adver-  
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# HEATING APPARATUS 28



## THE PEQUOT.

Upright Sectional Boilers for Hot Water Heating.  
**NO RESISTANCE TO CIRCULATION.**

Continuous vertical fire-box heating surface from Grate to top of Boiler.

**THE HOPSON & CHAPIN M'F'G CO.**

Engineers and Manufacturers of complete plant,  
**New London, Conn.**

### STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING APPARATUS



—FOR—  
**Public Buildings,  
Residences, etc.**

OUR SPECIALTIES:  
Mercer's Patent Sectional Boiler,  
Gold's Patent Sectional Boiler,  
Mull's Patent Safety Boiler,  
The Union Hot Water Radiator,  
Reed's Cast-iron Radiators,  
Indirect Pin Radiators.

**The H. B. SMITH CO.**  
137 Centre St. New-York.  
Foundry, Westfield, Mass.  
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

"Best cure for colds, coughs and consumption is the old  
Vegetable Pulmonary Balm." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston.  
For \$1.00 by mail, a large bottle sent express paid.

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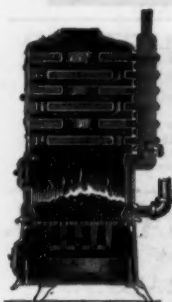
### HEATING APPARATUS

FOR STEAM OR WATER  
HARD SOFT COAL

MORE THAN **6000** IN ACTUAL USE

Automatic. Will carry heat all day or night. **No Gas—No Dust—No Trouble—Safe—Economical.** An assured success everywhere. Made in 19 sizes for Steam and 15 sizes for Water. Send for Catalogue.

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## — THE — SPENCE HOT WATER HEATER.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

**National Hot Water Heater Co.**

191 FORT HILL SQ.  
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108 LAKE STREET,  
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**BRICK-SET.**

## HEAT YOUR HOMES

WITH THE MODERN

**BRONSON WATER-TUBE BOILER.**

Brick Set or Portable, for Water or Steam.

*Economical, Automatic, requiring little attention, and*

**WITH OUR FULL GUARANTEE.**

Call or Write for Prices. Always satisfactory.

**WESTON ENGINE CO. (SOLE M'F'RS) Painted Post, N. Y.**

H. J. BARBON & CO. 74 Cortlandt Street, Agents for New-York City and vicinity.

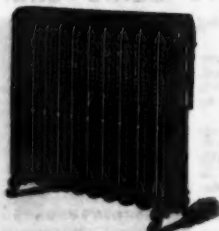


**PORTABLE.**

# HEATING APPARATUS 29



GURNEY HEATER.



GURNEY RADIATOR.

Send for "How Best to Heat our Homes, and Testimonial Companion."

## GURNEY HOT-WATER HEATER RADIATOR ANNOUNCEMENT.

After conducting for a number of years a series of very costly experiments in Heating Buildings by Hot Water, we are now prepared to furnish with our already celebrated Hot-Water Heater a Radiator specially designed for this manner of heating, which, for artistic merit, efficiency and general practicability is acknowledged to surpass any Radiator ever introduced.

All interested take due notice thereof, and write us for further information.

### GURNEY HOT-WATER HEATER CO.

Principal Office, 163 Franklin Street, Cor. Congress, Boston, Mass.  
New-York Office, 88 John Street, Cor. Gold.

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CHARLESTON, S. C., Vail & Murdock, 16, 18 & 20 Hasell St.  
COVINGTON, KY., J. L. Frisbie, 326 Philadelphia St.  
SPOKANE FALLS, WASH., Falls City Plumbing and Heating Co.

## "GLENWOOD."



NORTH ADAMS, MASS., June 16, 1889.

The Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.  
GENTS:—How to heat my residence seemed the most complex question I had confronted, as my new residence, which I finished the past year, neared completion. After studying the subject quite thoroughly, and looking over the different house-heating apparatus in the market, I was finally induced by your representative here, Mr. Boughton, to try your No. 24 Glenwood Furnace, and, after using same the past winter, I am prepared to say it has more than met my expectations, both in the manner in which it has responded when called upon in the coldest weather, heating at all times seven large rooms and two halls, and also in the moderate consumption of coal. You are at liberty to use this as you deem advisable.

Yours, etc., G. A. HASTINGS, Pharmacist.

No. 76 Main Street, North Adams, Mass.  
Made by WEIR STOVE CO. Taunton, Mass.

## "THE ECONOMY" COMBINATION HEATER

Especially adapted to warming Residences, Churches, Schools, Stores, Banks, etc.

A Wrought-steel Tubular Boiler being suspended over the Fire-pot, the same Fire which produces the Warm Air generates the steam without extra fuel. Absolutely safe and noiseless.



STEAM AND WARM AIR COMBINED

Send for catalogue containing full descriptions of the Combination Heaters and the Economy Warm Air Furnaces.

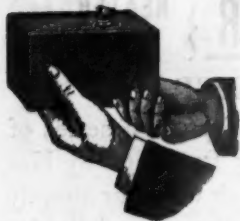
J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO.  
Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

New-York Office: 206 Water St. Boston: 75 Union St.  
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We manufacture sixty-six sizes and kinds of Improved Heaters varying in prices from \$75.00 to \$3000.00, set complete, with capacities for heating from four thousand to two hundred thousand cubic feet.



# SPORTING GOODS 30



## New Kodak Cameras.

*"You press the button, we do the rest."*

Seven New Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH

Transparent Films.

For Sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Send for Catalogue.

**Photo Outfits**  
All the latest Novelties  
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Is the Simplest Method of Counting in Progressive Games.

It obviates the unpleasant operation of sticking "stars" upon a card. It does away with the annoying interruption and delay caused by the punching process.

These "Charts" or Counters are 3x4 inches in size and are put up, with cards complete, in packages suitable for six tables. Price, 50c. a Package; extra table sets, 10c. For sale by dealers, or forwarded upon receipt of price. Address

PROGRESSIVE GAME CHART AGENCY,  
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Patented Oct. 2, 1889.



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Speed 6 to 18 miles per hour.



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VIA  
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COAL OR OIL FOR FUEL.

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**Racine Automatic Oil-Burning Outfits.** Fuel, either Crude Oil or Kerosene. Automatic Fire, Automatic Steam Regulator, Automatic Water Regulator, Automatic Engineer after starting. Automatic cleanliness and safety; in short a genuine Automatic Success.

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Also manufacturers of the celebrated Racine Canoes, Rowboats and Hunting Boats (not automatic). Send stamp for Yacht, Boat or Stationary Engine Catalogue.

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## SWIFT DOUBLE-ACTION AUTOMATIC REVOLVER.

NEW  
PATENT.  
  
THE  
ONLY  
PERFECTLY  
  
SAFE  
PISTOL  
MADE.

UNEQUALLED

For Symmetry, Beauty,  
Material and Workmanship.

AS PERFECT A PISTOL AS  
CAN POSSIBLY BE MADE.

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**Safety Barrel Catch.**

Impossible to throw the barrel open when discharged.

**38 Cal.**  
Using S. & W.  
C. F.  
Cartridges

Price,  
\$10.

For Sale  
by all  
dealers.

DON'T BUY  
UNTIL  
YOU  
HAVE  
SEEN  
THE SWIFT.

ASK  
ANY  
DEALER.

# SPORTING GOODS 31

## PECK & SNYDER'S CELEBRATED AMERICAN CLUB ICE SKATES.

None Genuine without our name.

Nos. .... 00 1 2 4  
Per pair, \$2.00 2.50 3.00 4.00 5.00

**BUY FROM HEADQUARTERS.**

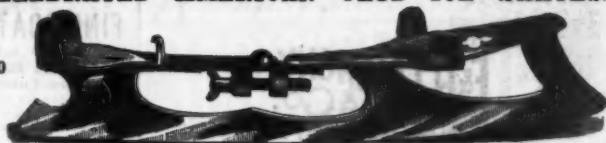
We carry a full line of sleighs from 50 cents to \$5.00 each.

Estimates furnished, upon application, for fitting complete Gymnasiums with apparatus of the latest and most approved patterns. Athletic Uniforms and Shoes on hand or to order.

Just received, a large shipment of French Roulette, Mascotte, and Race Games, including the latest German and English Games, Toys and Novelties.

Upon receipt of three 3-cent stamps we will mail to any address our new winter catalogue containing cuts and prices of Skates, Sleighs, Gymnasium Goods, Magic Lanterns, Games, Novelties, Foot-Balls, Magicians' Goods, Photograph Cameras and Sundries and everything for out and in door sports.

**PECK & SNYDER, 124, 126 & 128 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK.**



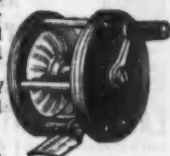
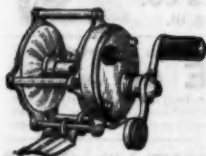
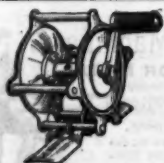
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Makes Two Hundred and Thirty-seven different styles of **FISHING REELS** in sizes from twenty-five to three hundred yards.

All styles and sizes of **Flush Handle, Rubber Plate and Multipliers** are **SCREWED REELS** constructed with *Inter-changeable Parts* the same as gun or sewing-machine parts. Our **REELS** are made with improved automatic machinery, operated by the best skilled labor, and are **Superior in Construction and Finish**, and are indisputably the best line of **REELS** made.

Prices, from 25 Cents to \$10.00. All first-class dealers sell them. Send for our Catalogue, and we will send any kind of Reel by mail on receipt of price.

**THE ANDREW B. HENDRYX CO. New Haven, Conn.**



## THE CORRECT Progressive Euchre Score System.

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**PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PLAYERS** everywhere say it adds new interest to the game and is in fact **THE ONLY CORRECT SYSTEM.**

One sample table number or complete set for any number of tables sent post paid to any address, on receipt of 15 cents each table number, by the manufacturer, **W. F. BULKLEY, 146 Superior St., Cleveland, O.** Illustrated circular free on application.

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**The Most Complete Practical and Novel.**

**MAKES NO LITTER ON THE CARPETS.**

The only Counter that indicates at any stage of the game the number of each table, games Won and Lost, and total games played.

Sets of any number work perfectly for fewer tables.

For example: A set purchased for a designated number, say ten tables, may be used for nine, eight, seven, or any less number, as necessity often requires, and the counters work precisely the same. The scoring of each game operates simultaneously at all tables without delay, confusion or mistakes.

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**OUR NEW EIGHT-STRIP SPLIT BAMBOO** is the "King" of all Fishing-rods. Chubb's New Catalogue for 1890 is now ready. In addition to a complete list of anglers' supplies, it contains articles from the pens of Dr. James A. Henshall, Petronella, W. H. H. Murray, Geo. P. Goff, Norman, Brother Gardner, and others.

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Send 25 cents, and receive Catalogue, post-paid. This amount will be deducted from first order (if accompanied with *Coupon* in book) for one dollar's worth or more of our goods.

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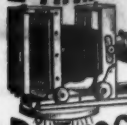
**THOS. H. CHUBB,**  
The Fishing-rod Manufacturer,

Please mention THE CENTURY.

Post Mills, Vt.



# SPORTING GOODS 32

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 591 B. WAY, N.Y.  
  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS**  
 CATALOGUE FREE.

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We are manufacturers' or importer's agents for every cycle handled in this country, and constantly carry 400 to 500 wheels including many rare bargains in not only second-hand and shop worn machines, but also standard makes new wheels bought in job lots. Best makes boys wheels cheap. Agents wanted. **EASY PAYMENTS** With no extra charge. Lowest prices guaranteed. Low rates by fast freight and express—13 rail-roads. Second-hand wheels and typewriters taken in exchange. Headquarters for all cycling goods; our superior inducements bring us orders regularly from every state and territory. Send for illustrated catalogue with latest second-hand and bargain list, introductory terms, etc.

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**Brilliant Magic Lantern** ONLY \$2.50.  
 With views of American scenery, comic slides etc. Mammoth 120 page catalogue, 2,000 illustrations FREE on receipt of 2 cents.  
 JOHN WILKINSON CO., 35 State St., Chicago.

## Patent Foot-Power Machinery. COMPLETE OUTFITS.

Wood or metal workers without steam power can successfully compete with the large shops, by using our New **LABOR-SAVING** Machinery, latest and most improved for practical shop use; also for Industrial Schools, Home Training, etc. CATALOGUE FREE.

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And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS**, etc.  
 A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 120 page Catalogue free.  
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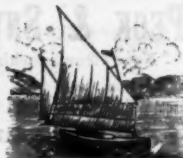
For Amateurs and Professionals.  
**C. F. STIRN'S CONCEALED VEST CAMERAS, PANORAMIC CAMERA, "THE WONDER," NEW PATENT FILM MAGAZINE CAMERA, "SPORT."**

Send for 56-page Illustrated Catalogue, free, to **STIRN & LYON, 20 Park Place, New-York, U. S. A.** and all leading Photo. Stock Dealers.

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 ALL STYLES & PRICES  
 64-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION  
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 CHICAGO, ILL.  
 LARGEST AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS

## Barnes' Foot-Power Machinery.

**WORKERS OF WOOD OR METAL.**

Without steam power, using outfits of these Machines, can bid lower, and save more money from their jobs, than by any other means for doing their work. Also for Industrial Schools or Home Training.

With them boys can acquire journeymen's trades before they "go for themselves." Price-List Free.  
**W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.**  
 No. 596 Ruby Street, Rockford, Ill.



**SAVE MONEY. Before you buy TYPE-BICYCLE or WRITER**  
 Send to A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, for prices. New Bicycles at reduced prices and 400 comm-hand ones. Difficult repairing. Bicycles, Guns and Type Writers taken in exchange.

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**CRIPPLES**  
 and invalids find **FAIRY Tricycles** the only practical ones made. Best for ladies and girls. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
 Address **FAY MFG. CO. Elyria, O.**

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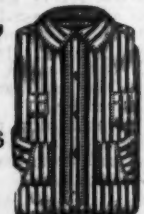
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Trade-Mark

**Flannel Shirts, PAJAMAS, HOUSE ROBES AND LOUNGING COATS.**

**BROKAW MFG. CO.**  
 NEWBURGH, N. Y.  
 Ask Retailers for them.



**THE "RELIABLE" FLANNEL SHIRT. OTHER STYLES LACED.**

# SEEDS AND PLANTS 33



## A GLORIOUS FLOWER

No engraving can do justice to the unique and peerless beauty of this **NEW CHRYSANTHEMUM**. Imagine plants completely studded with balls of flowers one foot in circumference, whose petals curve gracefully inward, and which in turn are dotted with a peculiar hairy-like growth, the whole resembling, more than anything else, masses of **SNOW-WHITE OSTRICH PLUMES**, and you then begin to form some idea of the beauty of this royal flower. Your garden will not be complete this season if it does not contain the "**OSTRICH PLUME CHRYSANTHEMUM**."

(Plain and full instructions for culture with each order.)

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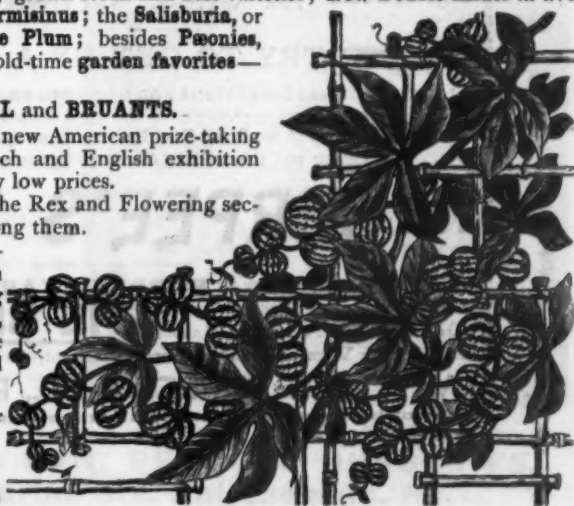
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Feb. '90.





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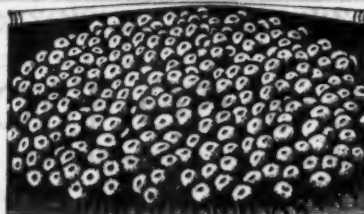
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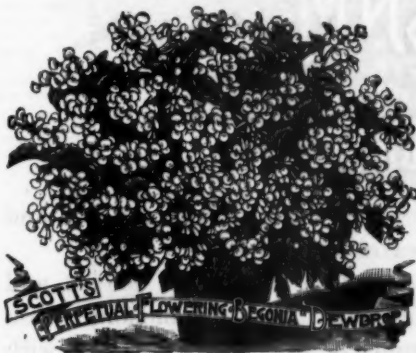
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# SEEDS AND PLANTS 35

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Are the **BEST** it is possible to obtain. Our whole time is devoted to **selecting, growing** and **distributing** the **BEST FLOWERS ONLY**, and we claim that by growing in immense quantities we can produce them of the greatest possible perfection and at the lowest possible cost. **Send us a trial order.**



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is the greatest novelty in Begonias ever introduced.

It is a compact growing variety with shell-shaped leaves and stems of light crimson; the blooms are satiny white, shading to delicate rose, with golden yellow stamens. No illustration can convey an idea of its profuseness in flowering. Upon one plant grown in the open ground last summer we counted 87 clusters of flowers. It is always in bloom, will stand the strong sun during summer, and will grow and thrive anywhere. We own the entire stock and it is now offered for the first time. **Good strong plants, 25 cts. each; 5 for \$1.00, or 12 for \$2.00, neatly boxed, and mailed post-paid.**

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FOR 50 CENTS we will mail one good strong plant each of the **NEW CHRYSANTHEMUMS: MRS. ALPHEUS**

**HARDY**, a wonderful novelty, with pure white flowers formed into an almost perfect ball, covered with long fine hairs; **KIOTO**, the best incurved, yellow; **LILLIAN BIRD**, the finest new pink; and **THE BRIDE**, the new fringed white,—**4 PLANTS** in all,—sent post-paid, **FOR ONLY 50 CENTS.** These four sorts could not be purchased last year anywhere for less than **\$4.25**, and it is without exception the grandest offer ever made of the Best New Chrysanthemums.

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CHRYSANTHEMUM—MRS. ALPHEUS HARDY.

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All kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Plants (new and old and strictly true to name) at half the price of traveling agents.

Lovett's Guide to Horticulture gives their prices, merits and defects, and tells how to purchase, plant, prune, cultivate, etc. It is a handsome book of over sixty pages, finely printed and profusely illustrated. Mailed, with colored plates, 10 cents; without plates, free.

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# SEEDS AND PLANTS 37

## THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS,

or the Sacred Lotus of India, China and Japan, is

**HARDY IN THE UNITED STATES.**

See article in *Harper's Monthly* for May, 1889, entitled "A Meadow Mud-hole."

### RARE WATER LILIES.

**HEADQUARTERS FOR AQUATIC PLANTS.** Nelumbiums in variety: Red Water Lilies from India, Blue from Egypt, Purple from Zanzibar, White from many countries; the Hardy Pink Water Lily; new Hardy Yellow Water Lily. All easily cultivated, and becoming increasingly popular. Our **Colored Plate of the Egyptian Lotus** (14 x 21 inches) shows the flower actual size. Our **Illustrated Catalogue** contains directions for culture, and full information with prices of plants. Catalogue, with Colored Plate, sent for ten cents. Catalogue, without plate, sent free to those mentioning *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*.



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We claim to be one of the largest growers and importers of Flower Seeds in America. In order to introduce them as widely as possible we make this **UNPRECEDENTED OFFER**. For 25 cents in postage-stamps or money we will send by mail one pkt. each of the following Valuable Seeds: New Diamond Aster, very handsome colors; Mixed Balsams, immense size, double as a rose; *Calliopsis*, Golden Wave, new, very showy; New Hybrid *Gaillardia*, unrivaled for beauty; *Phlox drummii* *Grandiflora Splendens*, 15 distinct shades; **GIANT SHOW PANSIES**, immense size, rich and velvety; New Mammoth *Verbena*, 12 choice colors; New Giant *Zinnia*, largest in the world; 10 Seeds of **ANNUAL NUTMEG PLANT**, great value, never before offered; *Amaranthus Gibbosus*, highly ornamental; One Beautiful Everlasting Flower, 11 full-size pkts., with directions for culture, for 25 cents, 5 collections, \$1.00. Catalogue with each order.

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# SEEDS AND PLANTS

38



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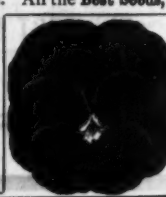
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# SEEDS AND PLANTS 39



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Catalogue of chrysanthemums, carnations, etc., etc., also free to applicants.



# SEEDS AND PLANTS 40

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CONTAINS A COMPLETE LIST OF

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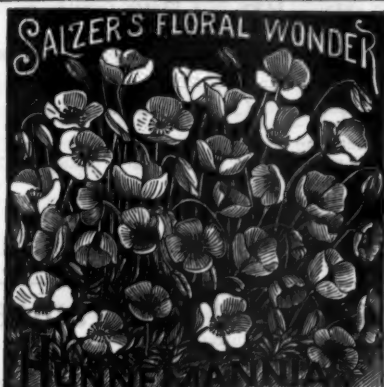
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ALL THE FINEST NEW ROSES, New CHRYSANTHEMUMS, GLADIOLUS TUBES.  
ROSES, New MOON FLOWERS, New and Rare FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS.  
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ROSES, New MOON FLOWERS, New and Rare FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS.  
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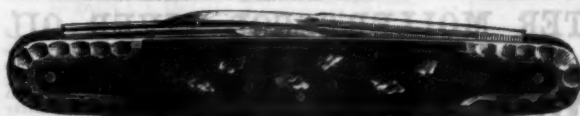
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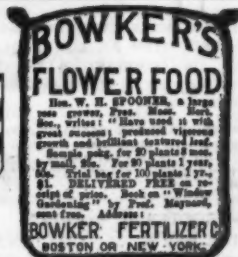


Jan. '90.

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No. 801. This cut poorly shows the elegant inlaid handle of this knife. Has three blades, highest quality and finish possible on steel-English goods sell for \$4.00. Our price, \$1.25, post-paid; 3 for \$3.00; 6 for \$5.00. Elegant Congress knife, 3 blades, pearl, \$1.50.

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Is the "Trade" name for Plates of Soft Steel cut and opened out into webs of diamond or other shaped mesh.

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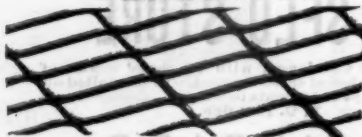


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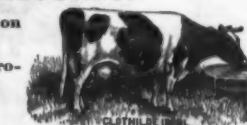
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Among Oaklawn's importations  
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# Mothers and Children

Everywhere bless the

## Cuticura Remedies



**W**HEN SIX MONTHS OLD, the left hand of our little grandchild began to swell, and had every appearance of a large boil. We poulticed it, but all to no purpose. About five months after, it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty-two months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, of consumption (scrophula, of course). He could walk a little, but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately commenced with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, using all freely. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose, and were taken out; then they would heal rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of six years, a strong and healthy child.

MAY 9, 1885.

MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,  
612 E. Clay St. Bloomington, Ill.

SEPT. 13, 1888.—No return of disease to date.

E. S. D.

I have been afflicted for a great many years with bad blood, which has caused me to have sores on my body. My hands were in a solid sore for over a year. I had tried almost everything I could hear of, but had given up all hopes of ever being

cured, when I saw the advertisement of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I used one box of CUTICURA, one bottle of RESOLVENT, and one cake of SOAP, and am now able to do all my own work.

MRS. FANNIE STEWART, Staunton, Ind.

I have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES successfully for my baby, who was afflicted with eczema, and had such intense itching that he got no rest day or night; but after I had used two boxes, the skin began to peel off and get clear and soft. The itching is gone, and my baby is cured, and is now a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy.

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Your CUTICURA REMEDIES did wonderful things for me. They cured my skin disease, which has been of five years' standing, after hundreds of dollars had been spent in trying to cure it. Nothing did me any good until I commenced the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Our house will never be without them.

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## Cuticura Remedies.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin, scalp, and blood diseases, from pimples to scrophula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold by druggists and chemists throughout the world. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 30 illustrations, and 200 testimonials.

**PIM**PLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

**BABY'S** Skin, Scalp and Hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

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## HAVE YOU TEETH

THEN PRESERVE THEM BY USING



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with hot or cold water and with any tooth wash or powder. Both brush and handle are imperishable.

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Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush, . . . . .	\$1.50
Bailey's " Toilet Brush, . . . . .	.35
Bailey's " Hand Brush (size 3 x 1 1/4 in.), . . . . .	.50
Bailey's " Blacking Dauber, . . . . .	.25
Bailey's " Ink and Pencil Eraser, . . . . .	.25
Bailey's " Tooth Brush No. 1, . . . . .	.25
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Is a Colorless Fluid, Perfectly Harmless, but possessing the extraordinary property of

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During the dampest weather or in the warmest Assembly or Ball-room.

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Sweet South.	Doussan Violet.
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FOR THE TOILET 46



This side: lathered with Williams' Shaving Soap.

This side: the kind he used before he found Williams'.

## Williams' Shaving Stick!

Is winning favor everywhere and every day. Compare it with any other! You can't help recognizing its superiority. The copious lather it produces is a marvel of richness, delicacy, and sweetness. Perfumed with Attar of Roses, and put up in a strong handsome leatherette case. REFUSE to take any other kind of shaving stick until you have tried Williams'.

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Packer's Tar Soap cleanses quickly and gratefully; gives the skin a soft and velvety feeling; insures the health of the pores, and keeps the complexion fair and blooming. It removes blotches, black-heads and the shiny, oily appearance which is so objectionable.

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## RUBIFOAM

**Deliciously Flavored. A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice.**

Preserves and Beautifies the Teeth. Heals and hardens the gums. Leaves a refreshing coolness in the mouth. Imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. Beautifully put up. Convenient to use.

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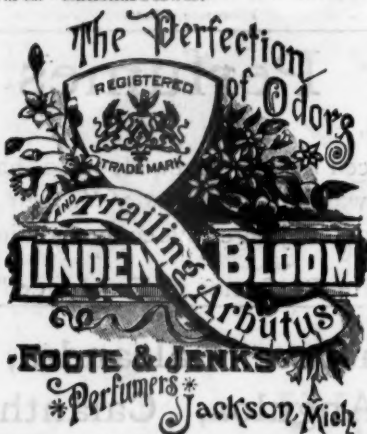
WHEN YOU USE ANYTHING FOR CHAPPED HANDS, FACE OR ANY PART OF THE SKIN WHY NOT GET THE BEST. ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM OF THE SKIN, THE FINEST AND BEST PREPARATION OF THE WORLD. ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Its sale is phenomenal. Order it at once and enjoy its rare fragrance and durability. It is truly worthy the popularity given the name as our "National Flower."



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Price,  
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THIS dentifrice also put up in flexible tubes in the most convenient form for traveling. It cleanses the teeth, perfumes the breath, removes tartar and prevents decay. Being prepared by Dr. Sheffield is sufficient guarantee for its harmlessness and efficacy. For a tube, mailed free, send 25 cents in cash or stamps, or 50 cents for a jar, to

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Has done more to preserve a pretty face, and win a race, than any known thing.

A lady writes us: "You ought to let the ladies know that the use of your 'Rubber Brushes' several times a day will vivify the complexion, smooth out the wrinkles, and prevent the rash from shrinking by producing plumpness. I know of a number who are using them with the most gratifying results."

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Maud:—Here is a bottle of that delightful Crown Lavender Salts I told you of. It will soon cure your headache.  
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are not an experiment. They have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary and unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them.

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine, nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Infant Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

#### Castoria

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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# WEARING APPAREL

51

## Flynt Waist, or True Corset.



Pat. Jan. 6, 1874.  
Pat. Feb. 15, 1876.

No. 1 represents a high-necked garment. No. 2 a low-necked one, which admits of being high in the back and low front. No. 3 is to illustrate our mode of adjusting the "Flynt Hose Support" each side of the hip; also, the most correct way to apply the waistbands for the drawers, under and outside petticoats and dress skirts. No. 4 shows the Flynt Extension and Nursing Waist, appreciated by mothers. No. 5, the Misses' Waist, with Hose Supports attached. No. 6, how we dress very little people. No. 7 illustrates how the warp threads of the fabrics cross at right angles in the back, thereby insuring in every waist the most successful Shoulder

Brace ever constructed.

It is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most Scientific Waist or Corset known.

### THE FLYNT WAIST

is the only garment manufactured where the material of which it is made is **shrunk** before cut, the only one which in its natural construction contains a

### SHOULDER BRACE

which supports the bust from the shoulders, and (so essential to large girls or women) thereby overcomes the objectionable abdominal development. The Flynt Waist, fitting superbly, permits that most desirable grace of motion possible only with perfect respiration gained by freedom from compression.

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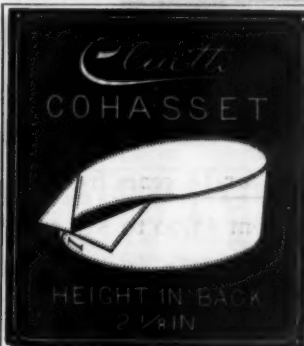
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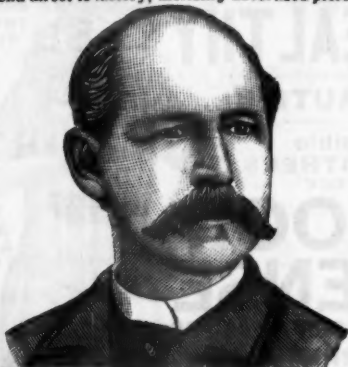
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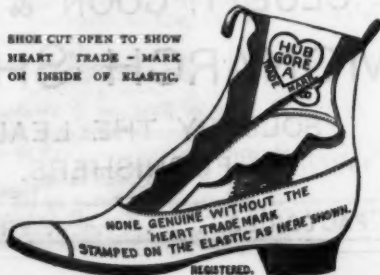
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That holds the Roll on which is wound  
The Braid that is known the world around.



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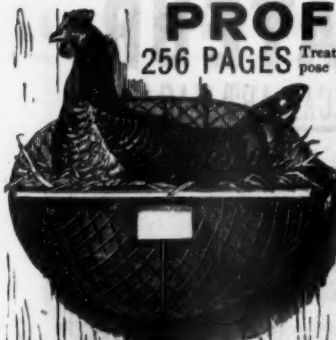
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# NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS 58



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# NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS 59

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THE BEST JOURNAL FOR  
Ladies and Families.

The February Part of the

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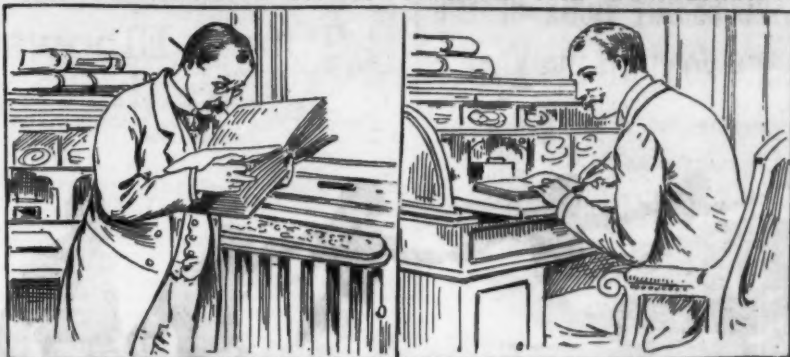
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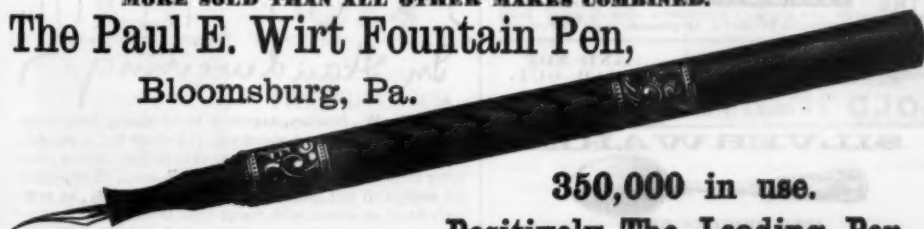


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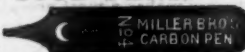
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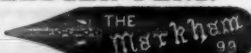
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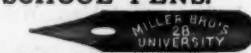
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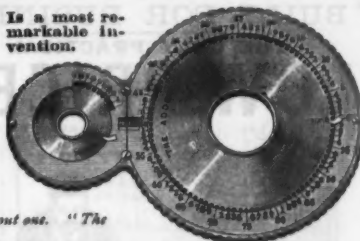
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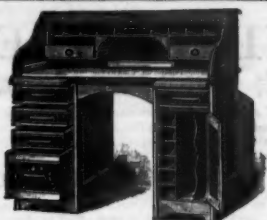
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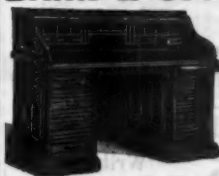


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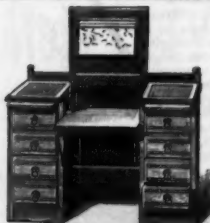
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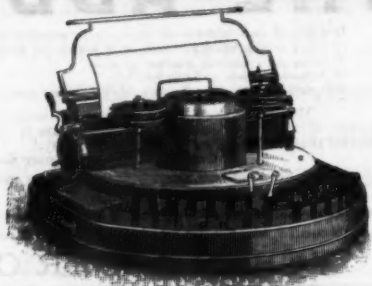
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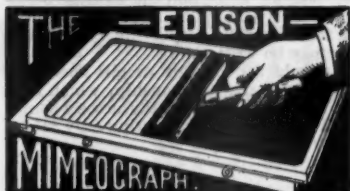
Unequaled in all essentials of a perfect writing machine. Speed, ease of operation, permanent alignment and durability a specialty. All type cleaned in ten seconds without soiling the hands.

Send for catalogue and price-list.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.  
Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

## ESTERBROOK'S PENS.

Standard and superior quality. Leading Nos. 048, 14, 180, 185, 280, 313, 330. All Stationers have them.  
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John Street, New York.



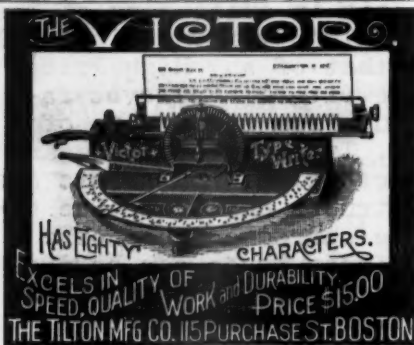
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Send for circulars and samples of work.

**30000 USERS**

A. B. DICK COMPANY 152 & 154 Lake Street, Chicago.  
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HAS FIFTY CHARACTERS.  
EXCELS IN SPEED, QUALITY OF WORK and DURABILITY.  
PRICE \$15.00  
THE TILTON MFG CO. 115 PURCHASE ST. BOSTON

## NEW MODEL HALL TYPEWRITER.



THE BEST STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN THE WORLD.

Cheap, Portable, No Ink Ribbon, Interchangeable Type in all Languages, Easiest to learn and rapid as any.  
Agents wanted everywhere.

**WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.**

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CALIGRAPHS,  
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All Others.

# TYPE-WRITERS!

New or Second-Hand, any make, bought, sold and exchanged. Good machines at half first cost. Get our prices before buying. Everything guaranteed. Machines rented anywhere. Largest stock in America. Ribbons, carbon, linen papers, etc. New and enlarged catalogue describing all machines, including new makes, now ready. Only complete catalogue of the kind published.



**NATIONAL TYPE-WRITER EXCHANGE,** 161 LaSalle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

# FOOD PRODUCTS 69

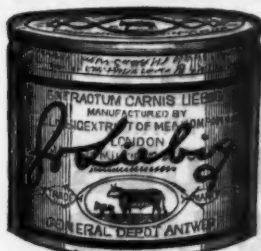


"THE MAIN CAUSE OF THE CURIOUS OVER-sight of the claims of the tureen upon appetite and respect is ignorant want of skill in soup-making. He who is accustomed to begin his dinner six days in the week with a plate of hot, nourishing, savory potage, or puree, or consomme, or broth, misses the cheer and sustenance it supplies, if deprived of it on the seventh." If anyone wants to know of skillful soup-making, the article written by *Marion Harland*, from which this clipping was taken, will be sent them in handsome form and for the asking.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consomme, Mulligatawny Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Clam Broth.  
 Send us 14 cents to help pay express and receive a sample can, your choice.

**The Franco-American Food Co.,**  
 42 West Broadway, New-York.

Mention THE CENTURY.



## GOOD COOKING.

All who desire good and economical cooking in their house should use

**LIEBIG  
 COMPANY'S  
 Extract of Meat.**

A slight addition gives great strength and flavor to Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

### Recipe for Tomato Soup with Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Meat.

6 PERSONS.—TIME, 20 MINUTES.

Make  $1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts of Liebig's Extract Stock with 3 teaspoonfuls of the Company's Extract; stew 10 or 12 tomatoes, cut in slices, in butter, for ten minutes; add this to the soup, and season with a little catsup, cayenne pepper and salt. When ready to serve, add just the squeeze of a lemon.

NOTE.—Tinned tomatoes will do in place of fresh ones.

WHEN ORDERING, ASK FOR

**Liebig COMPANY'S Extract.**

And see that it bears the signature of Justus von Liebig in blue ink across the Label, thus:

*Justus von Liebig*



## PURE! PALATABLE! POPULAR!

**GUARANTEED** Pure Beef in concentrated form. Solid in jars, liquid in bottles. **Housekeepers** find it invaluable for Soups, Stews, Meat Sauces, Bouillon, etc. **As Beef Tea**, strongly recommended by leading physicians, for invalids, infants and others. Appetizing and strengthening.

Ask your druggist or grocer for

**Armour's Beef Extract**

Or send 50c. for sample package and descriptive pamphlet, to

**ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.**



# FOOD PRODUCTS 70

*For*  
 Infants, Invalids,  
 Growing Children,  
 Convalescents,  
 Dyspeptics and the  
 Aged.



OUR BOOK



MAILED FREE. SEND FOR IT.



Send six cents in stamps, and receive in return a sample can of Snider's Tomato Soup.

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.  
 CINCINNATI, O.

## DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

SELECT

## SPICES & MUSTARD.

SOLD ONLY IN FULL-WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.



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## TETLEY'S TEAS

INDIA AND  
CEYLON.

The Most Exquisite  
Ever Brought to  
America.



SOLD BY

H. O'NEILL & CO.  
New-York.

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WECHSLER & ABRAHAM,  
Brooklyn.

JOHN WANAMAKER,  
Philadelphia.

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Boston.

CHAS. GOSSAGE & CO.  
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CARSON, PIRIE & CO.  
Chicago.

D. H. HOLMES,  
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T. EATON & CO.  
Toronto, Ont.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

The  
World Grows  
Nothing Finer.

Packed in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound and 1 pound.  
No. 1 Quality, 70 cents per pound.  
No. 2 Quality, 50 cents per pound.

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO.

31 Fenchurch Street, London, Eng. N. Y. Office, 27 & 29 White Street.



## HUCKINS SOUPS

Tomato,  
Ox Tail,  
Pea,  
Beef,  
Vermicelli,

Mock Turtle,  
Okra or Gumbo,  
Green Turtle,  
Julienne,  
Chicken,

Terrapin,  
Macaroni,  
Consommé,  
Soup and Bouilli,  
Mullagatawny.

**RICH and PERFECTLY SEASONED.**

Require only to be heated, and  
are then ready to serve.

Prepared with great care from  
only the best materials.

Have enjoyed the highest reputa-  
tion for more than 33 years.

**TEST FREE**

Send us 30 cents, to help pay express, and receive, prepaid, two sam-  
ple cans of these Soups, your choice.

**J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.**

Sole Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING GROCERS.

# ONEITA

No water has such a combination of mineral virtues. A saline water which owes its remarkable medicinal and curative powers to the presence of a large amount of lithium and other chlorides. Especially beneficial in cases of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney and Liver troubles. For circulars, etc., address

ONEITA SPRING CO.  
UTICA, N. Y.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**

**CHANCE FOR ALL**  
To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea.  
A trial order of 3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of \$2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars, address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**  
P. O. Box 289, New-York, N. Y. 31 and 33 Vesey St.

**HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR** preserves and imparts health and vigor; the best means known for the relief of dyspepsia, constipation, sluggish liver, etc.; convenient; safe; scientific; unique. Sales world-wide. Circulars explain.  
**OTIS CORBETT, 150 W. 23d St. New-York.**

**YATISI FITS EASY** See *THE CENTURY* for November, '89. Page 66.

**COWDREY'S SALAD CREAM.**

**CHASE & SANBORN'S**  
THE APOTHECARY COFFEE OF AMERICA  
**SEAL BRAND**  
JAVA & MOCHA  
**COFFEE**  
ALWAYS PACKED (UNGROUND) IN 250 GRAM CANS  
**BOSTON COFFEES**  
**FREE** A PERFECT ART ALBUM CONTAINING 24 BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS REPRESENTING TEA AND COFFEE CULTURE, WILL BE SENT ON RECEIPT OF YOUR ADDRESS.  
CHASE & SANBORN,  
108 BROAD ST., BOSTON.

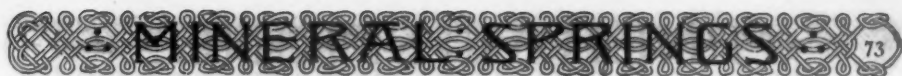
THE LARGEST FACTORY  
IN THE WORLD.  
MEDALS  
OF HONOUR  
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS  
**CHOCOLATE MENIER**  
THE SALE OF CHOCOLATE MENIER EXCEEDS 100,000 POUNDS PER DAY  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
AVOID IMITATIONS

Sole Depot for United States, 36 East 14th St. New-York.



OF the contents of a package of "Cerealine Flakes" costing twenty cents, a cook in a private family of six persons, made puddings five times, waffles twice, muffins three times, griddle-cakes five times; used "Cerealine Flakes" in soups twice in place of sago and barley, and added some to six bakings of bread. Buy a package of Cerealine Flakes of your grocer, and try how far you can make its contents go yourself.

The "Cerealine Cook Book," and "Cereal Foods," with illustrations of "Hiawatha's Feasting," will be sent free to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage, by  
**THE CEREALINE MFG. CO., COLUMBUS, IND.**



## BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In the Treatment of Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

By M. M. JORDAN, M. D., Boydton, Virginia.



DR. M. M. JORDAN, of Boydton, Virginia.

(A Communication from the *Virginia Medical Monthly* for March, 1888.)

"Three years ago, without having been previously sensible of impaired strength or any deterioration of health, I found myself suffering from BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the KIDNEYS. My attention was first directed to the existence of *Renal* trouble by DROPSY making its appearance as OEDEMA on the face, particularly around the eyes, and simultaneously in the lower extremities. Examination showed that the urine contained two and a half per cent. of ALBUMEN, there was a heavy sediment, and CASTS and URATES were deposited in abundance. This state of things was soon followed by URÆMIC POISONING, manifested by COMA and *delirium*, and I was confined for many months to my bed, everything pointing to a fatal termination. Other treatment failing of any permanent good results, I was, in this condition, put upon BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, the good effects of which were soon apparent in a notable diminution of the ALBUMEN, a partial disappearance of the dropsy, and a gradual subsidence of the COMA and *delirium*. Under the continued use of the Water there was slow but constant improvement in my condition, until I was so far restored as to be able to enter actively upon the practice of my profession, in which I have now been engaged for some two years, *without any interruption of moment on account of my health*. There has been, occasionally, some manifestation of unpleasant symptoms, but I have found them promptly disappear under the influence of the Water. With this experience I cannot do less than commend this Water to the profession as worthy of trial in other similar cases."

Water in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, \$5.00 at the Springs.

**THOMAS F. COODE, Proprietor,**  
**Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.**



# MINERAL SPRINGS 74

## THE NATURAL CARLSBAD GENUINE SPRUDEL SALT IMPORTED

Is obtained from the Sprudel Spring by evaporation.

Use  
Nature's  
Own  
Remedy.

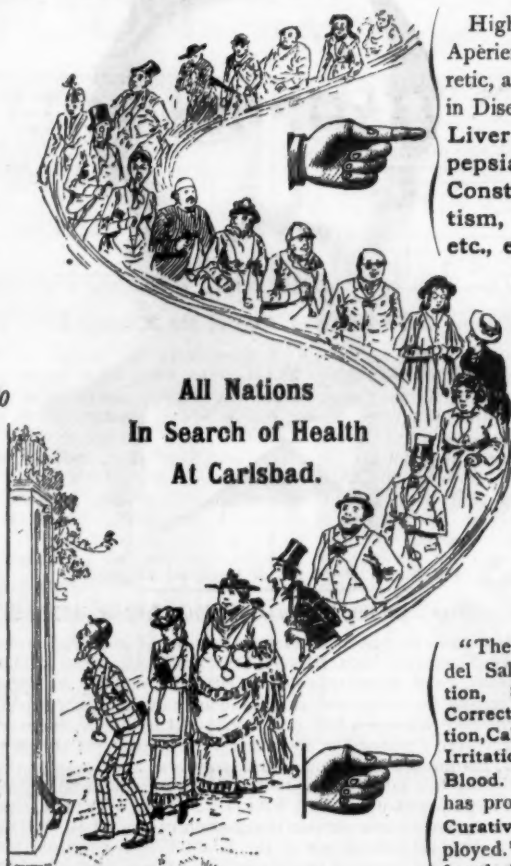


"Bis-dat, qui cito  
dat."

(Twice gives he who  
gives quickly.)

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is put up in round bottles and has the signature of "EISNER & MENDELSON CO." Sole Agents, on the neck of every bottle.



All Nations  
In Search of Health  
At Carlsbad.

Highly recommended as an  
Aperient, Laxative and Diu-  
retic, and specially beneficial  
in Diseases of the Stomach,  
Liver and Spleen, in Dys-  
pepsia, Sick Headaches,  
Constipation, Rheuma-  
tism, Gout, Diabetes,  
etc., etc.

Carlsbad  
sprudel  
Salt

"The Natural Carlsbad Spru-  
del Salt Accelerates Absorp-  
tion, Stimulates Nutrition,  
Corrects Acidity, Aids Digest-  
ion, Calms the Nerves, Soothes  
Irritation, and Purifies the  
Blood. In my experience it  
has proved the Most Reliable  
Curative Agent I ever em-  
ployed."—Dr. B. LONDON, be-  
fore the London Medical Society.

"A sight to see and a scene to remember."

Pamphlets, with illustrations of Carlsbad and full information about the use  
of the Imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt and Water, mailed free.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO. SOLE AGENTS,  
6 BARCLAY STREET, NEW-YORK.



# The GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

## SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS

### OVER THE

### Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway,

Including Lines East and West of the Missouri River.

**T**HROUGH Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, Free Reclining-Chair Cars, and (East of Missouri River) Dining Cars (daily each way) between Chicago and Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Omaha, and between Chicago and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo via St. Joseph or via Kansas City and Topeka. Free Reclining-Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, Dodge City, Kas., and Kingfisher, Indian Territory. Palace Sleepers between Chicago and Wichita and Hutchinson. Daily trains to and from all important towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and the Indian Territory. Splendid Dining Hotels west of St. Joseph and Kansas City, serving meals at seasonable hours. Fast Express Trains via ALBERT LEA ROUTE between Chicago, Kansas City and Sioux Falls, Watertown, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

### Special, One Way, Semi-Monthly Excursions.

**W**ITH Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, furnishing every comfort and accommodation for holders of second-class tickets, at a great reduction from first-class fare. Conductor and porter in charge to destination. Leave Boston, every second Tuesday; Chicago, every second Thursday. Through via Denver to San Francisco and Portland. Only one change from Boston. Same speed as Fast-Express. Baggage checked through.

### Our Magnificent Vestibule Trains

**A**RE thoroughly ventilated, free from dust, warmed by steam from the locomotive, make quick time over a smooth track, and have all modern improvements that conduce to safety and luxury. Choice of routes to and from the Pacific Coast. All terminal connections in Union depots, or free transfers. The ROCK ISLAND is the direct and favorite line to Manitou, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods, the mountain cities, mining camps, sanitary resorts and scenic glories of Colorado.

For maps, time-tables, copies of "Western Trail" (issued monthly), or further information, address

**E. ST. JOHN,**  
Genl Manager.

**CHICAGO**

**JOHN SEBASTIAN,**  
Genl Ticket & Pass Agt.



A RENEWABLE TERM POLICY  
IN THE

# Provident Savings Life Assurance Society

OF NEW-YORK,

Home Office (*Equitable Building*), 120 Broadway,

Is the safest, least expensive and fairest contract of life insurance in the market. One-half the rates usually charged.

WM. E. STEVENS, Secretary.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, Pres. and Act'y.

*Send for Prospectus or call in person.*

## The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

Furnishes Life Insurance at  $\frac{1}{2}$  the usual rates.

It is able to furnish Life Insurance at about one-half the usual rates because it collects each year, in addition to a small emergency fund, only the amount required to pay the death claims and legitimate expenses from year to year.

It has already paid to the widows and orphans of deceased members more than Seven Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars in cash.

It has already saved to its living members by reducing the rates of Life Insurance; said saving exceeds Twenty Million Dollars in cash.

In addition to reducing the rates to less than one-half the amount charged by the Old-System Companies, its cash surplus accumulations equal a dividend of more than 30 per cent. upon the total mortuary premiums paid by the members of five years' standing; which 30 per cent. dividend is payable at the expiration of fifteen years from date of membership.

It has a Cash Surplus Reserve Emergency Fund exceeding Two Million Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, with Assets exceeding Three Million Dollars.

It has more than fifty-five thousand members; more than fifty-five thousand homes are provided for through its policies of insurance. It has more than One Hundred and Seventy-five Million Dollars of insurance in force.

It is transacting business in all the healthy sections of our country, as well as in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium and Sweden.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association advances money to the widows and orphans within twenty-four (24) hours after the death of its members.

It is the greatest financial success ever known in the history of Life Insurance. Write for full particulars.

**E. B. HARPER, President.**

HOME OFFICE—Potter Bld'g, 38 Park Row, New-York.

SEND FOR APPLICATION BLANKS AND SECURE  
ACCIDENT INSURANCE AT ACTUAL COST.

## Provident Fund (Accident) Society, 280 Broadway, New-York,

is pronounced by Insurance Agents and experts to be the simplest, cheapest and best plan of Accident Insurance yet presented.

**\$5000—Life Indemnity.**

**\$5000—Loss of Hand and Foot.**

**\$2500—Permanent Disability.**

**\$1250—Loss of Hand or Foot.**

**\$1250—Loss of Eye.**

**\$25 per week while disabled by reason of an accidental injury not exceeding 52 weeks.**

Total cost to member, \$14 per year, which may be paid in one payment, or in payments of \$2 each, at the option of the insured.

### OFFICERS:

**A. N. LOCKWOOD, PRESIDENT.**

**F. E. DODGE, VICE-PRESIDENT,** of Dodge and Olcott, New York.

**JOSEPH PERIAM, TREASURER,** formerly of National Park Bank.

**W. W. DODGE, SECRETARY.**

Active general and local agents wanted at all points.

## SECURITIES THAT SECURE

And **MAKE MONEY** for their holders, are found in our

**Mortgage and Debenture Bonds,**

based on improved real estate worth two and a half to three times their face.

In the best counties of

**Eastern Kansas,  
Western Missouri,  
AND THE  
Two Kansas Citys.**

*INVESTORS, LARGE OR SMALL, ARE INVITED TO INVESTIGATE.*

**THE HUSTED INVESTMENT CO.**  
JAMES D. HUSTED, President.

**KANSAS CITY,  
KANSAS.**



# THE SHELBURNE,

Atlantic City, N. J.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

Appointments complete in every Department, including Passenger Elevator and Hot Sea-Water Baths. Full Ocean View.

A. B. Roberts,

Atlantic City, N. J.

## Dr. GARSIDE'S 715 Pacific Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

A Home by the Sea, in a salubrious summer and winter climate, for the care and treatment of ladies or gentlemen suffering from Nerve Tire, Derangements of Nutrition, and allied disorders; also for those not needing medical care. Quiet, Homelike, Cheery, Select. Prospectus on application.

## DE POTTER'S TOURS TO EUROPE.

Eleventh Year.

PARTIES SELECT, LIMITED, UNEQUALED.

Send 10 cents for programmes.

A. De Potter, Albany, N. Y.

## PENSION TELLENBACH, ROME, ITALY.

First-class English and American Family Pension; founded in 1863 by Madame Tellenbach; is removed from Via San Martino to Via due Macelli No. 66 (first floor and second floor), close to Piazza di Spagna. Extensive improvements. Baths in the house. English Newspapers. Ladies' Drawing-room. Smoking-room. Good beds. Extreme cleanliness. Fixed charges from 9 to 12 frs. a day. Sunny rooms. Lift. Prospectus on application.

Make a choice investment in  
**OWN A HOME in FLORIDA**  
OWN an ORANGE GROVE in  
Great Bargains at DeLand and Lake Helen, Florida, in  
Orange Groves, all ages and sizes. Houses and Lots, in  
Blocks and Lots of land of all sizes, improved and unimproved.  
TERMS to suit purchasers. Send for Florida papers, circulars and  
full particulars, to **H. A. DeLAND, DeLand, Florida.**

## The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the cure of **Cancer** in all its forms, without the use of the  
knife. Book with complete information mailed free. Address  
**Dr. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.**

For particulars of a **PRIVATE PARTY** leaving in the autumn  
for a Seven Months' Tour, principally in **SOUTHERN EUROPE**  
and the **ORIENT** (Spain, The Riviera, Italy, A Month by Private  
Dahabiah on the Nile, Palestine, Greece, Constantinople, etc.),  
Address **TRAVEL, 940 Broadway, New-York.**

## STAMMERING

And all nervous affections of speech thoroughly corrected. For full  
particulars and testimonials from eminent men and pupils, address  
**F. A. BRYANT, 9 West 14th St. N. Y.**

**HOTEL TRAYMORE,**  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

W. W. GREEN & CO.





## Good Printing.

Nothing in business pays better ; but there is very little of it. It pays all the better because there is so little of it.

Imagine yourself a retail merchant. A manufacturer sends a man to sell you goods. Does it make any difference whether that man is decent or not ?

Suppose he comes ill-dressed, seedy, dirty, ill-kempt, run down at the heel, hat on the farther corner of his head, takes a chair, offers a "smoke," spits on the floor, talks loud, laughs, jokes, whistles, talks politics (your side of course)—does it make any difference ?

You buy if you have to.

That is a fair illustration of how bad printing affects your business.

Nobody takes offense at it. People do not even know it is bad. But the something that wins is lacking. It goes to the wastebasket, just as you get rid of the boor. You have wasted your labor, money and opportunity.

What we mean by good printing is such as befits your business ; neither above nor below it ; not mean in any way, nor extravagant ; businesslike ; proper ; correct.

It is very rare. Even the largest cities have few good printers ; and the best of us have to do bad work to satisfy customers.

We (Fleming, Brewster & Alley, New-York) are doing good work from all over the country, and a great deal of it. We make closer prices for it than for common work, because we want this class of business.

J. E. POWERS,  
writer of business primers and  
other advertisements,

54 Wall street, New-York.

A page in THE CENTURY costs \$250. I have never had one that brought me less than ten times that sum. I wonder whether other advertisers have my luck.

If not, why not?

It must be because there is something wrong in their dealing or advertisements.

An experienced advertiser said to me once: "You seem to think men advertise to sell goods. That is a mistake."

"What do they advertise for?" I asked.

"Why, to see their names in print," was his answer. I believe that is literally true.

They do not look into their business to find out what there is in it that people want to know, and must know before they can be drawn to buy. They are tickled over their own success, and they show it. If it is gratifying to see one's name on the sign over the door of his place of business, how much more gratifying to see it before the eyes of a million people in these wonderful pages at the end of THE CENTURY!

I believe this is so true that there is no man who is not more or less affected by this secret gratification. Secret? They imagine that nobody recognizes it. And so they print what produces ripples of pleasure in their own breasts, instead of what would produce a similar quiver in your feeling.

These enterprises are full of delight and satisfaction for you; they are built on human wants; but the owners of them are so full of this natural self-satisfaction that they are half-unconsciously turned aside from their purpose.

Different men illustrate the fact in different

ways: some almost agreeably, some amusingly, some brazenly, some pitifully. None of them wins by it. Some win in spite of it. But how many cents in a dollar are wasted in advertising!

The reason is that men print what makes them feel good instead of what these million people are interested in.

Another mistake is to fill one's advertising with anxiety to sell. This anxiety shows; and it shows that the man is so full of his own anxieties that he has no room in his mind for you or the truth. You do not trust him. His anxiety defeats itself.

The common practice is to pay without stint for advertising space and to think too little of what they put in it.

These errors bring me work. Men see how hard it is to think and write without bias of interest—not for me—I write in the buyer's interest.

That is the way to do business—in the buyer's interest. That is the way for a salesman to act and talk; and that is the way to write advertisements. That is the way to live. I could quote authority for it.

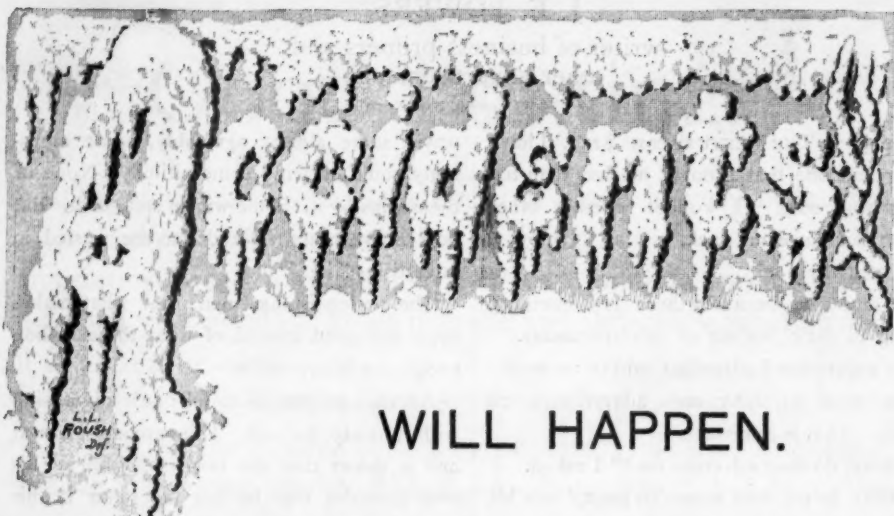
What do I cost?

If your business is in the buyer's interest—nothing.

If not, I see it, and nothing induces me to try the impossible.

My success comes from the business I write about. I pick my subject, my man, my tactics. I have all the advantages. It would, indeed, be a pity if I did not succeed!

Success costs nothing; it is failure that costs.



WILL HAPPEN.

## A BUSINESS INVESTMENT.

Supplement your Life Insurance by an accident policy. In case of death by accident, it yields quite as much and at a trifle of the cost. In case of disabling injury, it does what the other cannot do.

\$5,000, in preferred occupations, costs about \$15 per year, payable in one sum or in installments, and includes the following indemnities: \$5,000 for death by accident; \$5,000 for loss of hands or feet; \$5,000 for loss of hand and foot; \$2,500 for loss of hand or foot; \$2,500 for loss of both eyes; \$650 for loss of one eye; \$2,500 for permanent total disability; \$25 a week for temporary total disability. Membership fee, \$5; payable but once.

## The United States Mutual Accident Association,

THE BEST AND LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

320, 322 AND 324 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

CHARLES B. PEET, President. JAMES R. PITCHER, Sec'y and Gen'l Manager.

r.

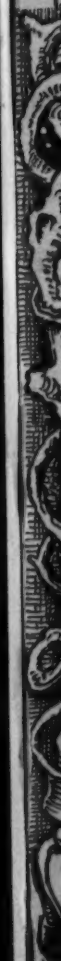
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VOL. XXXIX.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 4.

# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK  
T. FISHER UNWIN. PATERNOSTER S. LONDON.

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